



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

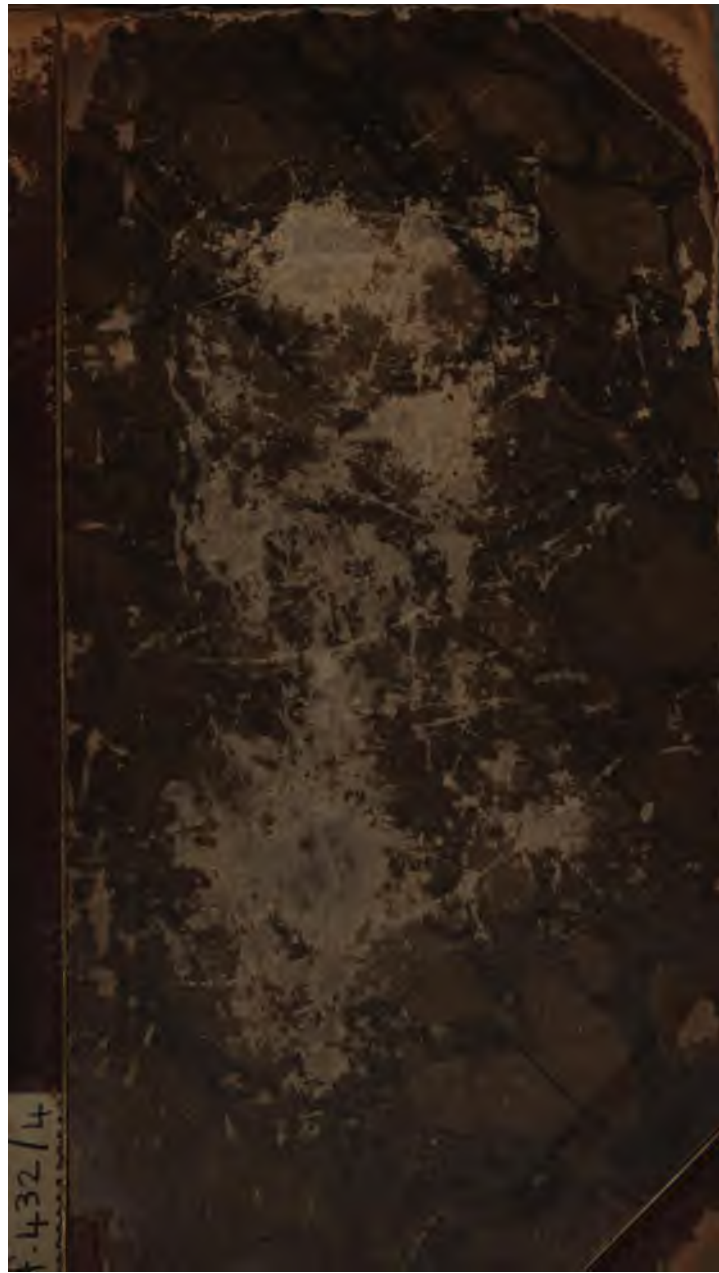
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

F.432/4

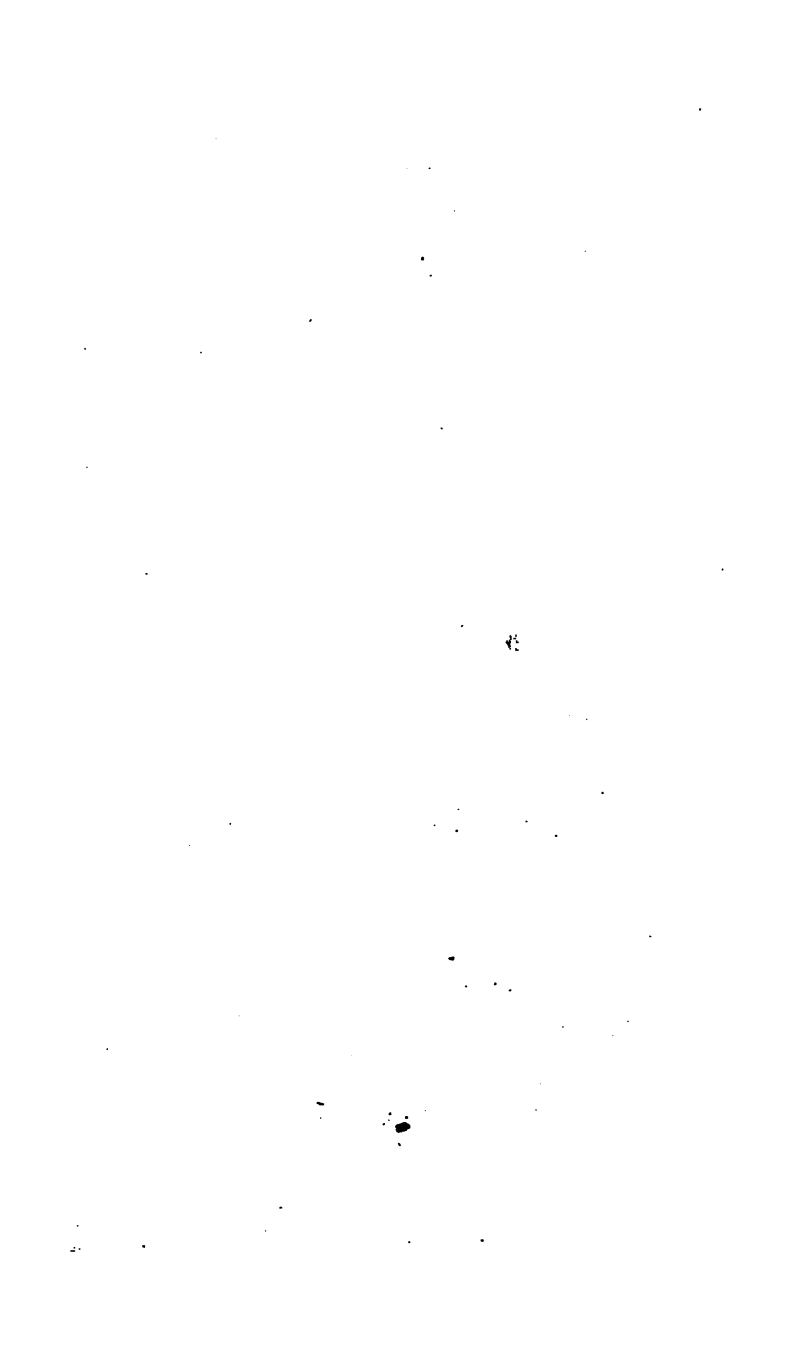


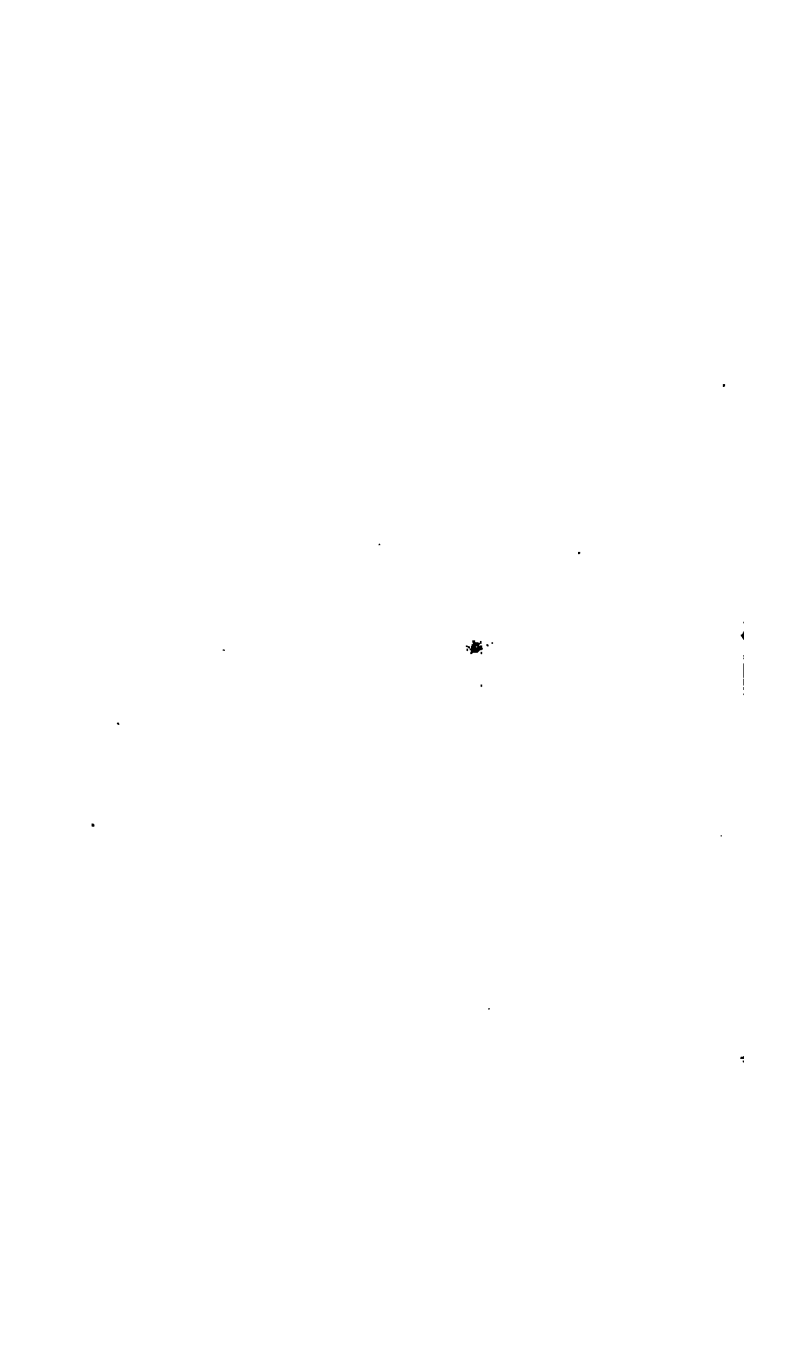
2705 f. $\frac{432}{4}$



James John Frame









Engraved by W. Miller

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Painted by J. P. Thompson

THE
REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,

A SELECTION, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

FROM THE

WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS,

WITH

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY A. WHITELAW,
EDITOR OF "THE CASQUET OF LITERARY GEMS."

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chamber treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hoards in his ancestral tombs.

Wordsworth.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. IV.

GLASGOW:
BLACKIE & SON, 8, EAST CLYDE STREET,
AND 5, SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
W. CURRY, JUN. & CO., DUBLIN; AND SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON.
MDCCCXXXIII.



GLASGOW:
GEORGE BROOKMAN, PRINTER, VILLAFIELD.
MDCCCXXXIII.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

THE ORIGINAL PIECES ARE DISTINGUISHED BY A DAGGER.

	PAGE
lroom,	1
hcape Rock,	46
Tomkins, the Tailor,	47
a phantom of delight,	66
3,	67
ons of a Reformed Ribbonman,	68
4,	83
.	85
ath-bed,	93
4,	94
idew to her Hour-glass,	95
t in a Church,	96
hange,	101
in Castle,	102
reen, or, "Not at Home,"	103
.	110
O'Donoghue's "First Love,"	111
.	119
5,	120
are Shawls,	121
me's Hymn,	124
minie of the Olden Time,	125
ree Days of France,	130
6 Neighbours,	132
tions of the Arabian Nights,	141
alton Hill,	145

	PAGE
The Lykewake Dirge,	149
To the Memory of a Lady,	150
The Stranger,	151
Nora's Vow,	159
† Love at the Lattice,	160
† A Freak of Fortune,	164
End of Autumn,	166
The Two Comforters,	167
The Lover of Music to the Piano-forte,	168
Journal of a Lady of Fashion,	169
Thermopylæ,	174
† The Moss-trooper,	175
Changeable Charlie,	176
† The Blind Highlander,	182
A Tale of the Plague in Edinburgh,	185
December,	192
A Tale of the Times of the Buccaneers,	193
Cowper's Verses to Mrs Mary Unwin,	200
The Sower's Song,	201
La Bella Tabaccaia,	202
The Holly Tree,	212
Miseries of a Handsome Man,	213
Shipwreck,	216
The Adventure of the Mason,	218
The Sleeping Beauty,	220
The Beetle,	221
The Incognito, or Count Fitz-hum,	222
The Cameronian Banner,	234
The Minstrel's Hour,	235
The Demon Musician,	236
To Mont Blanc,	247
Its,	248
"Calamity Welcome in Demerara,"	249
The Hour,	254
The Child's Wish in June,	255
<i>A Night at the Ragged-Staff,</i>	256
<i>Sensons of Prayer,</i>	268

CONTENTS.

iv

	PAGE
The Cobbler of Messina,	270
† Mekana's Death Song,	272
Stanzas for Music,	273
The Young Man of Ninety,	274
† To my Bed,	277
† To the Stars,	278
A Masquerade at Berlin,	279
Invocation to the Harp,	286
Farewell to the Harp,	286
Scottish Ballad,	287
Melrose Abbey,	288
Midnight Review of Napoleon's Shade,	291
Oswald the Blighted,	293
To the Comet of 1811,	304
Time,	305
The Secrets of Cabalism,	306
† The Golden Age,	313
† Rover's Glee,	ib.
Extracts from Fuller's Writings,	314
On the Want of Money,	318
Wyoming,	332
Jack White's Gibbet,	334
The Songs of Scotland,	347
† The Outlaw's Bride,	348
The Fortunes of Martin Waldeck,	349
The Haunted Ruin,	357
† A Hebrew Melody,	358
Old Maids,	360
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin,	366
The Misers of Antwerp,	368
† Sonnet,	374
† The Golden Age,	375
Sonnet,	ib.
† The Provincial Actor,	376
† Dirge,	379
<i>Farewell to the Harp,</i>	380

The Bald Eagle,	i
† Song,	
Ballad of Crescentius,	
† The Love-Sick Maid,	
Infancy,	
† Stanzas,	
The Three Westminster Boys,	
Preston Mills,	
† Wishes,	
Yankee Courtship,	
December Twilight,	

THE

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

“BUY A BROOM ?”*

CHAPTER I

ONE beautiful afternoon, about the beginning of the barley and wheat harvest, young Frederick Hume arose from his desk, where, for several hours, he had been plodding at his studies, and, to unbend himself a little, went to his window, which commanded a view of the neighbouring village of Holydean. A stillness almost like that of the Sabbath reigned over the hamlet, for the busy season had called the youngsters forth to the field, the sunburnt sickleman and his fair partner. Boys and girls were away to glean: and none were left but a few young children who were playing quietly on the green; two or three ancient grandames who sat spinning at their doors in the rich sunlight; and here and there a happy young mother, exempted by the duties of nurse from the harvest toils. A single frail octogenarian, who, in hobbling to the almost deserted smithy, had paused, with the curiosity of age, to look long beneath his upraised arm after the stranger horseman, who was just going out of sight at the extremity of the village, completed the picture of still and quiet life which our student was now contemplating. After raising the window, and setting open the door to win into his little apartment the liquid coolness which was nestling among the green fibrous leaves around the casement, he had resumed his station and was again looking towards the village, when, hearing a light foot approach the door of his study, he turned round, and a young female stranger was before him. On seeing him she paused at the threshold, made a sort of reverence, and seemed

* We have much satisfaction in being enabled to commence our fourth volume with this beautifully-passionate story. It is from the pen of Thomas Aird, Esq. and first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.

willing to retire. From her dark complexion, her peculiar dress, especially the head gear, which consisted merely of a spotted handkerchief wound round her black locks, Hume guessed at once that she was a foreigner; and he was confirmed in this supposition when, on his advancing and asking, "What do you wish, my good girl?" she held forward a light broom, and said, in the quick short pronunciation of a foreigner, "Buy a Broom?"—"Pray what is the use of it, my good lass?" said Frederick, in that mood in which a man, conscious that he has finished a dry lesson to some purpose, is very ready to indulge in a little badinage and light banter. "For beard-shaving," answered the girl quizzically, and stroking his chin once or twice with her broom, as if with a shaving brush. It might be she was conscious that he was not exactly the person to buy her broom: or perhaps she assumed this light mood for a moment, and gave way to the frank and natural feeling of youth, which by a fine free-masonry knows and answers to youth, despite of differences in language and manners,—despite of every thing. "Most literally an *argumentum ad hominem*, to make me buy," said the scholar; "so what is the price, fair stranger?" "No, no," said the girl, in quick reaction from her playful mood, whilst a tear started in her dark lustrous eye, "but they bid me come: they say you are a doctor: and if you will be kind and follow me to my poor brother, you shall have many brooms."

On inquiring distinctly what the girl meant, our student was given to understand, that her only brother, who had come with her as a harper to this country, had fallen sick at a gentleman's house about a mile off, and that she, on learning Mr Frederick Hume was the only person within many miles who could pretend to medical skill, had come herself to take him to her poor Antonio. After learning farther the symptoms of the lad's illness, the young surgeon took his lancets and some simple medicine, and readily followed the girl, who led the way to a neat villa, which, as Frederick had heard, was the residence of an Italian gentleman of the name of Romelli. He had been an officer in the French service, and had come to this country with other prisoners; but instead of returning home on an exchange being made, he chose to continue in Scotland with his only daughter, who had come over to him from Italy, and who, Frederick had heard, was a young lady of surpassing beauty. Following his conductress to Romelli's house, Hume was shown into a room, where, reclining upon a sofa, was a boy, apparently about sixteen years of age, the features of whose pale face instantly testified him to be brother to the maid with the broom. He was ministered to by a young and most beautiful damsel, Signora Romelli herself, the daughter of the house, who

seemed to be watching him with the softest care. At the head of the sofa stood the harp of the wandering boy. "I presumed, sir," said the lovely hostess, turning to Hume, "to hint that perhaps you might easily be found, and that certainly you would be very willing to take a little trouble in such a case as this. The affectionate sister has not been long in bringing you." "If the cause of humanity may be enforced by such kind and beautiful advocacy," returned Frederick, bowing, "the poor skill which you have thus honoured, young lady, is doubly bound, if necessary, to be most attentive in this instance.—What is the matter with you, my little fellow?" continued he, advancing to the patient. "Nothing," was the boy's answer: and immediately he rose up and went to the window, from which he gazed, heedless of every one in the apartment. "I am afraid the boy is still very unwell," said Signora Romelli; "only look how pale he is, sir."

Hume first looked to the boy's sister, to assure himself what was the natural healthy hue of these swarthy strangers; then turning to the boy himself, he could not but observe how much the dead yellow of his face differed from the life-bloom which glowed in her dark brown cheek. His eye at the same time burned with arrowy tips of restless lustre, such as are kindled by hectic fever. He resisted, however, all advances on the part of our surgeon to inquire farther into his state of health, impatiently declaring that he was now quite well; then resuming his harp, and taking his sister by the hand, he seemed in haste to be gone. "My father is not at home," said the young lady of the house to Hume, "nevertheless they must abide here all night, for I can easily see that boy is unable to travel farther this evening: And besides, they are of my own native country. Use your prerogative, sir, and don't let him go."

In spite of the surgeon's persuasions, however, and heedless of Signora Romelli and his sister, who joined in the remonstrance against his departure, the boy would be gone, even though at the same time he declared there was no place elsewhere where he wished particularly to be. "He is a capricious boy, to reject your excellent kindness, Miss Romelli," said Frederick; "and I doubt not he will treat, in the same way, a proposal I have to make. With your leave, young lady, I shall try to win him, with his sister, to our house all night, lest he grow worse and need medical aid." From the unhappy appearance of the young musician, this proposal seemed so good, that it was readily acquiesced in by his sister, and by the kind lady of the house, provided the boy himself could be brought to accede to it, which, to their joyful surprise, he *most readily did, so soon as it was signified to him.* "With your

permission, Miss Romelli," said Frederick, as he was about to depart, "I shall do justice to your benevolence, and walk down to-morrow forenoon to tell you how the poor lad is."

At this the fair Signora might, or might not, slightly blush, as the thing struck her, or the tone in which the offer was made, gave warrant. She did for a moment blush; but of course her answer was given very generally, "that she would be most happy to hear her young countryman was quite well on the morrow."

The affectionate sister gratefully kissed the hand of her kind hostess. As for the boy himself, with a look half of anger, he took the former by the hand and drew her hastily away, as if he grudged the expression of her gratitude. He had not moved, however, many paces forward, till, quitting his sister's hand, he turned, and taking Signora Romelli's, he kissed it fervently, with tears, and at the same time bade the Virgin Mother of Heaven bless her.

Struck with the remarkable manner of this boy, our student tried to engage him in conversation by the way, but he found him shy and taciturn in the extreme; and as he had already shown himself capricious, he now evinced an equal obstinacy in refusing to allow either of his companions to carry his harp, which being somewhat large, seemed not ~~well proportioned~~ to the condition of the bearer, who, besides ~~being~~ manifestly unwell, was also of a light small make. From the sister, who seemed of a frank and obliging temper, Frederick learned some particulars of their earlier history and present mode of life. Her name, she said, was Charlotte Cardo, and her brother's Antonio Cardo. They were twins, and the only surviving children of a clergyman in Italy, who had been dead for two years. Their mother died a few hours after giving them birth. "After the loss of our father," added the maiden, "we had no one to care much for us; yet I would have dwelt all the days of my life near their beloved graves, had not my brother, who is of a restless and unhappy temperament, resolved to wander in this country. How could I stay alone? How could I let him go alone? So a harp was bought for him; and now every day, from village to village, and up and down among the pleasant cots, he plays to the kind folk, and I follow him with my brooms. We have been a year in this country, and I know not when we shall return home, for Antonio says he cannot yet tell me." Hume having expressed his surprise that she could talk English so well on such a short residence in this country, she explained, by informing him, that both her brother *and herself* had been taught the language so carefully by their *father*, that they could talk it pretty fluently before they left Italy. *During the brief narrative of his sister, the boy, Antonio, kept his*

eye intensely upon her, as if ready to check every point of explanation, but Charlotte ended her short statement without any expressed interruption on his part, and again his eye became self-contained and indifferent.

The next expression of the boy's character was no less singular and unexpected. On observing a company of reapers, in a field by the way-side, taking their brief mid-afternoon rest, he advanced to the gate, opposite which, at a little distance, they were seated, and, unslinging his harp, began to play, filling up the sweetly dotted outline of the instrumental music with his own low but rich vocal song. After the first preamble, he nodded to his sister, and instantly her loud and thrilling voice turned magnificently into the same strain. On first view of the musician and his party, the rude young swains of the field, for favour, no doubt, in their mistresses' eyes, began to play off their rough wit; but in another minute these bolts were forgotten, and the loud daffing of the whole company was completely hushed. At first the song was grave and lofty, but by degrees it began to kindle into a more airy strain, till, as it waxed fast and mirthful, the harvest maids began to look knowingly to their partners, who, taking the hint, sprang to their feet, hauled up their sweet abettors, were mated in a moment, and commenced a dance among the stubble, so brisk, that the tall harvest of spiky wheat, standing by, rustled and nodded to them on its golden rods. Aged gleaners stood up from their bowing task, and listened to the sweet music, while the young came running from all parts of the field, and, throwing down their handfuls, began madly to caper and to mix with the more regular dance. The old grey bandsters, as they stood, rubbing in their hands ears of the fine grain, smiled as much under the general sympathy, as from a consciousness of their own superior wisdom above such follies. Even the overseer himself, who stood back, silently, was, for a minute, not scandalized at such proceedings, which were converting a time of repose for his weary labourers into mad exertions, which went positively to unfit them for the remaining darg of the day. Consideration, remonstrance, anger, were, however, soon mantling on his face, and he came forward; but he was anticipated, for the principal minstrel, who, with something like a smile on his countenance, had seen at first the quick influence of his music on the swink't labourers of the sweltering day, had gradually grown dark and severe in his look, and now stopped his song all at once, he refitted his harp to his shoulder and walked away without looking for guerdon, and heedless of the *rastic swains, who shouted after him and waved their rye-straw hats.*

With the greatest good-humour our young surgeon had indulged, to the very top of their bent, this musical frolic of the two foreigners, sitting down by the wayside till it was fairly over, and now he resumed his way with them. Antonio was silent and shy as before; but the manner in which he looked round him over the beautiful country, showed that his spirit was touched with its glad scenes. All the western sky was like an inflamed sea of glass, where the sun was tracking it with his fervid and unallayed wheels. Beneath his golden light lay the glad lands, from right to left white all over with harvest; thousands were plying in the fields; sickles were seen glinting on the far yellow uplands, and nearer were heard the reapers' song, and the gleaners calling to each other to lay down their handfuls in the furrows.

The road now led our party by an orchard where boys were up in the trees shaking down the fruit. The little fellows, all joyous in their vacation from study, were tugging with might and main at and among the clefted branches; their sisters below gathered the apples in baskets, whilst the happy father, walking about with his lady, decided their appeals as to the comparative beauty of individual apples. Allured by the sound of the fruit hopping on the ground, two or three stray waifs had left off their gleanings in a neighbouring field; and the ragged little urchins were down on their hands and knees, thrusting their heads through holes in the hedge which separated the orchard from the road. One of them having been caught behind the ear by the stump of a thorn, found it impossible to draw back his head, and in this predicament he had to bawl for assistance. This drew the attention of the lady; and, after the rogue had been released, the whole party were summoned to the gate, and blessed with a share of the bounties of the year, which the kind lady dispensed to them through means of her own dear little almoners. Whether it was that he liked the benevolence of this scene, or whether he was reminded of his own beautiful Italy, or from whatever other affection, the young harper again took his harp, and waked those wild and dipping touches, which seem more like a sweet preamble than a full strain. He again accompanied it with his voice, and his sister did the same. The young girls laid down their baskets of fruit, and drew to the gate; the trees had rest for a while from shaking, while the fair-haired boys, with faces flushed and glowing from their autumnal exercise, looked out in wonder from between the clefts of the boughs. When the song ceased, the lady offered money, but *neither of the minstrels would accept it. On the contrary, Antonio took his sister by the hand, and hurried her away from the gate, ere one of the children could bring the basket of fruit for which*

she had run, to give a largesse from it to the strangers. Frederick, after talking a few minutes to the lady and gentleman, and telling them how he had fallen in with the foreigners, followed and overtook his companions, just as they had come in sight of Greenwells cottage, where he resided. "So there is our house now, just beyond the village," said Frederick, advancing to them. "The lady with whom I live will be very kind to you; and you must stay with her for a few days, and give her music, which she loves. What say you, pretty Charlotte?" Antonio here stepped forward between his sister and Hume, and said, with quick emphasis, "I will go with you, sir, and I shall let Charlotte follow me."

On arriving at the cottage, Frederick introduced the strangers to his relative, Mrs Mather, with whom he resided, and who, on learning their circumstances, kindly received them as her guests. They would have taken their departure next day, but in this they were resisted by the charitable old lady, who farther won from them the promise that they would stay with her for at least a week. Ere the expiry of that time, whether from the caprice or benevolence of her nature, or from her especial liking for Charlotte, who had gained rapidly upon her affections, Mrs Mather had conceived the design of adopting the two Italians, and preparing them for situations worthy of their good descent; and she was confirmed in her purpose when, on breaking the matter to Frederick Hume, it met with his entire concurrence. The next step was to gain the consent of Antonio, which might be no easy matter, as he seemed a strange and impracticable boy; but, somewhat to the surprise of Frederick, no sooner was the proposal made to him, than he heartily acceded to it. As for his sister, independent of her dislike to a wandering life, and her growing attachment to Mrs Mather, her brother's will was, in all cases, her law. It was then settled that Charlotte should be confidential maid to the old lady, to read to her at night, and assist her in making dresses for the poor, among whom she had a number of retainers; while Antonio should be sent to the Rev. Mr Baillie's, a clergyman, a few miles off, to board with him, and finish his education, which had been neglected since his father's death, that so he might be fitted for a liberal profession. Proud though Mrs Mather was of this scheme, her self-complacency was not without one qualification, in the cold and doubtful manner in which Miss Pearce nodded to the old lady's statement and explanation of her plan. As this woman, Miss Pearce, had it in her power, ere long, grievously to affect the fortunes of young Hume, we shall notice her here a little fully. She was the only daughter of a half-pay captain, whose death left her with a trifling annuity, and the proprietorship of a small house in

the village of Holydean. After the death of her husband, a wealthy retired merchant, who had spent the last years of his life at Greenwells, Mrs Mather, having no family, began to cast about for a companion, and Miss Pearce was soon found out to be one of those indispensable parasitical maidens whom old ladies like Mrs Mather impress into active service, in the seasons of raspberries, and the elder-vintages;—hold long consultations with on the eve of entertainments;—retain as their own especial butt in company, and a fag partner at whist when a better fourth hand is wanting;—appeal to in case of a (shall we name it?) lie, when there is danger of detection;—cherish and moralize with when the party is over;—and, finally, would not dismiss, though one were to rise from the dead and cry out against the parasite. In addition to these implied qualifications, the amiable creature was a monopolist in ailments; and, of course, careless about the complaints of others, of which, indeed, when within reach of Mrs Mather's sympathy, she seemed to be jealous. In her person she was lean and scraggy, with a hard brown face, kiln-dried by nervous headaches. Her figure was very straight, and she was elastic in her motions as whalebone or hickory, and might have been cut with advantage into tapes for tying up bundles of her favourite tracts, or sinewy bowstrings for Cupid, for his arrows, not to be shot *at*, but to be shot *from*. We need scarcely add, after all this, that her nose was very long, and so sharp it might have cleft a hailstone. When Frederick Hume was thrown a helpless orphan on the world, and Mrs Mather, who was a distant relative of his mother's, proposed to take him to herself and bring him up as if he were her own son, Miss Pearce, though she could not set her face directly against such a charitable arrangement, yet laboured to modify it by a counter-proposition, that the boy should be provided for, but by no means brought to the cottage. She was then, however, but in the spring-dawn of favour with her patroness, and her opinion being over-ruled, the boy was brought home to Mrs Mather, and daily grew in her affections. During his childhood, Miss Pearce advanced steadily in favour, and she was too jealous of divided influence, and too Jesuitical in her perseverance, not to improve every opportunity of challenging and modifying the growing affection of Mrs Mather for her adopted son, whose bold and frank nature was endearing him to every one. When this would not do, she began to change her battery, and tried by a new show of kindness, to make a party in the young élève himself, whom yet *she thoroughly hated*. Whether it was, however, that he knew *her enmity*, and never forgave her for having once or twice secretly *and severely pricked him with pins*; or, whether, with the quick

instinct of childhood, which knows in a moment, and despises, the kind notice bestowed upon it for the sake of currying favour with parents, he virtually set down Pearce's new attentions to such a motive, certain it is, if he did not positively hate her, he never once stroked her purring vanity; and she, on the other hand, was, from his indifference, confirmed in her dislike. As Frederick grew up, he had many opportunities of shaking Miss Pearce's influence with her patroness; but, as he thought her despicable merely, and not dangerous, he was too magnanimous to molest her. In that scheme of life to which the heart has long responded, what was at first a jarring element hath become a constituent part of the general sympathy; and from this it might be that Hume not only continued to endure Miss Pearce, but even loved her with the affection of habit.

One might have supposed, that ere the time to which our narrative now refers, Miss Pearce would have been tired of intrigue, and would have seen the folly of being jealous in the favour which she had proved exactly, and from which she knew so little was ever to be gained or lost; but a Jesuit would be a Jesuit still, were the Church of Rome utterly annihilated, and petty intrigue merely for its own sake, and little selfish arrangements of circumstances, although nothing was to be gained, constituted the very breath of Miss Pearce's nostrils; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that, when Mrs Mather stated her design of adopting the two Italians, as above mentioned, she heard it with that umph, and nod, which express—not that a thing has been assented to—but merely that it has been literally and distinctly heard. Her objections were entered under a masked battery. She began by praising Mrs Mather's unbounded benevolence of heart. She hoped they would be grateful; they could not be too grateful; nay, they could never be grateful enough. She allowed the conversation to take a general turn, then tried to control it gradually to her purpose, and found an opportunity of relating, as if incidentally, how a certain lady, whom once she knew, had been ruined by a foreign protegee whom she had unwisely cherished. She touched upon swindling, vagrants, and obscurely alluded to legislature, and the alien act. Notwithstanding all such hints, however, the thing was settled in the affirmative; the boy Antonio was sent to stay with Mr Bailie, and Charlotte commenced work under the immediate auspices of her new patroness. The regularity and certainty of her new mode of life, soon subdued the roving qualities which her character might have slightly acquired, and which quickly give a corresponding wildness to the features. Her dark and comely beauty remained quick and expressive, but it was sobered under the accom-

paniments of an English dress, and tamed by the meek offices of our country's excellent morality. Her eye was still drunk with light as when morning comes upon the streams, but it waited and took commands from the looks of her mild hostess. The footstep of the reclaimed wanderer might still be light and airy, but now she went about the house softly, under an excellent ministry. In health she became Mrs Mather's delight, and still more so when the infirmities of the good old lady required delicate attentions. Like the glorious Una of Spenser's Fairy Queen, the kind eyes of this beautiful Italian, even amidst affliction, "made a light in a shady place."

Frederick Hume forgot not his promise to wait upon Signora Romelli, and inform her, that his minstrel-patient was quite well on the morning after the day when he was ill in her house. At the same time, he presented a card from Mrs Mather, requesting a mutual acquaintanceship. A friendly intercourse grew up accordingly, and, ere the fall of the season, Signor Romelli and his daughter were at least once every week at Greenwells Cottage, to the huge dismay of Miss Pearce, but the delight of our young surgeon, who began most deeply to love the beautiful Julia Romelli. She was taller and fairer than the maid Cardo: her locks were nut-brown: her eye was a rich compromise betwixt the raven and the blue dove, a deep violet,

———"like Pandora's eye,
When first it darken'd with immortal life."

She was quick, capricious, and proud; bold in her pouting displeasure, which was like a glancing day of sunshine and stormy showers: but then she was ardent in her friendships, and very benevolent; ready, withal, nay in haste, to confess her faults, in which case her *amende honorable*, and her prayer for pardon, were perfectly irresistible. A heart of her ambition, and so difficult to be won, insensibly exalted her in the eyes of the dashing and manly Frederick; who, without any ostensible calculation of selfish vanity, loved her the more deeply, that she was a conquest worthy of boldest youth. Notwithstanding her superior qualifications, and the ardour of his suit, we infer that the fair Julia kept shy and aloof, and at the same time that her lover was only the more deeply determined to make her his, from the circumstance that, in a few months, he had condescended to calculate how he stood in her father's affections, and was studious to accommodate himself to the manner of the Signor, who was grave in his deportment, and almost saturnine, seldom moved to smiles, and never to

laughter; and who, though he could talk fluently, and with eloquence, seemed, in general, to wear some severe constraint upon his spirit.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS were in this state when the winter session came round, which called Frederick to Edinburgh, to prosecute still farther his medical studies. The summer following he continued in town studying botany; and after making a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, it was about the middle of autumn ere he returned to Greenwells Cottage.

He found Charlotte Cardo improved in beauty and accomplishments, and advanced in favour with every one who knew her; even Miss Pearce herself condescended to patronize her publicly and privately. But what pleased him most of all, was to find that Julia Romelli was still a frequent visiter at the Cottage. The season of harvest too, had given a vacation to Mr Bailie's scholars, and Antonio Cardo was now at home beside his sister; and the harp and the song of the Italian twins were not forgotten when the sweet gloaming came on. Deeply occupied in spirit as Hume was with thoughts of his fair and shy Signora, he was yet constrained to attend to the abrupt and strange manifestation of Antonio's character, which broke forth, from time to time, mocking the grave tenor of his ordinary behaviour. According to his reverend tutor's statement, he had been a very diligent scholar; and he testified it thus far, that he talked English with great force and propriety. With the boys of his own age he had consorted little, and seemed to take no delight in conversing with any one, though now and then he would talk a few minutes to the old men of the village, and sometimes to the children. He was now equally taciturn at Mr Mather's; but occasionally he broke forth, expressing himself in rapid and earnest eloquence, and showing a wonderful power of illustrating any point. From his manner altogether towards Miss Romelli, his devoted attentions at one time, and at another his proud shyness; and from his dignified refusal, often, to play on the harp when Hume wished to dance with that lady, Frederick could not but guess that he was a rival candidate for Julia's love. But the most striking and unaccountable demonstration of the boy's character, was the visible paleness which came over his face, the current—the restless flow—of his small features, and the impatience of his attitudes, now shrinking, now swelling into bold and almost threatening pantomime, whenever Signor Romelli came near him. Visibly, too, *he was often seen to start when he heard his countryman's deep voice: He spoke to Romelli always with an eloquent*

empressement in his tone, as if his thoughts were crowding with his crowding blood: He looked him eagerly in the face: He often went round about him, like an anxious dog.

One night Romelli, more open and talkative than usual, had told two or three stories of the sea, when Antonio, who had listened, with a sharp face, and his whole spirit peering from his eyes, came forward, and sitting down on the carpet before his countryman, looked up in his face, and said, "I will now tell you a legend of the sea, Captain Romelli."

Cardo's Legend.

A RUDE Captain in the South Seas had murdered his mate, an excellent youth, for pretended disobedience of orders; and for this crime God sent the black-winged overtaking tempest, which beat his ship to pieces, and he was cast alone upon a desert island. It was night when he recovered from his drenched dream, and sat down on a green bank above the sea-marge, to reflect on his situation. The storm-racks had fled away: the moon came peering round above the world of seas, and up through the cold, clear wilderness of heaven: the dark tree-tops of the forest, which grew down to the very sands, waved in the silver night. But neither this beauty after the tempest, which should have touched his heart with grateful hope, nor the sense of his deliverance, nor yet the subduing influence of hunger, could soften that mariner's soul; but he sat till morning, unrepentant of his murder, fortifying himself in injustice, hardening his heart, kicking against the pricks. About sunrise he climbed up into a high tree, to look around him. The island, so far as he could see on all sides, seemed one wild and fenceless forest; but there was a high hill, swathed in golden sunlight, perhaps three or four miles inland, which, if he could reach and climb it, would give him a wide prospect, and perhaps show him some inhabited district. To make for this hill, he descended from the tree, and struck into the woods, studious to pursue the straight line of route which he laid down for himself, in order to reach the mountain.

The forest was full of enormous trees, of old prodigious growth, bursting into wild gums, and rough all over with parasitical plants and fungi of every colour, like monstrous livers; whilst up and down the trunks ran strange painted birds, pecking into the bark with their hard bills, and dotting the still air with their multitudinous little blows. Deeper from the engulfed navel of the wood came the solitary cries of more sequestered birds. Onward went *the wicked Captain*, slowly, and with little caution, because he never doubted that he should easily find the mountain; but rough and

impervious thickets turned him so oft, and so far aside, that gradually he forgot his proposed track, and became quite bewildered. In this perplexity, he again climbed a high tree, to discover the bearing of the hill; but it was no longer to be seen. Nothing was before him and around him, but a boundless expanse of tree-tops, which, under a sky now darkened to a twilight, began to moan and surge like a sea. Descending in haste, he tried to retrace his steps; but this it was out of his power distinctly to do; and he only went deeper into the wood, which began to slope downwards perceptibly. Darkness, in the meantime, thickened among the trees, which were seen standing far *ben*, as in a dream, crooked in their trunks, like the bodies of old men, and altogether unlike the trees of an upper world. Every thing was ominously still, till all at once the millions of leaves were shaken, as if with small eddying bubbles of wind. Forthwith came the tempest. The jagged lightning lanced the forest-gulfs with its swift and perilous beauty; whilst overhead the thunder was crushed and jammed through the broken heavens, making the living beams of the forest to quiver like reeds. Whether real or imaginary, the wicked Captain thought that he heard, at the same time, the roar of wild beasts, and saw the darkness spotted with their fiery eyes; and to save himself from them, he climbed up into a tree, and sat in its mossy clefts. As the storm above and beneath ranged away, and again drew nearer and nearer, with awful alternations, the heart of the wicked Captain began to whirl within him, tugged at by immediate horrors, and the sense of ultimate consequences, from his helpless situation. In his agony, he twisted himself from branch to branch, like a monkey, braiding his legs, and making rings with his arms; at the same time crying out about his crime, and babbling a sort of delirious repentance. In a moment the tempest was over-blown, and every thing hushed, as if the heavens wished to listen to his contrition. But it was no contrition: nothing but an intoxicated incontinence,—a jumble of fear and blasphemy: such a babbling as a man might make if he were drunk with the devil's tears, gathered, as they came glittering like mineral drops down the murky rocks of damnation, in bottles made of the tough hearts of old vindictive queens.—Holy Mother! Do you hear me, Signor Romelli? By the Holy Mother of Grace! you and I, Signor, think he ought to have repented sincerely, do we not?—Well, what next? God does not despise any working of the sinner's heart, when allied, even most remotely, to repentance: and because the wicked Captain had felt the first tearings of remorseful fear, God *sent to him, from the white land of sinless children, the young little Cherub of Pity.* And when the wicked Captain lifted up his

eyes and looked into the forest, he saw far off, as at the end of a long vista, the radiant child coming on in naked light; and, drawing near, the young Being whispered to him, that he would lead him from the forest, and bring a ship for him, if he would go home, and on his knees confess his crime to the aged parents of the youth whom he had murdered, and be to them as a son, for the only son whom they had lost. The wicked Captain readily vowed to perform these conditions, and so the Babe of Pity led him from the forest, and, taking him to a high promontory above the sea shore, bade him look to the sea:—and the promised ship was seen hanging like a patch of sunshine on the far blue rim of the waters. As she came on and came near, the heart of the wicked Captain was again hardened within him, and he determined not to perform his vow.

“Your heart has again waxed obdurate,” said the Figure, who still lived before him like a little white dial in the sun; “and I shall now turn the ship away, for I have her helm in my hand. Look now, and tell me what thou seest in the sea.” The wicked Captain looked for the ship, but she had melted away from off the waters; and when he turned, in his blind fury, to lay hold on the White Babe, it was vanished too.

“Come back to me, thou imp,” cried the hungry blasphemer, whilst his face waxed grim with wild passions, “or I will hurl this dagger at the face of the Almighty.” So saying, he drew a sharp clear dagger from his side, and pointing it upwards, threw it with all his might against the sky. It was now the calm and breathless noontide, and when this impious dagger was thrown up, not a breeze was stirring in the forest skirts or on beaked promontory; but ere it fell, a whirling spiral blast of wind came down from the mid-sky, and, catching the dagger, took it away glittering up into the blue bosom of heaven. Struck with a new horror, despite of his hardened heart, the wicked Captain stood looking up to heaven after his dagger, when there fell upon his face five great drops of blood, as if from the five wounds of Christ. And in the same minute, as he was trying to wipe away this Baptism of Wrath, he reeled and fell from the lofty promontory where he stood into the sea, into the arms of the youth whom he had murdered and thrown overboard, and whose corpse had been brought hither by the tides and the wandering winds. So the wicked Captain sunk for ever in the waters.

“Now, Signor Romelli,” said the boy Antonio, after a brief pause, “what do you think of my Legend?”

Ere an answer could be returned, a broad sheet of lightning

flashed in at the window, (for the sky all day had been thunderous and warm,) and instantly it was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, which doubly startled the whole company sitting in the twilight room.

"Get up, foolish boy," said Romelli, his deep voice a little tremulous, whilst at the same time he struck Antonio gently with his foot. Not more quickly did the disguised Prince of Evil as represented by Milton, start up into his proper shape at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, than did the young Italian spring up at the touch of Romelli's foot. His very stature seemed dilated, and his pantomime was angry and threatening, as for a moment he bent towards the Signor; but its dangerous outline was softened by the darkness, so that it was not distinctly observed; and next moment the youth drew back with this remark,—“By Jove, Captain, there was a flash from the very South Sea island in question! What a coincidence! what a demonstration was there! and O what a glorious mirror plate might be cut from that sheet of fire, for the murderer to see himself in. Thank God, none of us have been in the South Seas, like the wicked Captain in the Legend.”

There was no further reply to this, and Signor Romelli was silent and unusually pale during the remainder of the evening. After waiting one hour, during which there followed no more thunder and lightning, and then a second hour till the moon was up, he arose with his daughter and went home.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN the season came round, which called Frederick Hume to town for another session, to finish his medical studies, and get his degree as a physician; and once more he prepared to take a tender leave of his Julia, whom he loved more than fame or life. Overcome by his deep passion, he confessed it all to the maiden; and when he caught her trembling at his declaration, how could she explain her emotion otherwise than by confessing, despite of her pride, that their love was mutual? or answer for it better than by pledging her troth for ever, in return for his vow of constancy?

About Christmas, Antonio Cardo came from Mr Baillie's to spend a few holidays, at Greenwells Cottage. One night Signora Romelli gravely assumed the character of a prophetic improvisatrice, and told the future fortunes of Mrs Mather's household. “And now,” said she to Antonio, “come forward, young harper; you look there for all the world as if you were about to be set down for a murderer.” The boy started and went out, but in a few minutes he returned, and, flinging himself on his knees before Miss Romelli, he prayed her, for the love of heaven, to reserve her

ungentle prophecy. "Up, foolish boy," said Julia, "why, you look indeed as if your conscience were fairly measured; as if the red cap fitted you. Well, Antonio, you are either waggish or simple to an uncommon stretch." The boy rose with a groan, and Julia's father entering the room at this moment, he took up a small knife from the table, and shaking it at the Signor Captain, said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Your foolish daughter, sir, says that I am to be murderer." On no answer being returned, he bit the handle of the knife for a moment, and then laid it down.

Next evening, a party being assembled at the cottage, and Julia Romelli being there, she was of course an object of general attention and the most assiduous gallantry. During a dance, Antonio, who had refused to play on the harp, sat moodily in a corner, watching the graceful Signora, and luring against the smiles of her partner; heedless at the same time of his sister, who, when she stopped near him in the dance, gently chid him one while, and then, smiling in her happy mood with a tearful glance, which asked him to share her joy, patted him below the chin, and bid him rise and dance merrily. Miss Romelli saw the sisterly love of Charlotte; and, in her good-nature, a little while after, she made up to the youth, and speaking to him as if he were merely a shy and timid schoolboy, insisted upon his taking part in the dance. "Prithee, do not think me quite a boy," said he in return. Signora, as the best rejoinder, repeated her invitation, upon which he started up, and flinging his arms with mad violence around her neck, saluted her before the whole company. Julia disengaged herself, blushing. There was bridling on the part of the ladies; hearty laughter and cheers from old bachelors; and some of the young gallants looked very high, and ready to call the offender to account. Signor Romelli looked grave and moody after the strange salutation; and poor Charlotte hung down her head, and gradually withdrew from the room. As for the culprit himself, he walked haughtily out, and was followed by Mrs Mather, who took him to task in another apartment. The amiable Miss Pearce had likewise followed to approve her former prophecy of trouble from such guests; but her patroness was not in the vein for tolerating officious wisdom, and forestalling that virgin's charitable purpose, she turned her to the right about in a moment.

"And now, mad boy," demanded the old lady, "what meant this outrageous solecism? For my sake, what did you mean, Antonio Cardo?" "Kind and gracious lady," he replied, "do not question me just now. But if you would have me saved from perdition, bind me hand and foot, and send me far away over seas and

lands." "If this is all you have to say for yourself," returned Mrs Mather, "it is certainly a very pretty speech; though it is far above my comprehension. No—no; the thing was a breach of good manners: but I don't exactly see that your precious soul's endangered, or that you are entitled to be sent to Botany Bay for stealing a bit kiss—doubtless your first offence." "Well, my excellent apologist," said Antonio, "if you will use a little address, and bring Signora Julia hither, I will ask her forgiveness perhaps." "You are a very foolish young man indeed," returned the old lady, who was one of those persons whose humour it is, without abating from their real good-nature, to rise in their demands or reproaches when any thing like concession has been made. "I say it—a very foolish boy; and I have a great mind to let the young lady be angry at you for ever; and so I don't think I shall either bring her or send her."

Cardo knew very well that these words of his hostess, as she left the apartment, implied any thing but a decisive negative; and he sat still waiting the entrance of Julia, who, after a few minutes, made her appearance accordingly, with Mrs Mather. "Now, my most gracious hostess," said the youth, rising and turning to the latter, "you must give us leave for a brief while, for I have something particular to say to this young lady." Mrs Mather looked to Signora. "O yes, by all means," said Julia, "do according to his request, and let me hear this wonderful secret."

When Mrs Mather had retired, the boy Cardo advanced, and said to Julia, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Will you judge me, fair Italian, and condemn me by coldhearted rules? If you do, I ask ten thousand pardons for my rudeness to-night." "And, pray, what right have I, sir, to give dispensations beyond the laws of wise and prudent society?" "O, let me vary my question then, beautiful woman," said the passionate boy, flinging himself on his knees before her,—“Can you forgive my deep soul then for loving you to madness, Julia Romelli?” “Now shall I laugh at you for a very foolish boy, or shall I bid you rise at once, if you would not have me leave the apartment as quickly? Now, sir, that you are up, (for you seem to dread the imputation of boyhood,) let me tell you, that when I spoke of the rights of society I gave no liberty to suppose that my own maidenly feeling would be more liberal than such a law. The truth is, sir, I have nothing farther to add or hear, unless you sent for me to ask pardon for your breach of good manners, in which case, I readily allow, that I mistook you so much as heedlessly to give you some provocation. As for the offence itself, really you seem so very foolish that I know not whether I do right in saying, (with a smile) that it was not by any means

very grievous." "Is that all?—Is that all?" said the Italian boy. "No—no; you must let my heart love you, and you must love me in return. O, if you value your father's life, and your own peace; and if you would save me from perdition, you must become my wife, lady!" "Why, sir, I do think it were charity to believe that you have lost your reason: You are most foolish else. I will not stay flippantly to debate your boyish proposal; but, young sir, Antonio Cardo I think is your name, Can you—" "Mother in Heaven!" interrupted Cardo. "Do you *think* so? only *think* so? Why, my sister's name is Charlotte Cardo, and by Heaven I think she is a lady. You will say, Are we not dependent? Yes, to that: for a certain overwhelming reason I have allowed it for a little while; but soon the whole shall be accounted for." "Condescend not for me, sir," said Julia, "to vindicate your dignity or pride: I have no right, nor am I disposed, to offend either." "Perhaps not, young lady. But be wise and wary as you list, cold and cruel, I shall only love you the more; or plague you with my demon: there are but two alternatives; and I must be miserable in either, I am afraid." "Sir," said Julia angrily, and walking away, "I will pay the only compliment which I can reasonably bestow upon you, by telling you that your conduct obliges me to discontinue my visits in future at this house." "One moment—stay then, Signora," cried Antonio, stepping between her and the door, "Listen to me this once. Mrs Mather loves you dearly, and so does Frederick Hume, and so does Charlotte Cardo, and so does —. Well, so do you also love to visit at this house; and never for me shall you forego that delight, never for me shall the three excellent persons above named forego your delightful presence. I shall leave this house for ever, to-morrow morning, nor plague you more." "I must now do you justice, sir," said the fair Italian, "and though you certainly speak like a foolish boy, I will not urge this, but address you as a frank, open-minded, honourable man, and tell you at once that my affections are already engaged, and my vow of constancy made to another." "Enough said, Signora Romelli: I can guess who that highly favoured youth is: and I will say there is not a nobler heart than his in all the earth. Forgive me, young lady, and let me not detain you longer. Be assured, too, my impertinent solicitations are ended for ever."

The lady withdrew, and Antonio, locking the door, paced hurriedly up and down the apartment. Signor Romelli in the meantime had retired from the house. The yellow moon was swimming *through the streams*, but not in unison with the lovely night was *the heart of this Italian Captain* as he walked forth along the *bank*. "By Heaven," said he to himself, "this boy, Cardo,

knows it all! whether from prophetic divination, or whether the sea hath given up her dead to declare against me. I will as soon believe that those hot seething brains of his could produce the literal dagger which his hand seems always in the act of clutching, as that they could frame that celebrated Sea-legend, without some horrid collusion. Well, 'tis passing strange: but the imp seems daily ripening for some disclosure, or for some act of vengeance, and I must forestall him in both. How shall it be done? Stay now, let me see—he is nearly mad; that must be allowed by all—well, then, can I not get a professional verdict to that effect? Stay now: is not Stewart, the principal physician of the Lunatic Asylum in the neighbouring town, a suitor of my daughter? I can easily see that he is bold and unprincipled, and the other consulting physicians are old women. Well, may I not possess Stewart with the belief that my daughter loves this Antonio Cardo, and get him to warrant the removal of the boy to the mad-house, in virtue of his late strange behaviour, which, to common observation, will amply justify a charge of lunacy? Stewart, I think, will do it in the faith that my daughter will never give herself to one that has been in bedlam; and I, for my share, will gain the security, that whatever he may hint or declare in future, relative to what I think he knows of me, will be easily ascribed to a taint of remaining madness. Any period, however short, in that redoubted place, will serve Stewart's motives and mine; but if the horrid sympathy of the house make a convert of his soul to the propriety of his chains, so much the better. Now, Stewart is at present in the cottage, and why may not the thing be carried into effect this very night? By his authority, we shall get constables from the village without a moment's delay."

Romelli lost no time in making his representations to Stewart, who, hearing the Signor's professions in his favour relative to Julia's love, if Cardo could be morally black-balled, gave in without hesitation to the wicked scheme. Mrs Mather, overcome by the explanations of the Doctor, and by the dread of having a madman in her house, was constrained also to accede, and charitably undertook to detain Charlotte in a remote part of the house, till her brother should be seized and carried off, which was to be done as quietly as possible. The door, however, of the room in which he had locked himself had to be forced, as he could not be prevailed upon to open it; and ere the constables could do this, and overcome the resistance which he offered to their attempts to seize him, the whole house had been alarmed, and crowded to see what was the matter. *Charlotte, when she saw him in custody, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell in a swoon to the ground; some of the ladies*

retired with her; others, with compassion, drew around the hapless boy, while Stewart, who was a bold and callous tactician, would not attend the unhappy sister till he had enforced the necessity of sending the brother to the madhouse.

"Ha!" cried poor Antonio, at mention of this horrid destination; and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. He turned a rueful glance on Julia Romelli, whilst at the same time he trembled as if his slight body would have been shaken to pieces. "So, you ruffians," he said, at length, "you have crushed my poor sister down to the earth, and all for what? Where is my broken flower? well—she is better hence. Lead on:—and, gentlemen, I am not very mad perhaps. Look to Charlotte, and tell her I have escaped—any thing but"—Lead him out then. He bowed to the company with a kind of wild, unsteady energy; and was led away manacled.

Much, indeed, was Frederick Hume surprised and shocked to hear from Mrs Mather's next letter, of Antonio's fate, and he determined to visit the country as soon as possible, for the express purpose of seeing the poor Italian boy. A few weeks after this, he was sitting in his apartment one evening with two or three of his college chums, when his landlady announced to him that a young lady was in another apartment waiting to see him. "Why, this is something," said Frederick, rising and following the mistress of the house—"Who can it possibly be?" "Ah, you are a lucky dog, Hume," observed one of his companions. "Some very fond, faithful, or despairing shepherdess!" said a second.

Little did these gay chaps know the cause of such a visit, for it was poor Charlotte Cardo herself; and no sooner did she see Frederick, than grasping his proffered hand, she fell on her knees, and looking him wistfully in the face, cried, "Oh, my poor brother! have mercy on me, good sir, and help him." "Poor child!" said Hume, raising her, "I am afraid I can do little for him; but I shall lose no time now in seeing him. Can I do any thing for him in the meantime?" "I do not know, sir," said Charlotte, confusedly; aware, probably for the first time, that she had undertaken a foolish journey. "And have you come all this way, Charlotte, for my poor help?" "O, speak not, Mr Hume, of miles, or hundreds of miles, in such a case, if you can do any thing for us. I am told there are great physicians in this city. Perhaps you know them, and perhaps"—She stopped short. "Well, my good girl," said Frederick, clapping her on the shoulder, "for *your sisterly love*, every thing shall be done for your brother that *man can do*. I shall see him first myself, and that ere long; and *then I shall consult on his case with one or two eminent doctors.*

friends of mine." "God bless you, sir, all the days of your life!" said the Italian girl, sobbing almost hysterically from her full and grateful heart. "I have no other friend on earth that I can seriously trust; they are all hollow, or foolish in their kindness." "Does Mrs Mather know of this pious journey of yours, Charlotte?" asked Frederick. "Forgive me, sir—She tried very much to dissuade me, and bade me write if I chose—But, pardon me, sir, I thought it better——" "To see me personally, you would say? Well, Charlotte, you argue fairly that letters are but second-rate advocates, though, to do myself justice, I think, in such a case as this of your brother's illness, the mere representation of the thing was enough to make me do my very utmost. Now, Charlotte, that you may not be ultimately disappointed, let me warn you——" The maiden here looked so piteously, that he was fain to add, "Well, I have good hopes that he may soon recover." To this Charlotte answered nothing; for in the natural sophistry of the heart under an overwhelming wish, she durst not appear confident, lest she should again provoke the doubts of her medical Aristarch, as if the evil were not, when she had not heard it literally expressed by another. Yet still, when Frederick tried to change the conversation, by asking indifferent questions, she brought it back to the subject which engrossed her heart, by citing instances of some who had been confined as lunatics, though they were not, and of others who had gradually recovered their reason.

Resigning Charlotte to his landlady's care for the night, Frederick in the morning provided for her a seat in the mail, and took leave of her, with the promise, that he would make a point of being at Greenwells in little more than a week.

In less than ten days he visited Antonio in his cell, and found the poor boy lying lowly in his straw, and chained, because, as the keeper explained, he had made the most desperate efforts to get out. He arose, as Hume entered, and, with a suspicious look, demanded, "Are you also come to spy out the nakedness of the land?" "Do you not know me, Antonio?" asked Frederick, kindly. "I think I do," answered the boy, with a faint smile: "but do you know me under this sad change of affairs?" "You have not been very well, I understand?" said Hume. "No doubt you were given to understand so," was the answer; "but if you will request that official gentleman to retire for a little, I shall undeceive you."

Frederick did so; and the keeper, having withdrawn accordingly, the poor patient, with a tear in his eye, looked eagerly at Hume, and said, "Are you, too, sir, against me? Holy Virgin! will you also leave me here, and go and tell the world I am truly mad?" "Well, my good boy," said Frederick, "you must be very quiet,

and you will soon give the lie to the charge. I am glad to see you as you are." "God in Heaven! to be sure, sir. As you say, very quiet I must be; and reason good; and all that. Let me tell you, Dr Hume, you have not a good method with madmen. Nothing manages them so well as grave banter, half-angry and half-yielding; or stern and unmitigated awe, which overrules them as the lower range of the creation is controlled by the 'human face divine.' You may try these methods with me, if you think me *bona fide* insane. But, oh, rather hear me, sir, this once, and give me justice: take for granted that I am in my right mind: affect neither kindness nor menace in your words; but speak with me as man to man, and then you shall not lose perhaps the only opportunity of saving my body and my spirit from this unhallowed coercion, for I may soon be ill enough." "Whatever you have to state," returned Hume, "I shall in the first place hear you without interruption." "I readily grant, sir," said the supposed maniac, "that you have good reason to believe me insane, and that it is a very difficult thing for you to be satisfied of the contrary. On the other hand, it is no easy matter for me, chafed and tortured as I have been by my horrid confinement, to refrain from the 'winged words' of an indignant spirit. But I shall try to be calm and consistent; and you must try to be unprejudiced and discriminating. You see, sir, I go to work scarcely like a lunatic, since I have sense and reason to provide allowance for preliminary difficulties." "Very well; tell me what you wish, good Antonio: what can I do for you?" "Either you have little tact, Dr Hume, or you still think me mad, since you speak in that particular tone of voice—I know it well. The God of Heaven help me in my words at this time, that I may not speak from my full and burning heart, and you misinterpret me!"

"My dear fellow, Antonio Cardo," said Frederick, with kind earnestness, "for your own sake, and for your sister Charlotte's sake, I will not leave this part of the country, till I have thoroughly sifted the cause and reasonableness of your confinement; yet you must allow me to do the thing with prudence. I may not be able to get you released to-night; but, as I said before, I am disposed this very moment to hear and judge what you have to propose or state. I think you ought not now to be suspicious of me?"

"Ave Maria!" said Antonio—"Holy Virgin of Grace! you have sent one wise and honourable man to my wretched cell; and I think my hour of deliverance must now be at hand. What shall I say to you, Dr Hume? What argument shall I try, to lay fast a foundation on which your faith in my sanity may be built? *For, O! assuredly* beneath the gracious eye of Heaven, there can-

not be a fitter temple for Charity to dwell in. The truth is, Frederick Hume, I may at times in my life have felt the madness of whirling and intense passion; and I have a horrid fear that my days shall close in darkness, in pits which I dare not name, in dreams, the dark alienation of the mind. I am thus candid, the better to assure you that my soul at present is self-possessed and compact, of firm and wholesome service. Think, too, that I have leapt against my cage till my heart has been well-nigh breaking; that my spirit, from feverish irritability, has been a furnace seven times heated, in the next alteration of feelings, to be overwhelmed by a suffocating calmness. Remember that I have lived for months amidst those horrid cries which thicken the air of this place: and, above all, that I know well I should not be here. Such things may make me mad at times; but say, sir, am not I tolerably well, every drawback considered?" "Good God!" answered Hume, "what then could be their purpose or meaning in this confinement of yours!" "My heart, Dr Hume, is ready to cast out corresponding flames with your indignant speech and question; but I shall be calm, and not commit myself, because I still think God hath brought round a gracious hour and a just man. What shall I say to you again, Dr Hume? Try me by any process of logic. Shall it be an *argumentum ad hominem*, as my kind old tutor styles it? Shall I reason on my present situation, and tell you that things are not well managed in this place? The treatment is too uniform, and general, and unmodified; whereas, by a proper scale, the patient should be led from one degree of liberty to another, according to his good behaviour, that so he might calculate, that so he might exercise and strengthen his reason, that so he might respect himself, and gradually improve. Now, sir, judge me aright. Nature, in dread apprehension, sets me far above vanity; and I will ask you have I not uttered deep wisdom? You have not detected aught like the disjointed fervour of lunacy in my speech? My thoughts are not abrupt and whirling, but well-tempered, and softly shaded, as the coming on of sleep." "By my soul, Cardo," said Frederick, "I think you have been most grossly abused." "Have I not? have I not?" "Whose doing was this? and can you guess why it was?" asked Hume. "I owe it to Romelli and Stewart," answered Antonio. "The wherefore I know not, unless it be that I have loved too ardently, and shall never cease to love, Signora Romelli. Go away, sir, and be like the rest of the world; leave me here to perish, for you, too, love the maiden, and may be offended at my passion." "It is my business, in the first instance," answered Hume, "to follow common humanity and justice. I shall instantly overhaul this damnable

oppression, and call the above men to tax. You must be quiet in the meantime." "O, let it not be long, then!—let it not be long!—let it not be long!—If you knew how my good angel, young Charlotte Cardo, has made me hope for your coming! If you knew how I have counted the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, for you! How my heart has beat loudly at every sound for you, from morning, till night darkened above my rustling straw, and all for your coming! And in the tedious night-watches too! when my soul longed in vain to rest for a little while beyond the double gates of horn and ivory, in the weary land of Morpheus! Merciful sleep!—Merciful sleep! How many worn and ghostlike spirits yearn and cry to be within the dreamy girdle of thy enchanted land! Let them in, O God! The body's fever and the mind's fever, calentures of the brain and careerings of the pulse, revenge, and apprehension, and trembling, fears of death that visit me in the night when I lie here, terror to be alone lest indeed I lose my reason—and oh! hope deferred—and then outwardly, around me day and night, beleaguering the issues of my soul, and making me mad by the mere dint of habit, wild laughter unfathomed by reason, sharp cries, 'as fast as mill-wheels strike,' shrieking groans as from the hurt mandrake, muddy blasphemies, enough to turn the sweet red blood of the hearer into black infatuation and despair; add all these precious ingredients to the boiling heart of pride within, and what have you got? O, something worse than a witch's cauldron, boiling 'thick and slab' with the most damned physical parcels, and casting up the smeared scums of hell! And such, sir, has been my lot here, and therefore I pray that God may put swift gracious thought for me into your heart! O, let it not be long, for the knowledge of hope will make me only the more irritable, and it will be very dangerous for me if that hope be deferred. I will amuse myself counting off bundles of straw till you visit me again, if you do not die, as I am afraid you may, ere you can free me." "Now then, I must take my leave of you, Antonio, as it is needless for me to say any thing farther at this time." "For the love of the sweet Virgin Mother, Frederick Hume," said the Italian boy, throwing himself down among his straw with a violence which made his chains rattle, "speak comfort to my sister, who has pitched her tent and set down her soul's rest within the shadow of one unhappy boy's heart. I shall sleep none to-night. Farewell, sir, and think upon me!" He nestled with his head in the straw, and Frederick Hume left the unhappy place.

CHAPTER IV.

THE keeper of the asylum had either been convinced of Cardo's lunacy, or had been bribed to make his reports to that effect; and Hume, when he entered the poor boy's cell, had no doubt whatever that the thing was as represented; but now he was fully convinced of the contrary, and proceeded without delay loudly to challenge the wicked or foolish affair. Had the first movers of it thought that he was to be in the country so soon, they would probably have taken care not to let him visit Antonio privately; and they were not a little startled when Hume entered his strong remonstrance, and declared that the boy had been most unjustifiably confined. As for Romelli, his ends were already in a great measure served, and he cared not much farther about the thing. Stewart, who was jealous of Hume's professional character and his present interference, made a show as if he would gainsay Frederick's opinion to the very utmost. The other consulting physicians, nettled, no doubt, that their grave wisdom should be impugned by a stripling, were in a disposition sooner to fortify themselves in injustice, than to see and acknowledge the truth, were it made as plain to them as day. When they heard, however, that Hume was determined to make a representation of the case to the magistrates of the place, and to visit the asylum again ere long, with one or two of the principal Edinburgh physicians, they were a little alarmed; and Stewart, particularly, from his consciousness of the truth of what Frederick had stated, determined that Cardo should have an opportunity of making his escape, which would save himself the shame of being publicly obliged to yield to Hume's interference.

About a week after the above interview betwixt Antonio and our young doctor, Miss Pearce, Signor Romelli, and his daughter, (for the Signor had excused himself pretty well to Frederick,) and two or three more, were sitting one evening in Mrs Mather's parlour. The candles had just been lighted. Immediately the door opened, and admitted a young man bare-headed, and in worn attire. As he came slowly forward, he waved his hand mournfully, and attempted to speak, but seemed, from emotion, unable for the task. He was now seen to be Antonio Cardo, though he had grown so tall of late, and was so very pale, that he was not so easily recognized. There was a tear in his eye, a slight dilatation of his nostril, and a quivering all round his mouth, like one whose honour has been doubted, and who has just come from trial and danger, and indignant victory. *Were an idiot to gain reason and high intellect, and to be seen walking stately with wise men, who would not weep at*

the sublime sight? Nor is it without awful interest that we behold a man composed and serene, after coming out of a dark dream of insanity, the fine light of reason exhaling from the unsettled chaos of his eye, and a tear there, the last witness of the unaccountable struggle. Some of the young ladies who now saw Antonio Cardo lately recovered, as they had heard, from such a fit, had been talking of him a little before, and styling him, "poor unhappy creature;" but no sooner did he appear before them, redeemed, as they thought him to be, graceful and beautifully pale as he was, than he gained the yearning respect of all, and was a prouder object to every heart than a bridegroom from his chamber. He advanced slowly without speaking, and sat down on a sofa like a wayfaring man wearied out with his journey. Charlotte entered the room. "There he is at last!" cried she, when she saw him, and throwing herself upon his neck, she swooned away, overcome by a thrill of joy. Kindly for a while did God hold her spirit entranced, that she might not be agonized at her brother's sudden and strange departure. For Antonio at this moment observing Signor Romelli, whom his weak and dazzled eyes had not till now seen, laid his sister, like an indifferent thing, upon the sofa, started forward, and pointing with his finger to Romelli, whispered deeply, "Have I found you, mine enemy?—Take care of that man, good people, or my soul shall tear him to pieces."

Like an unreclaimed savage, the boy grinded his teeth as he hung for a moment in his threatening attitude; but he was seen to be working under some strong restraint, till all at once he rushed out of the house, and was lost in the dark night. Days, weeks, and months passed, and still he came not, nor had his friends heard any thing of him. During the summer, every young beggar lad that came to Greenwells Cottage, was keenly scrutinized by poor Charlotte Cardo; and every day she went to the top of a green hill in the neighbourhood, to look for travellers along the road, or coming over the open moor. But all her anxiety was in vain; Antonio came not, and she began to droop. In the house, she walked softly with downcast eyes; she was silent and kind, and very shy, though every one loved her. Amidst gay company, she scarcely seemed to know where she was, sitting motionless on her chair, or obligingly playing to the dance without ever seeming to be wearied. To every one that kindly requested her to take part in the amusement, she answered by a shake of the head and a faint smile.

Besides sorrow for her brother's unaccountable absence, another *passion*, which no one suspected, was beginning to prey upon the *heart of this Italian maiden*; and no sooner did she hear Frederick Hume, about the beginning of autumn, propose to go in a few

weeks to Paris, there to remain during the winter, than she declined so fast in her health, that in a few days she could scarcely walk about the house. Observing with infinite regret her increasing feebleness, Frederick humanely resolved to defer his journey till he should see the issue of her illness; and, in the meantime, he procured for her the best medical attendance, determined to do every thing which human skill could do for the beautiful alien. By the advice of his medical friends, in accordance with his own view of the case, he would have sent her to her native Italy; but this she over-ruled, declaring she would be buried in Mrs Mather's own aisle.

"Can none of you tell me," said she, one day to Frederick, who was alone with her in the room, as she sat upon the sofa, "what has become of my poor harper?" "To be sure, Charlotte," he answered; "I know very well where he is. He is off to Italy for a while, and will take care of himself, for your sake, you may be assured." "You are a kind gentleman, sir," returned the maiden; "but it will not do. Yet what boots such a life as mine? Let me die. You will be happy with the beautiful Signora Romelli when I am gone, and then she will be assured that I cannot envy her."

As she said this, she covered her face with one hand, whilst she extended the other. It was pale as a lily bleached with rains; and well could Frederick see that the narrow blue rings of Death, her bridegroom, were on the attenuated fingers. He took the hand and gently kissed it, bidding her take courage, and saying, that she must take care of her life for her brother's sake. At this the maiden, not without a little irritable violence, hastily withdrew her hand, and used it to assist in hiding the tears which began to burst through between the fingers of the other. Trembling succeeded, and a violent heaving of heart, such as threatened to rend her beautiful body to pieces. At this delicate moment Mrs Mather entered the room, and hastened to her assistance.

One afternoon about a week after this, an eminent doctor from the neighbouring town, who generally attended the maiden, took Frederick Hume aside, and in answer to his inquiries regarding her appearance that day, said, "There is but one possible way, Hume, of saving that girl's life." "For God's sake, name it, sir," returned Frederick. "You will be surprised, perhaps, shocked, Dr Hume," continued the other physician; "but it is my duty to tell it to you. Well, then, that Italian girl is dying of love for you." "Whom do you mean, sir? Not Charlotte Cardo?" said Frederick, afraid of the conviction which had flashed upon him. "I cannot be wrong, Frederick," replied the other; "Mrs Mather

hinted the thing to me some time ago. I have seen it from the manner of the girl, and her emotion in your presence, compared with her manner when I visited her without your being with me. To-day she spoke of you under a slight degree of delirium, and when she recovered, I made her confess the whole to me." "You have at least done well to tell me," said Hume, anxiously. "But what must be done?" "Why, sir, as the mere physician in this case, my opinion generally, and without any reference to other circumstances, is, that you must formally make the girl your bride this very night, if you would give her a chance for life. To remove her preying suspense, and dread of losing you, may calm her spirit, and lead to ultimate recovery." "You are an honest, but severe counsellor," said Frederick, shaking his medical friend by the hand with desperate energy; "but, for God's sake, sir, go not away till you tell me again what must be done. Were myself merely the sacrifice, I should not hesitate one moment,—nor perhaps think it a sacrifice. But, good God! I stand pledged to another lady—to Miss Romelli. And now, how can I act? Can there not be at least a little delay—say for a week?" "I think not, sir. No, assuredly. But—" "Sir?" demanded Frederick, eagerly, interrupting him; "speak to me, sir, and propose something. I have entire confidence in your wisdom." "I was merely about to remark," continued the uncompromising physician, "that it is indeed a puzzling case." "The worst of it is," said Hume, "that Miss Romelli is at least fifty miles hence, with her father, at bathing-quarters; and I ought, by all means, to see her and be ruled by her in this matter. Such is certainly my duty." "Much may be said on both sides," briefly remarked the physician, who, most abstractly conscientious in his professional character, would not advise against the means of saving his patient's life. "I will bear the blame then," said Hume, after a short but intense pause. "I cannot see that orphan-child perish, without my attempting to save her. Miss Romelli, I trust, will either be proud or magnanimous, and so—the sooner, sir, the ceremony is performed, the better."

The next point was to break the proposal to Mrs Mather; but besides her wish to see Miss Romelli become the wife of Frederick, she was scandalized at the idea of his marrying a girl, whom, despite of her affection for Charlotte, she hesitated not at this time to style a wandering gipsy. "Prithee, madam," said Frederick, bitterly, "do not so speak of my wife that is to be; but go prepare for this strange wedding." "Never, never," replied the old lady; "it is all vile art in the huzzy to inveigle you into a snare; I can see that." "Nevertheless, the thing shall be done," re-

turned Hume, firmly. "And I must tell you, madam, without any reference to my interest in her, that you are doing gross injustice to the poor girl, and mocking a bruised heart." "It may be so, sir," said the lady, haughtily; "and, moreover, you may do as you list; but you shall not have my countenance at least."

Accordingly, the old lady left the cottage without delay, and took refuge at the house of a friend, about six miles off, determined there to stay till bridegroom and bride should leave her own dwelling. Meanwhile, Frederick was not disconcerted; but with almost unnatural decision, summoned Miss Pearce, and one or two maids from the neighbouring village, to prepare his bride, and attend her at the strange nuptials. He was too manly and magnanimous to fulfil the letter, without regarding the fine spirit of his sacrifice, and, accordingly, he took every precaution not to hurt or challenge Charlotte's delicacy of feeling; and, particularly, he strictly enjoined every one of the above attendants not to mention that Mrs Mather had left the house, because the thing was utterly against her wish, but that she was kept by indisposition from being present at the ceremony, which on the contrary, it was to be stated, was all to her mind. Miss Pearce, when she learned the flight of her patroness, began to remonstrate against taking any part in the transaction; but Hume drew her aside, and spoke to her emphatically, as follows:—"Why, Miss Pearce, what means this? You know you have been a very obliging madam for a score of years or so, d——d obliging indeed, never wanting for a moment with your excellent supplianee, a most discreet time-server. You know, too, very well, what reason I have to dislike you. I shall soon control Mrs Mather. By my soul, then, you shall now do as I bid you, or be cashiered for ever. Moreover, a word to the wise: you are getting very sharp in the elbows now, you know, and ought to be very thankful for one chance more. So you shall be bride's-maid this evening, and if you enact the thing discreetly, and catch every little prophetic omen or rite by the forelock, why then you know your turn may be next. Think of the late luck of your next neighbour, that great fat overwhelming sexagenarian, like the National Debt, and do not despair. I am peremptory, Miss Pearce, if you please."

The poor creature had not spirit to resist the determined manner of Hume, which she easily recognised through his moody and (but that he knew her to be Miss Pearce) insolent address. She prepared to obey him, yet making, like a staunch Jesuit, her mental reservations, and storing up his obnoxious language to be avenged, should an opportunity ever occur.

And now the small company of bridal guests were assembled in

the lighted hall. Frederick Hume stood by his bride Charlotte Cardo, and took her by the trembling hand. The words of mutual obligation were said by a neighbouring gentleman, a justice of the peace, because, owing to hasty preparation, the ceremony could not be performed according to the forms prescribed by the church, and, therefore, could not be engaged in by a clergyman. During the brief repeating of the marriage obligations, there was death and fire mingled in the bride's eye; her heart was heard by all present beating,

“ Even as a madman beats upon a drum ; ”

And no sooner was the marriage fully declared, than she sprung forward, threw her arms around the neck of Frederick, kissed him with wild energy, and exclaimed, “ O my own husband ! ” There was a faint and fluttering sound, like the echo of her passionate exclamation, as she sunk back upon the sofa, before which she had stood ; the lord of life came reeling down from the bright round throne of the eye ; her eyelid flickered for a moment ; her lips moved, but nothing was heard ;—yet it was easily interpreted to be a wordless blessing for her beloved one before her, by the smile which floated and lay upon her placid upturned face, like sunshine upon marble. Thus died Charlotte Cardo, and Frederick Hume was a husband and a widower in the same moment of time.

CHAPTER V.

WITH manly and decent composure Frederick ordered the preparations for the funeral of his short-lived spouse ; and Mrs Mather, having returned home truly affected at the fate of Charlotte, repentant for her own last harshness to the dying maid, and touched with a sense of Frederick's noble behaviour, gave ample permission to the youth to lay the body of his Italian wife in their family aisle, which was done accordingly, three days after her death. Frederick laid her head in the grave, and continued in deep mourning for her.

According to a decent formula, Dr Hume would willingly enough have abstained for some time from treating with Signora Romelli about their former mutual vow ; but, according to the spirit of his pledge, and his true affection for that lady which had been virtually unaltered, even when he most openly compromised it, he wrote to Julia a few days after the funeral, stating the whole circumstances, asking her pardon if he had wronged her, declaring his inalienable affection for her, yet modestly alleging that he had first broken *his vow, and that he was at her mercy whether or not she would still be bound to him by hers.* Such was Frederick's letter to

Julia, which, had it been in time, she would have kissed with tears, a moment angry, yet soon honouring her lover the more, for the difficult and humane part which he had acted; but the devil of petty malignity and mean rivalry had been beforehand with him, in tempting, from without, his lady's heart; and ere his letter reached its destination, Julia Romelli was lost to him for ever. Dr Stewart, who, as already stated, was a rival of Hume's, had been mean enough to engage Miss Pearce in his interest, to do every thing she could by remote hint and open statement, to advance his suit with Signora Romelli; and we can easily suppose, that this intermediate party, from her dislike to Frederick, and her jealousy of Julia's favour with Mrs Mather, was not idle in her new office. On the very evening of Charlotte Cardo's marriage and death, she sought an interview with Stewart, reminded him of Miss Romelli's proud heart, advised him, without losing a moment, to wait upon that lady and urge his own respectful claims in contrast with Hume's ill usage; and to make all these particulars effective, *the* Pearce tendered a letter, already written, for Stewart to carry with him to Julia, in which, under the character of a friend, jealous of Miss Romelli's honour, she stated the fact of Hume's having married Charlotte Cardo, without mentioning the qualifying circumstances, or stating that the rival bride was already dead. Stewart was mean enough to follow this crooked policy to the utmost. The she-devil, Pearce, had calculated too justly on poor Julia's proud heart. He pressed his suit; was accepted by the Italian maid in her fit of indignation against Frederick; and they were married privately in great haste.

The first symptom of this unhappy change of affairs which occurred to Hume, was the return of the letter which he had sent to Julia, and which came back to him unopened. About a week afterwards he heard the stunning news of his own love's marriage with another, to feel that he was cut off for ever from the hopes of his young life:—for he had loved passionately, and with his whole being.

Days, weeks, passed over him, and his existence was one continuous dream of thoughts, by turns fierce and gentle; now wild as the impaled breast of a suicide, now soft as breathings of pity from the little warm heart of a young maid. One while he cursed the pride and cruelty of Julia, (for he knew not the part which Miss Pearce had acted,) and he made a vow in his soul, for his own peace of mind, never again to see her in this mortal life. Then he was disposed to curse the memory of Charlotte Cardo; but his heart was *too magnanimous* to let him long give way to this feeling. On the contrary, to keep down such thoughts, and to be

strictly and severely just, he got Mrs Mather's consent to let a table-stone be placed in her aisle, with this inscription :—" Charlotte Cardo, wife to Dr Frederick Hume."

One day the youth went alone to the churchyard, to see the above tablet for the first time after its erection. As he bent over it, filled with a multitude of hurrying thoughts, a burst of solemn music rolled upon his ear, and, on looking up, there was Antonio Cardo within the door of the aisle, playing upon an organ. He was bare-headed, and tears glittered in his eyes, which were upturned with a wild pathos, as, in accompaniment with the rolling organ, he chanted the following song, or dirge :—

THE stars that shine o'er day's decline, may tell the hour of love,
The balmy whisper in the leaves, the golden moon above ;
But vain the hour of softest power : the noon is dark to thee,
My sister and my faithful one !—And oh ! her death to me !

In sickness, aye, I cried for her—her beauty and her kiss :
For her my soul was loath to leave so fair a world as this :
And glad was I when day's soft gold again upon me fell,
And the sweetest voice in all the earth said, " Brother, art thou well ?"

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills ;
She led me where the white sheep go o'er the shining turfy hills ;
And when the gloom upon me fell, O, she, the fairest beam,
Led forth, with silver leading-strings, my soul from darksome dream.

Now, sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer-time, the glory of the year ;
But ne'er for her :—to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach her in the grave, to clear them from the dust.

But in the skies her pearly eyes the Mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipp'd her sainted foot in the sunshine of the bless'd.
Eternal peace her ashes keep, who loved me through the past !
And may good Christ my spirit take to be with hers at last !

With a softened heart Frederick listened to the strain ; but after it had ceased, and Antonio had kissed his sister's name upon the stone, he could not refrain, in an alternation of sterner feeling, from saying, " By Heaven ! most unhappy wanderer, the thing is all your own doing : Your folly hath ruined us all."

The Italian answered not, save by throwing himself down on the ground, and kissing Frederick's feet.

" Rise up, sir," said Hume, angrily ; " I like not your savage philosophy : I like nothing beyond common sense and feeling. As for yourself, I know you not, sir : I do not know what character you are of, or any thing about your family." " By the Holy Mother ! you shall soon know me then," said the boy, springing

proudly up. "Promise to meet me here on Saturday night at twelve o'clock, and you shall see me then no longer the weak boy that you have spurned, but one that can be strong and do justice. Do you promise to meet me?" "How am I interested in your scheme of justice?" demanded Frederick. "You do not fear me, sir?" asked the Italian in return. "Surely the man that so honoured Charlotte Cardo as you have done, need not fear me?" "Why, sir," said Frederick, "to tell you a circumstance which you have no right to know, in these late days I do not hold my life of more value than a box of grasshoppers." "You can have no scruple then to meet me," said Cardo. "And you may have some wish to hear me explain a few circumstances relative to our family, my own character, and the cause of my late absence. You shall also learn something about signor Romelli. Have I your sure promise to meet me then at this place?" "I care not though I do," answered Hume, "since I am weary of every thing common under the sun, and especially since it is a very pretty hour for a man to speculate a little in." "You are too careless by half for my purpose," said the Italian. "Faith, not so," returned Frederick. "Nay, my good friend, I will on my knees on this stone swear to meet you. Well, did you say on Saturday?" "This is mere moody trifling all, Dr Hume; but no matter, I will ere then give you a memento to mind Saturday night: hour—twelve o'clock." "You go home with me in the interim, I presume?" said Frederick. "You have played the truant from school too long." "Farewell, sir, and remember your promise," answered Antonio. "I do not go with you at present." He accordingly hasted away from Frederick, without answering his farther inquiries.

On the forenoon of the following Saturday, Hume received a note from Cardo, reminding him of his engagement at twelve o'clock that night; which, to do Frederick justice, he had not forgotten, and which he had resolved to fulfil, chiefly from the excellent motive of seeing the poor Italian lad again, and offering to put him in some other respectable situation in life, if he did not choose farther to pursue his classical studies. A considerable while before the appointed hour our Doctor took the way to the churchyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from Mrs Mather's house. The belated moon was rising in the east, in an inflamed sphere, as of spilt wine and blood; and the light of her red-barred face tinged the dark tops of the yews, which stood bristling like angry feathers around the churchyard, at the gate of which Hume was now arrived. The owl came sailing by his head on muffled wing, and flew about *musng over the graves*. The next minute Frederick was startled at hearing the reports of two pistols, one a little after the other;

and making his way towards the quarter whence the sounds had come, he was led to his own aisle. On looking through its grated door,—Heavens of Mercy! what saw he within? There was Signor Romelli on his knees before the tombstone, and Antonio Cardo holding him fast by the neck. To the surprise of Hume, there seemed to be some new inscription on the stone. To this, Cardo, whilst he held Romelli with one hand, was pointing with the other; and at the same time a dark lantern had been so placed upon the tablet, that its light fell directly upon the letters of the inscription.

“Read aloud, sir, for the behoof of all, or you die this moment,” cried Cardo sternly, and flourishing a sort of dagger-knife above the bare head of his prostrate countryman. Romelli stared upon the writing, but sat silent. “You cannot see them plainly, perhaps,” said the vindictive Antonio. “There is dust on the stone and in the letters, but we shall cleanse them for you.” So saying, he drew a white napkin from his pocket, dipped it in the blood that was flowing profusely from Romelli’s throat, and wiped with it the stone. “Read!” was again the stern mandate. Romelli looked ghastly, kept his eyes fixed upon the stone, but said nothing. And there was a dogged determination in his look, which told that he would die like a fox, without murmur or word. “I will read for you, then,” said Cardo:—“In memory of Hugo Marli, who perished in the South Seas.”—“Now, tell me, red-handed hell-fiend, how perished the youth?” A very slight groan, and a harder breathing, was all the answer from the prostrate Italian. “Well then, I am Antonio Marli,—the last of my race—the brother of thy victim,—his avenger,—thy—prove the title there—and find Hell.” The last vengeful words gurgled in his throat; but his hand was nothing paralyzed, for, lifting high the dagger, he struck it, crashing and glutting itself, down through the skull and brains of the prostrate wretch, to the very hilt. The handle of the dagger, which was shaped like a cross, gave a grotesque tufted appearance to the head, and consorted well with the horrid expression of the features, which were first gathered up into one yelked knot of ugly writhen delirium, and then slowly fell back into their proper places, and were gradually settled into the rigidity of death. The body inclined forward against the stone, upon the edge of which stuck the chin, unnaturally raised; and the face, half lighted by the lamp, and adorned by the handle-cross towering above it, looked over the tablet towards the door,—a ghastly picture.

Antonio Marli, (let him now wear the name, thus horribly authenticated,) with a red smile, as if his countenance shone from the mouth of a furnace, turned to Hume, who, loudly deprecating the above violence, had made desperate efforts at the same time to break

into the aisle, and thus grimly spoke to him: "So, thou art there, thou glorious faithful one? Thou shalt live in the Kingdom-to-come with the Marlia. Come in, bird, into the house;" continued he, curving his fore-finger, and beckoning to Frederick with it; "advance and join the committee." A change came over his face in a moment; he unlocked the door; threw it open; dragged out the body of Romelli with awful violence; then turning to Hume, tried to speak, but could not, from violent emotion. He continued for a minute, merely pointing to the body, but at length he said, "So, there it is out: I would not have its blood mingle with my sister's ashes."

"Most murderous wretch," cried Frederick, grappling with him; "how didst thou dare call me to witness this?" "Sir, I thought your good opinion of some value, and I called you to see me approve myself a man of justice." "A wild beast thou! say a fiend rather; but thou shalt answer for it." "Ha!" cried Marli, with desperate energy, casting himself free from Hume's hold—"Hear me, sir, now my brother: Go, weep for the little wren that dies in a tussle with the blue cuckoo, but give not your sympathy to that carrion, for he was a wretch, whose heart-strings might, unscathed, have tied up the forked bundles of lightning, so callous were they, so wicked, so callous. For your wife's sake, my sister, do not. Moreover you must leave this country instantly; and for your kindness to my sister, I shall go with you wherever you go, and be your slave till death, because in that I shall be honouring her." "A discreet travelling companion, forsooth!" returned Hume. "Harkye, sir: like fire and water I can be a good servant; but my mastery, if your negative to my proposal put it upon me, may be equally dangerous." "Granted,—in the matters of Italian assassination," said Frederick. "But, suppose, sir, that this very moment I dispute your mastery? Suppose I tell you that even now my eye is upon you, and that I do not mean to let you leave the churchyard without a desperate effort on my part to secure your person?" "I shall not stay at present," said Cardo, "to show you how easily I can defy you, armed as I am. Let us come to the point. You love Signora Romelli, and she loves you. Well:—But you shall never marry her, for her vile father's sake. She shall never sit a bride on the throne of your heart, which my sister Charlotte could not gain: Nay, she shall never wear for you the comely garment of marriage, which my sister Charlotte gained. She shall never be happy as a wife, where my sister Charlotte could not be happy as a wife. I will flee this instant, and you will be suspected of Romelli's murder. I have put things in such a train, that suspicion must naturally fall upon you. No one, save your—

self, and another whom I can trust, has seen me in this visit to your neighbourhood. The deed has been done with your own pistol and dagger, with which, besides the key to open the aisle door, my knowledge of Mrs Mather's premises enabled me secretly to provide myself a few nights ago. If you think it could serve you aught in the court of justice to produce my card of to-day, inviting you hither, look at it again, and see that it is not signed. Moreover, on a more careful glance, you will find it a fair imitation of your own hand-writing, so that it would instantly be declared an *ex post facto* forgery—a poorly-conceived contrivance. That dead dog was honoured likewise with a note of invitation, but I took care to put such dangerous hints in it, that he would not fail to burn it as soon as read. Moreover, on your way hither, you met two villagers, who, by a shrewd contrivance of mine, which it is needless at present to explain, were drawn to the road, notwithstanding the late hour, and who could not fail to recognise you, though they might not speak. Now, sir, do you see how you are beleaguered? You can hardly escape a condemning verdict: And even were it 'Not Proven,' still the lurking suspicion against you, which such a nig-gardly acquittal implies, would for ever prevent the fine-souled Julia Romelli from becoming your wife. Now for your alternative of choice:—Shall I leave you—and will you stay—to be confounded in this country? Or will you not rather flee with me instantly, where both of us shall be safe; and where, because you so honoured and tried to save the twin-sister of my being, my beloved one, I shall tame my safety, and my pride, and my powers, to be with you day and night as your companion and friend? Remember, either alternative will equally well serve my ends." "I have listened to you well, you must allow," said Hume; "and I have come to the conclusion, that your ingenuity and finesse are admirable; but what a pity it is that they should all go for nothing! To show you, sir, what an overweening fool you are, I will constrain myself to tell you, that Julia Romelli is already married to Dr Stewart, in consequence of my choosing a bride elsewhere. Now, sir, seeing what my connexion with your family has already gained for me, can you still urge it upon me, as a very important acquisition, to secure your devoted and worshipful attendance? Faugh! your hand smells rankly, and I will not taste that bread which you have touched."

At this announcement of Miss Romelli's marriage, Marli gave a sort of involuntary scream. With trembling earnestness he then drew forth his bloody handkerchief, tied one end round his neck, and proffered the other to Dr Hume, with the following words: "Is it so, sir? Is Julia lost to you? I knew not of this: and now

I do not rejoice. But take the napkin, sir, and lead me away to justice: Take it, sir, if you wish any triumph over our family. By the souls of all my race, I shall follow you quietly as a lamb, for you have suffered too much already, from the Marlis. Not one hair of your noble head shall for this murder come into danger. Not one suspicion shall attach to your cloudless name. Had the law seized you, by my soul's being I would not have let you die, though I wished you never to get Julia Romelli for your wife. As it now is, you shall not for a moment be impeached.—Lead me away."

Hume was puzzled what step now to take. He could have no wish to see Marli perish on the scaffold, even though he was a murderer; besides, that he would himself indirectly share the ignominy, from having been so allied to the family. But, then, on the other hand, though life might now be of little value to him, he would not have his honour called in question, nor his name linked with the suspicions of his having had any thing to do with such a vile deed of murder, which might assuredly happen to him were the real murderer to escape. He was, besides, though of a very ardent temperament, a man of a wise and well-constituted heart, and could not but think, that Marli should be directly responsible to the laws of a wise country for his outrageous act. In something like a compromise betwixt these feelings, he said, "I shall endeavour, sir, to keep the blame from myself, and fix it upon the proper culprit:—Should you make your escape, I shall defend myself as well as possible."

"So the die is cast against me," said Marli, who, notwithstanding the sincere spirit of his surrender, had perhaps clung to the hope, that Hume might yet be disposed to save him, by leaving the country with him for ever. "But I shall abide it—Take me now in tow, for I am impatient to grapple with my fate."

"Not at all," said Frederick; refusing the handkerchief, caring not for the outrageous effect of which the wild spirit of Marli seemed studious, in proposing the use of this bloody leading-string. He went close, however, by the side of the Italian, determined now to lay hold on him should he offer to escape. This, however, Antonio did not attempt; but, going quietly with Hume to the village, he himself roused the constables, stated to them his crime, and put himself under their care, to convey him to the jail of the neighbouring town, which was done without delay.

CHAPTER VI.

MARLI was found guilty of Romelli's murder; and condemned to be executed in the churchyard where the murder was committed, —a place of execution certainly new and remarkable. Frederick

Hume, according to a solemn promise which he had made to Marli, when one day he visited him in jail before his trial, again waited on the prisoner in his cell a few days before the appointed time of execution. The Italian boy was sitting on his low pallet-bed, apparently in deep abstraction, and he sat for a minute after Frederick entered. His face was calm, and clearly pale, as if it had come out of the refiner's furnace; but his dark hair was raised a little above one of his temples, as if disordered by the wind; and there was an awful shadow and a trouble in the inner rooms of his eye. So soon as Hume named him, he arose, and advancing, kissed his visitor on the cheek, exclaiming earnestly, "My brother! My brother!"

"Well, then, my poor Antonio Marli," said Hume, much moved, "I trust you repent of your crime?"

"Why? and wherefore?" answered the prisoner, with a gesture of impatience. "But you shall hear me: When you were last in the jail with me, I was not in the vein for explanations, but now you shall hear and judge of Romelli's deserts. I would make you a prince, sir, if I could, but I have no other way of giving you honour, than by unfolding myself a little to you, which I would do were the confession to show my heart one molten hell.—My father, who, as you have already heard, was a clergyman in the north of Italy, was one stormy night returning home, through a small village, about a mile from our house, when he heard a poor sailor begging at a door for a lodging during the night, which was refused him. My good old father, remembering that he himself had a son a sailor, who might come to equal want, brought home with him the rejected seaman, gave him food and dry raiment, and made him sit with us by the parlour fire. The man was of a talkative disposition, and being, moreover, cheered by the wine which was plentifully given him, began voluntarily to tell us of his having been lately shipwrecked. 'And how could it be otherwise?' continued the mariner; 'how could that ship thrive? You will hear why she could not; for I know the whole story. Well, before sailing from Genoa, on our last voyage, our captain, who was a widower, had fallen in love with a young lady. Now, it so happened, that his mate, a nice young chap, liked the same damsel; and she, in return, preferred him to the sulky captain, who, in consequence, was mightily huffed, and took every opportunity, after we had sailed from port, of venting his spleen against his rival. One day, being becalmed in the South Seas, near a beautiful green island abounding in wild game, the captain with a small party went on shore, to have some sport in shooting kangaroos. To the surprise of every one the young mate was allowed to go with us, and glad he was, for

he was a lad of fine mettle, and delighted in all sorts of amusement. But no sooner had we landed, than the captain turned to him, and said peremptorily, 'Now, sir, you must watch the boat till we return.' Poor fellow, he knew his duty, though he felt the mean revenge, and folding his arms, he turned quickly round with his face from us, which was burning with anger, and began to hum a tune. After we had pursued our sport for some hours in the woods, we returned to the boat, and were surprised to find that the mate was not beside it. We saw him, however, about a hundred yards off, (for he had probably been allured from his charge by seeing some game not far off,) hasting towards us. The captain, trembling with malignant eagerness, ordered us all into the boat in a moment, and made us pull away as fast as possible from the poor young fellow, who, loudly demanding not to be left in such a wild place, dashed into the sea, and swam after us. Be sure all of us used our oars with as little effect as possible, to let him make his leeway. This he soon did, and took hold of the edge of the boat; when the cruel captain drew his hanger, and cut through his fingers, leaving him again to fall back into the sea. 'You disobeyed my orders, sir, in not staying beside the boat,' cried the heartless savage, whom every soul of us would gladly have tossed overboard, though the instinct of discipline kept us quiet. As for the poor mate, he cast a bitter and reproachful glance at the boat, folded his arms, and diving down into the sea, was never more seen. How could the ship, that bore us with the monster, be blessed after such doings? She was beat to pieces on the coast of Sicily, and the captain and I alone escaped. He used me very scurvily thereafter, and I am not ashamed to tell his misdeeds. But it was a pity for the good ship, the Arrow.' 'O, God! hold fast my head!' exclaimed my father, on hearing the name of the vessel—'If—if—but tell me the captain's name.' 'Romelli,' 'And the mate's?' 'Hugo Marli;—a blythe sailor!' 'My Hugo!—my own boy!' cried my father; and the old man's head sunk down upon his breast. Never shall I forget the wild strange manner in which our sailor-guest at this caught hold of the liquor that was standing on the table, drunk it all out of the bottle, and then fled from the house, leaving me alone, a little boy, to raise and comfort my father's heart. In a few days the old man died of a broken heart, and I was left alone with my twin sister Charlotte. Day and night I thought of Hugo, the gay and gallant sailor boy, that all the maids of Italy loved, the pride and stay of my father's heart, who brought presents for Charlotte from far lands, and taught me to fish for minnows in the brook, and to pipe upon the jointed stems of the green wheat:—And all this was at an end

for ever; and my father's heart was broken. Therefore the desire of revenge grew up, and widened with my soul from day to day. I found a medium through which I traced all Romelli's movements, and when I learned distinctly that he was a prisoner in this country, I determined to pay him a visit. My father had left a small sum of money, but now it was nearly expended, having supported Charlotte and myself scarcely a year in the house of our maternal uncle, and we were likely soon to be entirely dependent upon him. On expressing my determination to go to England with my sister, I saw that he was very willing to get quit of us: and the better to insure our removal, he bought me a harp, and paid our passage to this country."

"Allow me to ask," interrupted Hume—"Did Charlotte know this wild purpose of yours?"

"No; she was staying with our aunt for a while when the above scene with the sailor took place, and my father was dead ere she knew of his illness. The thoughts of revenge which had already occurred to me made me conceal the true cause of my father's death; or, perhaps, to speak more strictly, although it was well known, that his having heard of his son Hugo's death struck the old man to the grave, yet I took care not to reveal through what channel the news had come, or the cruel mode of my brother's death. Had Charlotte known what was within me, she would have tried incessantly to break my purpose; but she could not possibly know it, and as my will was her law in indifferent matters, she readily followed me to this country. No sooner had we landed, than I made her vow never to reveal our true name or distinct place of abode till I gave her leave: And, in the meantime, we assumed the name of Cardo. After wandering about in England till we learned to speak the language fluently, which we attained the more easily that our father had taught it to us grammatically, I led the way to Scotland, gradually drawing near my victim, whose place of stay I had taken care to ascertain in Italy through the same means by which I had hitherto watched his movements. To make my soundings, I got into Romelli's house under a feigned sickness. When you saw me first, I had in truth no complaint save that the nearness of my victim and purpose had made my heart so deeply palpitate, that a degree of irritable fever had come over me. The fair Julia was too kind and tender: I fell madly in love with her;—I almost forgot my stern duty of revenge. You cannot guess the choking struggles between my two master passions. Yielding so far to the former, I compromised my pride in another point, and consented to be a dependant of Mrs Mather's. By Heaven! I was not born with a soul to wait at palace doors—I would

have rejoiced, under other circumstances, to live with my sister, free as the pretty little finches that hunt the bearded seeds of autumn; but love and revenge, mingled or separately, imposed it upon me to accede to your charity and Mrs Mather's, that I might be near the two Romellis. In her playful mood, perhaps, Julia one evening prophesied that I should become a murderer. You cannot conceive the impression which this made upon me. I had begun to flag in my first great purpose, but now again I thought myself decreed to be an avenger; and to avoid stabbing Romelli that very night in your house, I had to keep myself literally away from him. Now, judge me, my friend, Was it not by him that I was shut up in a madhouse? Yet, for your sake, and Mrs Mather's, and Charlotte's, and Julia's, and perhaps mine own, (for I have been too weak,) again I refrained from slaying him in your house—Nay, I left the place and neighbourhood altogether, and went to London. I engaged to sing and play in an opera-house, and made enough of money. My heart again grew up dangerous and revengeful. I returned to Scotland to pay Mrs Mather for having kept us, to send Charlotte to a sea-port town, whence a ship was to sail for the Continent on a given day, then to call Romelli to account, and thereafter to join my sister a few hours before the vessel sailed. On my arrival again in your neighbourhood, to make preliminary inquiries, I called at the house of a young woman, who was Mrs Mather's servant when I first came to the cottage; but who about a year afterwards went home to take care of her mother, an old blind woman. So, then, Charlotte was dead! My sister Charlotte!—My young Charlotte Marli!—and all in my most damnable absence! I heard it all, and your own noble generosity: But nothing of Julia's marriage with Stewart, which my informant, in her remote dwelling, had doubtless not yet heard. All this might change my line of politics. In the first place, I imposed secrecy as to my arrival on my young hostess, who readily promised to observe it, in virtue of having loved me for my music. I had now to concert not only how best to strike Romelli, but, at the same time, how to prevent for ever your marriage with Julia. You know my double scheme in one. The brother of my hostess had, in former years, been an organist, and one day I took his instrument, which the affectionate lass had carefully kept for his sake, and went to the remote churchyard to play a dirge over Charlotte's grave. You were there, and I found it an excellent opportunity of forwarding my scheme, by making you promise to meet me afterwards in the aisle; which you did, when Signor Romelli happened to be there. Ha! ha! how came he there, the foolish man? Before naming to you the precise night of our threefold meeting, I

had been prudent enough to find out that the excellent Signor had just come home from some jaunt, and in all probability would not again, for at least a few days, leave his house. To make sure, however, I instantly forwarded to him my letter of invitation. How expressed? how signed? I remember well (for nothing of that dreadful night will easily pass from my mind) the sailor's name whose story broke my father's heart. So, under his name, I scrawled a letter to Romelli, stating, that if the Signor would know the immediate danger in which he stood in consequence of certain things which once happened in a boat in the South Seas, when he was captain of the Arrow; and if he would not have these points now brought publicly to light, he must meet the writer alone, at the door of the given aisle, on Saturday night, precisely at eleven o'clock. I was much afraid that he would guess the true writer of the letter, and so would not come. However, about ten o'clock on the appointed night, I crouched me down, with a dark-lantern in my pocket, beneath Charlotte's tombstone, upon which, I may here mention, I had got a mason from the village, for a large bribe, to put a slight inscription relative to my brother, which he secretly executed between Friday evening and the dawn of Saturday. Almost contrary to my expectations, Romelli came; but I think, somewhat after the hour appointed, with a dark-lantern in his hand; and, finding the door of the aisle open, he advanced into the interior, and began, I suppose, to read the inscription, which, to heighten the effect of my revenge, as above stated, I had caused to be written the preceding night. In a moment I started up, and ordered him to fall down on his knees, and confess his crimes; but, instead of obeying me, no sooner did he see who I was than he drew a pistol, and shot at me, missing me, however. My turn was next, and I missed not him. He fell: I locked the aisle door that you might see through the grating, but not interfere. I had him now beneath my will and power. You know the rest! Hugo Marli is avenged: and I am willing to die."

Such were the prisoner Marli's explanations, partly won by the cross-examinations of Hume, but in general given continuously, and of his own accord.

"And now, Frederick Hume," continued the prisoner, after a long pause of mutual silence, "you alone, of all the human race, are dear to me; will you promise to lay my head in the grave, despite of the ill which Charlotte and I have done you?" "Behold you of some other reasonable request, and I shall do it for you to the utmost," answered Frederick; "you know the above is impossible." "No, no," cried Marli, impatiently; "you shall lay me *beside her* in your own aisle." "Antonio Marli," returned Fre-

derick solemnly, "must I remind you of your sad sentence?" "O ho! you mean the dissection? The precious carnival for Dr Pry and his pupils?" said the Italian, laughing grimly. "But if I can accomplish the half—If I can get quit of the claim of the law in that respect, would you so bury me, my brother?" "Talk not of this any more," said Hume, not comprehending what the prisoner meant; "but cry for the purifying mercy of Heaven ere you die." "You are from the point, sir," replied Antonio; "but hear me:—I will leave one request in a letter to you after my death, if you will promise, and swear—nay, merely promise (for I know your honour in all things) to fulfil the same." "Let me hear it, and judge," said Hume. "I will not," said the Italian; "but yet my request shall be simple, and your accomplishment of it very easy. Moreover, it shall be offensive neither to your country's laws, nor to your own wise mind. Give me this one promise, and I die in peace." "Be it so then," said Frederick; "I will do your request if I find it as you negatively characterise it." "Then leave me—leave me for ever!" cried Marli. "But if my heart and body, and all my soul, could be fashioned into one blessing, they would descend upon thy head and thy heart, and all thy outgoings, thou young man among a million.—Oh! my last brother on earth!" So saying, Marli sprung upon Frederick's neck, and sobbed aloud like a little child; and so overcome was Frederick by the sense of his own unhappiness, but chiefly by pity for the fate of the poor Italian boy, in whose heart generosity was strongly mingled with worse passions, that he gave way to the infectious sorrow; and for many minutes the two young men mingled their tears as if they had been the children of one mother. At length Marli tore himself away, and flung himself violently down with his face upon his low bed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE very next day word was brought to Frederick Hume, that the Italian had killed himself in prison by striking his skull against the walls of his cell, and at the same time the following letter was put into Hume's hands:—

"I claim your promise—I forbore distinctly stating to you my purpose last night, because I knew you would have teased me with warnings and exhortations, which, despite of my respect for your wisdom, could no more have stayed me in my antique appropriation of myself, than you could make a rain-proof garment from the torn wings of beautiful butterflies. Did you think my soul could afford to give such a spectacle to gaping bores? Well, we must be buried in the first instance (for the law and the surgeon have not

our limbs) among nettles, in unconsecrated ground, at a respectful distance from Christian bones, in the churchyard of this town. But now for my request, and your vow to fulfil it. I demand that you raise my body by night, and take it to your aisle, and bury it beside Charlotte Marli's beautiful body. This request, I think, implies nothing contrary to the laws of your country, or which can startle a wise heart free from paltry superstitions about the last rites of suicides. Moreover, you can do the thing with great secrecy. Then shall I rest in peace beside her whom my soul loved; and we shall rise together at the last day: and you shall be blessed for ever, for her sake and for my sake. Farewell, my brother.

"ANTONIO MARLI."

Hume prepared without delay to obey this letter, and providing himself with six men from the village of Holydean, on whose secrecy he could well depend, he caused three of them by night to dig up the body of Marli from the grave-yard where it had been buried, whilst the other three, in the meanwhile, prepared another grave for it in Mrs Mather's aisle, as near as possible to his sister Charlotte's. The complexion of the night suited well this strange work, darkening earth and heaven with piled lofts of blackness. Frederick himself superintended the work of exhumation, which was happily accomplished without interruption. Leaving two of his men to fill up carefully the empty grave, with the third he then accompanied the cart, in which, wrapped in a sheet, the body of Marli was transferred to Holydean churchyard. There it was interred anew beside his sister's remains, and the grave being filled up level with the surface, the remains of the earth were carefully disposed of, so that, without a very nice inspection, it could not be known, from the appearance of the ground, that this new burial had taken place in the aisle. Thus was Antonio Marli's singular request faithfully accomplished.

Next morning Hume visited the aisle, to see that all was right. The history of the Marlis, and their late living existence, and his own share in their strange destinies, all seemed to him a dream; yet their palpable tombs were before him, and prostrate in heart from recurring recollections of their fate and his own so deeply intertwined, he remained one last bitter hour beside the graves of these wild and passionate children of the South.

Julia Romelli heard, too late, how she had been imposed upon, in reference to Hume's supposed inconstancy of affection; but, for their mutual peace of mind, she determined never to see him more, and never to exchange explanations with him. As for Frederick,

he too had resolved steadfastly to observe the same forbearance. But though Julia could be so self-denied, she was not the less inwardly racked, as she reflected on her own unhappy rashness. Her father's murder was a dreadful aggravation to her distress, which was still farther heightened by the harsh treatment of her husband, Stewart, who was conscious, probably, that his wife had never loved him. The loss of her first-born boy, who was, unhappily, drowned in a well, brought the terrible consummation. Poor Julia went mad, and night after night (for her brutal husband cared little for her) she might be seen, when the image of the full moon was shining down in the bottom of the well, sitting on its bank, and inviting passengers to come and see her little white boy swimming in the water. From week to week she grew more violent in her insanity, and after many years of woful alienation, she ended her days in that very cell where Antonio Marli had once lain.

A few days after the second burial of Antonio Marli, Frederick Hume went to London. There he found means of being present at a ball to see the great Nelson, who was that year in this country. It was most glorious to see the swan-like necks and the deep bosoms of England's proudest beauties bending towards him, round about, when he entered—that man with his thin weather-worn aspect. And never did England's beauties look so proudly, as when, thus hanging like jewels of his triumph around their manly and chivalrous sailor, who had given his best blood to the green sea for his country. He, too, felt his fame, for the pale lines of his face, as if charged with electricity, were up and trembling, as in the day of his enthusiastic battle.

At sight of this unparalleled man, Frederick was struck to the heart. He bethought him how much more noble it was, since his life was now of little value to him, to lose it for his country, than waste it away in selfish unhappiness. Accordingly, our Doctor gave up his more peaceful profession, and with the consent, and by the assistance of his patroness, Mrs Mather, he entered the navy. In his very first engagement he found the death which he did all but court, and his body went down into the deep sea for a grave.

THOMAS AIRD

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

An old writer * mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually. being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God."—*STODDART'S Remarks on Scotland.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea;
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around; [Rock
Quoth Sir Ralph, "the next who comes to the
Wo'n't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich, with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* See a Brief Description of Scotland, etc. by J. M., 1633.

COUSIN TOMKINS, THE TAILOR.*

EDWARD STANLEY was a gentleman of good family, and liberal education, and held an official situation of considerable trust, and proportionate emolument. He was married, very early in life, to a lady, in the choice of whom he was guided rather by her personal attractions, than a regard to similarity of taste and congeniality of disposition. He devoted much of his time to the cultivation of the belles lettres, and delighted in the society of men of learning and genius, many of the most distinguished of which class were frequent guests at his table. His lady, on the other hand, was the daughter of persons of humble origin, who, from successful speculations, had risen suddenly into comparative wealth, by means of which they were enabled to give her an education at one of the fashionable finishing-schools, where, with the tinsel accomplishments of the day, she acquired notions as much at variance with common sense and proper feeling, as they were unfitted for the society in which she had been accustomed to move. As one of a large family, she brought her husband a very moderate fortune: she knew, however, that his income was ample, and resolved to make it subservient to the taste for expense and display which her education had engendered, and which Mr Stanley, who loved her affectionately, was too weakly indulgent to oppose.

They had one daughter, their only child, of whom her father was both fond and proud. Her mother, also, loved her, but she loved pleasure more, and, consequently, resigned her offspring to the care of menials in her infancy, and, subsequently committed her education to a governess. The latter, however, was a young woman of piety, as well as ability, whose endeavours were not less strenuously applied to regulate the heart, than to improve the understanding of her pupil. Mrs Stanley was too much absorbed by the business of fashionable life to afford the time, if she had cherished a wish, to interfere with the system of instruction adopted in the case of her daughter, who was, on the other hand, preserved from the taint of her mother's example, by the latter's reluctance to "bring her out," and, thereby, introduce into her circle a rival claimant for that admiration which she was still eager to attract.

Much, however, as Mrs Stanley's vanity was gratified by the notice which her splendid parties procured her, it was occasionally subjected to severe mortifications, and she was often painfully reminded of the humble sphere in which she and her parents had

* From the Second Series of 'Tales of a Physician.' By W. H. Harrison.

previously moved. Among her relations, there was one who happened to be a tailor, and who, to her inconceivable horror, had the undisputed honour of being her first cousin, and bearing the family name. Had he kept a chandler's shop, he might have been designated a provision merchant; or, if a cheesemonger, he might have been described by the style and title of a bacon factor; but a tailor is a tailor, all the world over, and there is no synonyme in our vocabulary by which to dignify the calling.

Her dread of being associated, in any shape, with this industrious member of a most useful trade, was said to have exhibited itself in the most ridiculous extremes. A table vegetable, vulgarly supposed to be symbolical of the sartorial art, was never admitted at the banquet, lest its presence should give rise to an unuttered sarcasm, or a mental sneer, among her fashionable guests. Nay, it was even insinuated, that no other reason could be assigned for the stopping up of a side window in the house, than the fact of its commanding a view of a certain cutler's, who, by way of a sign, had adopted a Patagonian pair of shears, which spanned his door posts, like a Colossus.

But Cousin Tomkins, the tailor, was as little ambitious of contact with his fair and proud relative, as she could be of his connexion. He was a sturdy and independent spirited man, who had too much good sense to be ashamed of a calling, by which he was not only gaining a livelihood, but accumulating wealth. He was, moreover, better informed than the generality of his caste, for he had studied other pages than his pattern book, and, above all, was well read in that volume, compared with which the wisdom of the most subtle philosophy that ever dazzled the world is foolishness and vanity. Never, but on a single occasion, and that an urgent one of a family nature, did Tomkins intrude himself on the presence of his fashionable cousin, whose contemptuous civility supplied him with little inducement to repeat the visit. Stung by the sense of treatment, from which common decency, if not his relationship, should have protected him, he was hurrying back through the lacquey-lined hall, when his progress was arrested by a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of about six years old, who, looking up in his face with an innocent smile, accosted him by the appellation of cousin, and, thrusting a little bunch of violets into his hand, dismissed him at the door with a laughing "good-bye." It was little Clara Stanley, whom some of the servants, probably in sport, had informed of the visitor's relationship, and whose mother took occasion, on being told of the circumstance, severely to reprehend, for the familiarity of which she had been guilty. Children, however, are sorry casuists, and Mrs Stanley's eloquence utterly failed in

convincing Clara that there was less impropriety in romping with her cousin the guardsman, than in shaking hands with cousin Tomkins, the tailor. Tomkins, on his part, was much affected by the child's behaviour, and, on his return home, he placed the little bunch of faded violets between the leaves of his Bible, alleging that he should daily be reminded of the incident, and learn to forgive the unkindness of the parent, for the sake of the innocence of the child.

But time passed on : the girl began to grow into the woman, and the work of education drew to a close. Her preceptress, however, in resigning her charge, had the consolation of feeling that, though the temptations, to which her pupil was about to be exposed, were many and strong, she was provided with panoply of proof against their power, in the humility of her mind, and her dependance upon God. Her taste, moreover, had not been corrupted into a relish for the dissipations of fashionable life. An authority, to which her piety, as well as filial affection, taught her to yield obedience, forced her occasionally into the ball-room; but, as love of display had never a place in her bosom, the scene had little charms for her, and she had discrimination enough to perceive that it was not, even to those who most frequented and most lauded it, the elysium which they would have it be accounted. To a few, the assembly may be, and doubtless is, a scene, if not of refined, yet of innocent enjoyment; but is it a scene of happiness, I ask, to the lover, who, like a moth flitting around the lamp, hovers about the goddess of his idolatry, only to see her coveted smiles lavished upon another, and to behold the easy profligate and the shallow coxcomb preferred before him? Is it a scene of happiness to the fading beauty, when she finds the spell of her attraction broken; or to the pining girl, who beholds the homage, which she had deemed exclusively and securely her own, heartlessly transferred to some triumphant rival? Is it a scene of happiness to the manœuvring mother, who, when she has flown her daughters at herons of the highest soar, beholds them stoop to inferior game, and strike at the wrong bird? Oh, no! we can see the smile which mantles on the cheek of the revellers, but we cannot see the envy, the rancour, the jealousy, and the disappointment, which lurk beneath, and change the cup of pleasure into bitterness and poison!

Averse, however, as she was from the dissipations of high life, she was no stranger to the enjoyment arising from the cultivation of the polite arts. Her harp, her pencil, and her books, were the sources on which she drew for recreation; nor, ardent as was her piety, did she, in the gloomy spirit of fanaticism, deem the chords which were so often struck to the praises of her God, profaned by

being attuned to many of those airs with which our language abounds, and which are as pure in sentiment as they are plaintive in their melody. Although, like the dying poet, she deemed the Bible the best book, she was not one of those who cannot distinguish between a trashy novel, in which some accomplished profligate favours the world with a transcript of his history, or some discarded sycophant with the fruits of his eaves-dropping, and the pages in which the genius of Mackenzie, of Scott, and of Irving, shine with equal purity and lustre.

It was not, as I have said, in the crush of the rout, or the glitter of the ball-room, that Clara sought her pleasures: and it was, therefore, with no ordinary sense of relief, that she escaped from the fashionable jargon of some vapid exquisite, to the society which her father's taste and hospitality were wont to gather around his board; where she was a silent, though not the less gratified, observer of the flashes of wit and genius which such meetings elicit. Yet was Clara not one of those epicene creatures, ycleped blue-stockings: it is true, she was mistress of French and Italian, and had just sufficient knowledge of the Latin language to insure correctness in the writing and speaking of her own; but she did not waste, on the acquisition of more learned tongues or abstruse sciences, the time which might be devoted to employments more becoming her sex, and more useful to those around her.

Gifted as she was, too, in personal attractions, enhanced by a grace of manner which Nature needs not the aid of the dancing master to confer, it will not be matter of surprise that she had many admirers; yet it would be unjust towards the wiser portion of the other sex, to conceal that there were those who were as much enchanted by the accomplishments and virtues of her mind, as by the beauty of her person. Among them was a gentleman who was a frequent guest at the table of her father. The younger son of a respectable family, he had been educated for one of the learned professions, and, by the amiability of his manners, not less than by the variety and brilliancy of his talents, had rendered himself a general favourite in the society in which he moved. Upon his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, the beauty and virtues of Clara were calculated to make a powerful impression, which every hour passed in her company tended to deepen.

Ardent, however, as were his feelings, they were under the control of a well-regulated mind, and he was awakened from the elysian dream into which he had suffered himself to be entranced, by the reflection that, situated as he was, straitened in circumstances, and dependant entirely on his success in the profession he had *chosen*, the object of his passion could not honourably be pursued.

With a resolution and self-denial rarely evinced upon similar occasions, he withdrew himself from the magic circle, ere its enchantment became too strong for him, and suddenly, and at the hazard of much misinterpretation of his motives, ceased to be a guest at Mr Stanley's.

The subject of this sketch was not fitted for the heroine of a romance, and the early years of her life passed away unmarked by any occurrence which it would be interesting to record. At the age of eighteen, however, an eventful year in her existence had deprived her of both her parents, who died within a few months of each other. Mr Stanley had never been a provident man; his affairs, therefore, at his decease, were in such a state, that it required the sacrifice of all he left behind him, even to the furniture of his house, to satisfy the demands of his creditors.

The morning appointed for the sale arrived, and Clara retired to an apartment as remote from the bustle of preparation as she could select. Sorrow for the loss of an affectionate parent was weighing heavily upon her heart, nor was the reflection that she must, in a few hours, quit the home of her childhood, to wander forth, she knew not whither, calculated to lighten her grief. Of the many who were wont, with smiling faces and flattering tongues, to flock to the splendid entertainments which her mother delighted to give, there was not one found to offer the word of comfort in her tribulation; but, as she had never relied upon their friendship, she could feel little disappointment at their desertion. Her prospect over the bare wilderness of life, was, indeed, a desolate one: there appeared not a blossom to gladden her path, nor was there a tree between her and the gloomy horizon, to shelter her from the coming storm. But her view was not confined to earth: she turned upwards, with the eye of faith, to that beneficent God whom she had served in her prosperity, and who, she felt the blessed conviction, would not desert her in the day of her trouble. True it was, the means of deliverance were not visible, but faith assured her that His arm was not shortened that it could not save; she had not trusted to a broken reed, which pierces the hand that seeks its succour.

In the meantime, the preliminary arrangements for the sale were in progress: the rooms were thronged with company, of which no inconsiderable portion was made up of the acquaintances,—they were once deemed friends,—of Mr Stanley. Some were attracted by the amiable desire of witnessing the wreck of the prosperity they had envied; others, by the hope of securing at a cheap rate, some article of furniture, bijouterie, or art, which they had admired in the life-time of its late proprietor.

A few of the relatives of Mr Stanley were gathered into a circle,

in one of the rooms, who, after clubbing their pity for the forlorn and destitute situation of his daughter, proceeded to speculate upon the manner in which she could dispose of herself. One recommended that she should enter some family as a governess, for which her attainments adapted her; another suggested the more eligible appointment of companion to an elderly lady; while a third, who had heard of Clara having been once detected in making up some article of her own dress, after lamenting the difficulty of obtaining situations of the former description, alluded to her qualifications as an attendant on some young ladies, in the enviable capacity of half milliner and half maid. During this discussion, the attention of the group was attracted by the entrance of an elderly personage, in exceedingly plain, but respectable attire, consisting of a dark green single-breasted coat, drab doe-skin breeches, and top boots: his hat was remarkably broad in the brim, he had a stout walking-stick in his hand, and his general appearance was that of a man of respectability and substance. He contrived to insinuate himself into the midst of the conclave, and was an attentive listener to their conversation. Having heard the various propositions for the future provision of the orphan, he somewhat abruptly exclaimed, "But while the grass grows, the steed starves: surely there must be some of poor Mr Stanley's friends who are both able and willing to afford his daughter the protection of their roof, until she can be, in some measure, provided for."

His observations were evidently not much to the taste of his auditors, all of whom, however, expressed the great pleasure they should experience in offering her an asylum; but, unfortunately, not an individual of them was, at that particular juncture, in a situation to do so: the residence of one of them was under repair; the spare bed-room of another was occupied by a friend from the country; while a third had the scarlet-fever in the house, and would never forgive himself, if the "dear girl" should catch the disease. A smile of peculiar significance played on the lip of the stranger as he listened to their various evasions, and, perceiving that they eyed him with a look of inquiry, he drew from his pocket a silver snuff-box of extraordinary dimensions, and, tapping the side of it for some seconds before he opened it, afforded them an opportunity of observing the device which was chased upon the lid, representing a cabbage, supported by a pair of extended shears.*

The reader will have no difficulty in guessing that the stranger was our friend Tomkins, the tailor, who, among other peculiarities,

* This is no fiction; the author has frequently seen the snuff-box in the possession of its respectable proprietor.

had adopted this method of showing that he was not ashamed of his humble calling. Some years had passed over his head since the affair of the nosegay, and they had been marked by that progressive prosperity to which honest and unflagging industry so frequently leads. Mr Tomkins, with an obsequious bow to the group, quitted the room; and, having inquired of a servant if Miss Stanley was in the house, sent his respects, and requested permission to wait upon her. His request was unhesitatingly granted, and he was introduced to the apartment to which Clara had retreated. She was habited, of course, in deep mourning; yet, notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the change which sorrow, however temporary, will produce upon the countenance, he recognised in the faint smile, with which she requested him to take a seat, the expression that had so won upon him on the only occasion on which he had seen her when a child. Now Mr Tomkins, although we do not pretend to bring him forward as a man of polished deportment, possessed that delicacy of sentiment which, as it is not the necessary concomitant of refinement of manners, is often found to influence the conduct of persons in the humbler grades of society.

He came to condole with the fair orphan on her bereavement; and the words in which his sympathy was conveyed, were well timed and to the purpose. But he came, also, to offer his assistance, and was considerably embarrassed in his endeavours to do so, without wounding the feelings of the object of his benevolent regard. He expressed himself, however, to the effect, that he had heard of the sale having been somewhat unnecessarily precipitated, and much, he feared, to her temporary inconvenience; that supposing, therefore, she might not yet have fixed upon a residence, he had taken the liberty of calling, to mention that he had rooms, in his humble dwelling, of which he made no manner of use, and he should feel honoured and obliged by her occupying them, until she could provide herself with more suitable apartments. He concluded by saying that he presumed his gray hairs, his character, and, with some hesitation, he added, his relationship, were sufficient warrants for the propriety of the measure, if it were agreeable to her to adopt it.

With the warmth which belonged to her character, Clara expressed her gratitude for the generosity of his offer, and the delicacy with which it was made, adding that, in frankly accepting it, she would not disguise from him that she knew not where else to find a shelter for the coming night.

While she was collecting, preparatory to her removal, the few things which her father's creditors had permitted her to retain, Mr Tomkins proceeded to procure a coach, to which, after he had

whispered a few words in the ear of the auctioneer, he conducted Clara, and they drove off. Having, probably, anticipated that their journey would terminate in some obscure and gloomy part of the metropolis, she was agreeably surprised, on alighting, at being introduced to a spacious house, in the Adelphi, to which her inviter welcomed her with unaffected cordiality. She was shown to her chamber by an elderly female, who acted in the joint capacity of housekeeper and cook; and who, having intimated to her that she would find her breakfast prepared in the adjoining apartment on the following morning, withdrew, leaving Clara to reflect on the occurrences of the last few hours, and to return thanks to the Almighty Being who had thus unexpectedly raised her up a friend in her distress.

On the next day, she rose early, as was her wont, and passed into the room which had been pointed out by her attendant, and which was spacious, and commanded a view of the Thames, and of the Surrey hills in the distance. The reader will, perhaps, conceive the measure of her surprise when, on looking around her, she perceived that her own harp and bookcase, with its contents, had, through the delicate generosity of her benefactor, been added to the furniture.

Clara had too much activity, as well as independence of mind, to sit calmly down, and eat the bread of idleness. Her first object, therefore, was to turn her talents to account, by obtaining some private pupils, whom she could attend at their own houses; and, to this end, she determined on an application to a gentleman who was a frequent guest of her father, and whose acquaintance, from his connexion with the public press, was very extended. He was a native of the green isle, in whom talents and genius of no common order were united to a causticity of humour that, sparing neither friend nor foe, detracted very much from the value of his society, which, when he could resist his propensity to satire, was amusing and instructive in the highest degree. Under much, however, that was rude, and even stern, in his manner, there were concealed a kindness of heart and a generosity of temper, of which Clara had, on more than one occasion, witnessed unequivocal evidence, and which emboldened her to solicit his furtherance of her views. In his reception of her, the Irishman completely overcame the cynic. He informed her that he had called at her late father's residence, on the preceding day, and was much disappointed on finding that she had quitted it a few hours before. He entered with such interest into her scheme, and followed it up by such strenuous exertions among his friends, that, in a very few weeks, Clara had *no reason to complain of a dearth of pupils or occupation.*

The interim of leisure she devoted to drawing, in which she excelled, and, when she had finished half a dozen subjects, she took them to the shop of a celebrated dealer in works of art, for the purpose of offering them for sale. She requested an interview with the principal, to whom she was, accordingly, introduced. She found him sitting in a little room, apart from the shop; he was an elderly, tall, and somewhat hard-featured man, and received her with a coldness of manner which chilled her to the very heart.

With a diffidence much augmented by her unpropitious reception, she produced her drawings, which Mr —— examined, for some minutes, with great attention. When he had finished his scrutiny, he turned abruptly to the fair artist, and said, "Well, miss, and what do you ask for these things?" Clara, after expressing a reluctance to put a value upon her own productions, ventured to name a guinea. "A guinea!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of surprise, and, after a pause, added, "No, young woman, I will not give you a guinea for them, but I tell you what I will do, I will give you two."* He, accordingly, put the amount into her hands, and, on dismissing her, said that, when she had any more drawings to dispose of, he should be happy to see her again.

Three months passed away, at the end of which, Clara, after deducting, from the amount of her earnings, a few shillings for pocket-money, presented the remainder to Mr Tomkins, with the expression of her regret that it was not in her power to offer him a more adequate remuneration for the kindness and accommodation she was experiencing under his roof. Mr Tomkins regarded her, for some moments, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, and, with his characteristic tact and delicacy, appreciating the noble independence which prompted the offer, took the money: for he knew that his refusal would not only cause her present pain, but render a continuance under his roof irksome to her, and he had no wish to part from his lodger, as he jocularly termed her.

Tomkins, as I have already intimated, had been very successful in his trade, from the active labours of which he had felt himself justified in relaxing, and, therefore, contented himself with the general superintendence of his establishment. Much of his leisure was occupied in those offices of benevolence which draw upon the time, as well as upon the pocket. His deportment towards Clara was a singular compound of kindness and respect: the former being exemplified by the great attention which he paid to her domestic comforts, and the deference which he exacted towards her from his

* This anecdote was related to me by a gentleman who stands deservedly high among the artists of the day.

servants; while the latter feeling exhibited itself in the scrupulosity with which he refrained from intruding on her society. If, by any chance, they met in the street, he always passed her with a bow, which he would have made to a customer, or to one whose occupancy of his apartments was a matter of pecuniary profit to him. He was, in fact, too generous to take advantage of the relation of benefactor, in which, he could not but feel, he stood towards her, to overstep the barrier which, he imagined, education, and their respective habits, had placed between them.

Clara, on her part, appreciated, to the full, the motives of delicacy by which he was governed in this particular, and neglected no occasion of proving to him that she was utterly free from that false and ungenerous pride, which renders little minds impatient of an obligation to one who has occupied an inferior situation to themselves. In one of her occasional interviews with him, she had heard him mention, with expressions of admiration and regret, the scenery around the place of his birth, which, it happened, she had once visited. She had made some sketches of the surrounding country, which she took an opportunity of finishing, and, one day, when he recurred to his favourite theme, she presented him with the set.

Matters remained, for some months, upon this footing of almost parental kindness on the one part, and grateful attachment on the other; during which, Clara pursued the plan of tuition she had adopted, with unremitting perseverance and the most unqualified success. In about a year, however, the health of Mr Tomkins, who was, as I have said, an aged man, began to fail: he was no longer able to take his accustomed walks, and at length became a prisoner to his room. The nature of his complaint was not such as to confine him to his bed, and, consequently, afforded Clara an opportunity of paying him many of those attentions which, though trifling in themselves, are so efficacious in soothing the sufferings, and raising the spirits, of the drooping valetudinarian.

Relinquishing the amusements to which she had been accustomed to devote her leisure, she passed most of her evenings in Mr Tomkins's apartment, and, by adroitly discovering, and sedulously humouring his tastes, she succeeded in imparting a cheerfulness to the hours of his confinement, of which they had not otherwise been susceptible. She read to him, and played over his favourite airs on her harp, and, with the anxious solicitude of an affectionate daughter, always prepared, and, when at home, administered the *little delicacies*, in the way of nourishment, to which his diet was *restricted*.

Month after month passed away, and each found him worse than

the preceding one; for his disease arose from that decay of nature which time, instead of alleviating, must necessarily promote. The old man had formed an accurate judgment of his malady and its tendency, and, as he had lived in a state of constant preparation for death, the awful summons did not appal him, for he had "set his house in order."

In the latter stages of his suffering, I was called upon to attend him, and thus became acquainted with his lovely protegee and her history. And, O! it was a holy and a blessed sight to behold that fair and youthful creature kneeling by his couch, and pouring, from the fulness of a pious and believing heart, a prayer to the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," for the continued supply of His all-sufficient grace, in the last hour of Nature's struggle, when the flesh is weak, and when the powers of hell are banded to shake the faith of the Christian! Nor was that prayer, which we have the warrant of Scripture for knowing "availeth much," breathed in vain. The sustaining consolations of the blessed Spirit were vouchsafed to him, and he looked back upon his past life with an unshrinking eye; for, though a multitude of sins appeared in the retrospect, repentance had robbed them of their terrors. He reflected, too, upon many a charitable deed; but he well knew that, at the great tribunal, they would be regarded as only the evidences of his faith—the fruit of the tree: his salvation had been purchased at a dearer price, even the blood of his crucified Redeemer, upon whom he had "cast all his care." Like the apostle, he had "fought a good fight," he had "kept the faith," and, thenceforward, there was laid up for him, in heaven, a crown of glory which fadeth not away. What a lesson, worth all the eloquence of the preacher, and all the learning of the commentator, does the death-scene of the Christian afford!

Good cause, indeed, had Clara to weep over his remains, for he was her only friend, and the world was again before her. The day following that of the funeral was appointed for reading the will of the deceased, whose relations were, accordingly, summoned, and Clara was, also, requested to be present on the occasion. This was a trial which she would gladly have avoided, for she was conscious that the fact of her having been so constantly about the person of the testator, during his last illness, and the affection which he was known to entertain for her, had excited the jealousy of many of his relatives. And, truly, it was with no complacent eyes, that her presence was regarded by the majority of the party assembled; and the calm subdued expression with which she prepared to listen to the perusal of the will, was deemed only a mask

to conceal the triumph which the consciousness of being well provided for was calculated to inspire.

The document, on being read, was found to direct a most equitable distribution of his property among the various members of his family; but, to the great delight of many, and the astonishment of all but Clara, her name was not even mentioned in it. The solicitor, in the course of the perusal, occasionally glanced from the parchment to the countenance of the orphan, and was surprised to perceive that it was as free from any indications of anxiety, as it was of disappointment when his task was finished, and the contents were known. Some coarse remarks were made in the hearing of Clara, by one or two of the party, but the consciousness of the injustice of the insinuations they were intended to convey, enabled her to endure them with her characteristic meekness.

When the company had dispersed, Clara found herself alone with the solicitor, a most respectable member of the profession, though an original in his way. He was a tall, and somewhat bulky personage of about five-and-forty, with an expression of countenance in which shrewdness was mingled with good nature and a dash of humour. "Well, Miss Stanley," said he, after a pause, "it seems to have been a very general expectation that my old friend Tomkins would have taken care of you in his will, and I must confess myself somewhat surprised that he has not done so." "I am neither surprised nor disappointed, sir," was Clara's reply; "and, as far as I am enabled to judge, he has made such a distribution of his property as might have been expected from his justice." "But," rejoined the lawyer, "one would think he might have left you a trifle at least, as a token by which to remember him." "His kindness to me, sir," rejoined the other, "was such that I shall carry a grateful remembrance of it with me to the grave; so that a legacy, on that score, would have been as unnecessary, as it would have been unjust towards those whose nearer relationship gives them higher claims to his bounty." "You are an odd girl," exclaimed the man of law, "and exhibit so much indifference towards the dress for which one half the world are at loggerheads with the other, that I am almost minded to fling into the fire a little packet with which I meant to surprise you; but as the law, to say nothing of conscience (which is a legal fiction), might be troublesome if I did so, I suppose I may as well hand it over."

Clara received the packet from the hands of Mr Elphinstone, but found its contents, inexperienced as she was in matters of business, utterly unintelligible, and, accordingly, required an explana-

tion. "Well then," continued the other, "you will understand that the larger paper, with the pretty picture at the top, is a policy of assurance, of some years' standing, for five thousand pounds, payable, with accumulations, amounting, as I guess, to about as much more, on the death of our late friend Mr Tomkins. The smaller paper, with the red seal, is a deed, dated about six months back, by which, "in consideration" (as it purports, 'of his love and affection for his dear cousin, Clara Stanley,' he assigns to her, and her heirs, all right, title, and interest in the said policy of assurance for five thousand pounds, an act, which, if I had mentioned it in the hearing of the worthies who have just deprived us of their society, would have accounted to them, though not very satisfactorily perhaps, for the omission of your name in the will."

Clara, more affected by this proof of the affection of her deceased relative, than by the circumstance of her being suddenly raised to a state of independence, dropped the documents upon the floor, and burst into tears. Mr Elphinstone took a prodigious pinch of snuff, which operated so powerfully upon his visual organs as to require the instant application of his handkerchief, while he muttered, "The confounded draughts in this old house have given me a cold in the head:—extremely silly—preposterously unprofessional!"

At last, recovering himself, he continued, "The money for the policy will not be receivable for some weeks, and therefore, if you like to trust me with it, (and it will, probably, be safer in my strong room, than in your work-box or reticule,) I will take charge of it until it is wanted. As for yourself, I dare say the executor will not object to your remaining here, in your old quarters, until the house is given up: yet, no; on second thoughts, as you will now have no further occasion to 'teach the young idea how to shoot,' you shall come and stay with my girls for a week or two;—nay, I will not be denied, so be pleased to get your paraphernalia together, and I will send my carriage for you at four o'clock: your heavy baggage may remain here for the present."

The family of Mr Elphinstone consisted of his wife, a mild unaffected woman, some years his junior, three sprightly girls, and a son whom his father had educated for his own profession, and had recently taken into partnership. The latter was a fine-spirited, good-humoured young man, of rather prepossessing appearance, of frank yet gentlemanly manners, and gifted with talents considerably above par. From the whole of this amiable family, Clara received a cordial welcome, and experienced every attention and kindness which hospitality and good-breeding could suggest. By Harry Elphinstone, in particular, she was treated, I was about to write, as a sister,—but a brother does not always rise an hour earlier

than his wont, to drive his sister round the Regent's Park, before breakfast; neither does he think it necessary to afford her his personal protection whenever she has occasion to walk the length of the street in which she lives; nor does he, on her account, levy the album-tax upon every artist and author within the range of his acquaintance. Yet all this, and more, did Mr Harry Elphinstone perform for Clara Stanley; while, on the other hand, it was surprising to witness the perfect complacency with which she received his attentions. From such premises but one conclusion could, of course, be drawn, by those who dive, at a glance, into the motives of their neighbours, and it was an understood thing that the young lady had not the slightest objection to unite her fate with one who had half of a fine practice in enjoyment, and the remainder in reversion, and that her ten thousand pounds were not altogether a matter of indifference to the gentleman.

Clara had been a guest of Mr Elphinstone for some weeks, when he was remarked, on two or three successive days, to be unusually thoughtful and reserved at his meals, although his deportment towards Clara was distinguished by his accustomed kindness. One afternoon, when the cloth had been drawn, and the servants had retired, he informed her, that he had had an application from the residuary legatee and executor of Mr Tomkins, calling upon him to surrender the policy of assurance, of the existence of which the party had been made acquainted by some old receipts, for the yearly payments, found among the testator's papers, and, on inquiry being instituted at the insurance office, the answer given was that notice of the assignment of the policy to Miss Stanley had been given by Mr Elphinstone in the life-time of Mr Tomkins. The grounds on which the policy was claimed, as a part of the residuary estate, were the alleged imbecility of Mr Tomkins's mind, at the time of executing the instrument by which it was conveyed, and the use of undue influence on the part of Miss Stanley, or her friends. Mr Elphinstone added that he had, of course, peremptorily refused to give up the policy, and that the claimant had, in consequence, served him with notice of action.

It cannot be imagined that Clara received this intelligence without considerable uneasiness, which, however, was occasioned as much by the apprehension of being engaged in a lawsuit, as by the idea of losing the fortune which her generous benefactor had designed for her. She inquired of Mr Elphinstone what he would recommend her to do in the matter. "Why, defend the action, to be sure, my dear!" was the reply. "Surely," exclaimed Mrs Elphinstone, "there is not a court in England which would not pronounce in Miss Stanley's favour." "That is a somewhat rash

remark for a lawyer's wife," continued her husband : " the law, it is true, always aims at justice, but she sometimes misses her mark ; and this is just one of those cases which involve much that is matter of law, but more that is matter of opinion, and, therefore, matter of doubt. As to the assignment, I drew it myself, and I know it will hold water ; but with regard to the competency of Mr Tomkins at the time of executing it, although I am as convinced of it as of my own existence, it may not be quite so easy to make it apparent in a court of law. The plaintiff I know to be a scoundrel, and his attorney is what is termed a keen lawyer ; a fellow who is pre-eminent for his dexterity in getting rogues out of scrapes, and honest folks into them ; an haranguer of mobs, and a reformer of abuses, with a vast superflux of public spirit, and a marvellous paucity of private principle. True it is, there is enough of abuse to be reformed, and of corruption to be swept away, but purity cannot come of pollution, and when a knave puts his hand to the plough, honest men are deterred from aiding in the labour. By such opponents, every thing that can be effected by hard swearing will be put in practice. I have already spoken to a counsel on the subject, who, on my putting him in possession of the particulars of the case, entered into it with an extraordinary exhibition of interest, and absolutely refused a fee. Though a young man, he is a sound lawyer, and possesses talents which render him infinitely better adapted for our purpose than a mere case-quoter.

" Twelve months ago," continued Mr Elphinstone, " he was a briefless barrister, and it happened that I had a cause, of a nature very similar to yours. I had had some opportunities of judging of his natural talents and legal knowledge, and determined to put the cause, which was one of considerable importance, into his hands ; not from any favour towards him—for I hold it dishonest to sacrifice a client's interest to private sympathies,—but because I thought him peculiarly qualified to plead it with effect. The result justified my confidence, and we were mutually benefited : I gained a verdict, while he, from that hour, rose rapidly into notice, and has now, (no thanks to me,) a very considerable and promising practice."

The trial came on in the following term, and it was deemed expedient by Mr Elphinstone that Clara should be in court, as circumstances might arise, in the progress of the cause, to render a communication between the defendant and her attorney essential to her interests. It was with great difficulty that he overcame the natural repugnance of a diffident mind to appear in so public a place, and it was only on his assurance that she should occupy a situation as little conspicuous as possible, that she finally consented to be present. *The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, (of course, upon the*

ex-parte statement of his brief,) with the ability which distinguishes the English bar: the gist of his argument, in which he depended upon his witnesses to bear him out, was that Mr Tomkins, at the time of executing the deed conveying the policy to Miss Stanley, was in a state of mind in which he would be a passive instrument in the hands of any designing person; that the defendant had, by a series of previous unremitting attentions, in which she allowed none to take a share, acquired an almost unlimited control over his mind, and that she had turned that influence into the channel of her own selfish purposes. His speech was delivered with great ability and power, and had evidently produced no inconsiderable effect on the minds of the jury. When he had called and examined his first witness, the counsel on the opposite side rose for the purpose of proceeding in the cross-examination. The latter was a young man, with a high forehead, a nose somewhat inclining to the aquiline, and a full and piercing grey eye; while the paleness of his complexion, partly natural, and partly the result of close application to study, gave to his features, when in repose, a somewhat cold and statue-like appearance.

The full deep melody of the tone in which he put his first question to the witness, startled Clara by its familiarity to her ear, and, on shifting her position, to obtain a sight of the countenance of her disinterested advocate, she was surprised at recognizing in him the individual who had been so welcome a guest at her father's table, and the sudden cessation of whose visits had been the subject of so much speculation, as well as regret. Mr Worthington, for such was his name, conducted his cross-examinations with a degree of shrewdness and tact, joined to a mildness of manner, which, in many instances, encouraged the garrulity of the witnesses, who were, for the most part, persons in an inferior station of life, and thus elicited much which did not altogether "dove-tail" with the context of their evidence. This portion of his duty having been accomplished, he commenced his reply, under the conviction that his task was one of no ordinary difficulty. He saw plainly, that the opposite counsel had, by his eloquent and ingenious speech, succeeded in establishing a strong prejudice against the defendant in the minds of the jury. He felt, therefore, that much of his chance of success depended upon the effect with which he could combat his adversary with his own weapons.

He commenced by stating the case of his client, and, in doing so, collected all its favourable points, and presented them to jury in the simplest possible form. He then called their attention to the weaker points of his adversary,—animadverting upon the nature of the opposing evidence, and referring to the prevarication of one witness, and the extraordinary lapse of memory in another. Conscious of the

justice of his cause, which, he felt, consecrated any means of its promotion, not in themselves culpable, he concluded his address by a direct appeal to the feelings of the jury. With the graphic skill of a master, he gave a short but vivid sketch of his client's history, touching upon her youth, her misfortunes, her virtues, her accomplishments, as eminently calculated to enlist the sympathies, and engage the affections of her benefactor. He put it to the jury if they would lend themselves to negative the kind intentions of the deceased, and dwelt feelingly upon the situation in which a verdict for the plaintiff would place her. Then, by a sudden transition, which showed him an adept in his art, he flung back, with indignant scorn, upon his opponents, the imputation of selfishness. As he proceeded in his harangue, his features gathered animation at every sentence, his cheek became flushed, and his eye flashed like lightning, and he concluded his speech with a sweeping torrent of eloquence, which, if it did not convince, had the effect of electricity upon his hearers.

The judge, alone, of all present, was unmoved: he preserved, throughout the scene, the same calm dignity so much in keeping with his office, and so characteristic of a British judge. Once or twice he interposed between the counsel and a brow-beaten witness, or reminded the former that he had asked a similar question before, and was trespassing upon the time of the court by putting it into other words.

Clara's counsel then proceeded to call his witnesses, of whom I was one, and whose testimony, generally, went to establish the fact of Mr Tomkins having been of perfectly "sound and disposing mind" at the time of the execution of the disputed deed, as well as to prove that, so far from the defendant assuming an exclusive control over the deceased, she had afforded every facility to his relations in their intercourse with him, and had actually, and at the risk of his displeasure, interposed her good offices in reconciling him to some branches of his family, with whom he had been at variance, and who gave testimony, in court, to that effect.

The cross-examination of his witnesses elicited nothing which could shake their evidence, and the judge, after a short summary of the case, informed the jury that the question was more a matter of fact than one of law, and that, therefore, their verdict must be governed by the degree of credit which they attached to the witnesses on the respective sides, and left the issue entirely in their hands.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and, from the duration of their absence, it was to be inferred that they had some difficulty in making up their minds. In the meantime, a breathless anxiety appeared to pervade the court; the very barristers, in spite of their professional coldness, exhibited signs of impatience, and, when the jury re-

turned, the voice of the crier, in his then unnecessary duty of enjoining silence, was the only interruption to the stillness which prevailed. "We find for the DEFENDANT" were the words of the foreman, and no sooner were they pronounced, than a suppressed murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd, which was, of course, instantly checked by the judge, though he could not help exclaiming, "I entirely agree with you, gentlemen."

In consequence of Clara's anxiety for an opportunity of expressing, personally, her thanks to her generous advocate, Mr Elphinstone invited him to dinner, during which, the young barrister was frequently rallied on the unusual gravity of his manner. When the ladies had retired, the elder Mr Elphinstone pleaded an engagement at an evening consultation, and left his son and Mr Worthington together.

"By the way, Arthur," said the former, "my mother, the girls, and Miss Stanley, are off to the cottage at Dorking, next month: you must go down with me for a week in the long vacation. "Impossible, my good fellow!" was the answer: "you forget that I must go the circuit, and I have been retained in more causes than, I fear, I shall make myself master of in the interim."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the other, "you may con your briefs at the cottage, if you like; there is the library at your service; you know I do not trouble it much, and the girls are always out of doors from morning to night. Come, you may as well spend a few of my remaining days of freedom with me, for I suppose you have heard that I am about to commit matrimony?" "I have," said Worthington, "and hope you may live long to enjoy the happiness which the virtues, beauty, and accomplishments of your destined bride cannot fail to confer." "I thank you, Arthur; but pray, what makes you so well acquainted with the young lady's beauty and accomplishments? Have you ever seen her?" inquired young Elphinstone. "Have I not dined with her?" said Worthington. "Where and when?" asked his companion. "Why, to-day at this table," responded the other. "You talk in riddles; pray speak out, and tell me whom you mean." "Miss Stanley, to be sure." "Clara Stanley!" exclaimed Harry, in surprise, "what caused you to think I was going to marry her?" "The simple fact of your having been constantly, almost, in her company, and showing her every possible attention, both at home and abroad. I am not singular in drawing the conclusion; all the world have set it down as a match." "Then, my dear fellow," replied Harry "I pray you take this as an example that what all the world says, is not, necessarily, true. I was a doomed man long before I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Stanley, and, being perfectly aware of it, she has treated me with a degree of frankness which, possibly, has favoured the misconception into which

you and 'all the world' have fallen. I thought you knew I was engaged to Charlotte Percy." "No, I did not; but now that I do know it," responded Worthington, seizing the claret-jug, "I beg to drink to your happiness and speedy union." "I am much obliged to you, Arthur," said the other, with a smile of peculiar significance, "for I am convinced of your sincerity; and, now that I have let you into a secret, which I thought every body knew, perhaps you will withdraw your plea, and go down to Dorking with us." "But what will my clients say?" was the inquiry. "Say," replied Harry, "why, that you are labouring in your vocation, and have only moved your cause from one court into another, resembling it, in one point at least, since the presiding divinity of each is represented as being blind."

Worthington appeared not to understand the innuendo, but proposed their joining the ladies in the drawing-room, where his vivacity and glee formed a striking contrast to the gravity of his demeanor at the dinner table; a change which, though contributing, in no trifling degree, to the amusement of the evening, was perfectly inexplicable to every one but Harry, who kept his own counsel upon the subject.

About three weeks afterwards, as young Elphinstone, with his two sisters and Clara, was walking in the grounds at Dorking, they observed a horseman approaching in the direction of the cottage. "The man of briefs," exclaimed Harry, "and mounted on a real horse, as I live!" "Is there any thing very wonderful in that?" inquired one of his sisters: "I suppose you think no one can mount a horse but yourself, Mr Harry." "No, my love," he replied, "I am quite aware that it is possible for any man, with the assistance of a groom and a joint stool, to get upon the back of a horse, but it is not every person who can keep there. Have a care, sir," he continued, as he perceived Worthington, who had diverged from the road, riding up to a fence, by way of a short cut, "have a care, Arthur; remember you are retained in 'Dobbs *versus* Jenkins,' and have no right to break your neck without the plaintiff's permission." "Never fear," said his friend, as he cleared the fence; "I could ride almost before I could walk, and, though a little out of practice, am not to be brought up by a gooseberry bush."

While he was speaking, he rode up to the wicket, which opened from the meadow into the lawn, and, giving his horse to a servant, joined the party, from every individual of which he was welcomed, and not the least cordially by her whose form, from the first day in which he had seen her at her father's table, had never been absent from his mind.

It would be somewhat antiquated, in these days of refinement, to speak of love, with reference to rural life, and, therefore, I will not

shock the taste of my reader by quoting Shenstone on this occasion; the old poets, however, had a pretty notion of things in general, and, when celebrating the influence of romantic scenery in disposing the heart to the tender passion, they drew as largely, I doubt not, upon their experience as on their imagination. For my own part, had I forsworn matrimony, I would confine myself to the metropolis, and plunge fearlessly into society, under the conviction that a man may carry his heart, like his purse, in safety through a crowd, and yet be robbed of it in a retired lane, a shady copse, or a lonely common.

Arthur Worthington, however, had not taken the vow of celibacy, and was well content to lose his own heart, provided he could obtain another in exchange. I know not the particular spot, or the precise terms, in which he made a declaration of the sentiments with which Clara Stanley had inspired him; I only know, that he sustained his reputation as an eloquent pleader, and gained a verdict from one whose gratitude and admiration he had previously excited by the generous and disinterested manner in which he had undertaken her cause, at a time when he believed her to be the betrothed of another.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
 The very pulse of the machine;

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller betwixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn to comfort and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still and bright
 With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A VOICE.

Oh! what a voice is silent. It was soft
 As mountain-echoes, when the winds aloft—
 The gentle winds of summer meet in caves ;
 Or when in sheltered places the white waves
 Are wakened into music, as the breeze
 Dimples and stems the current : or as trees
 Shaking their green locks in the days of June :
 Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
 They sang harmonious prayers or sounds that come
 (However near) like a faint distant hum
 Out of the grass, from which mysterious birth
 We guess the busy secrets of the earth.
 —Like the low voice of Syrinx, when she ran
 Into the forests from Arcadian Pan :
 Or sad Ceanote's, when she pined away
 For Paris, or (and yet 'twas not so gay)
 As Helen's whisper when she came to Troy,
 Half-shamed to wander with that blooming boy ;
 Like air-touch'd harps in flowery casements hung ;
 Like unto lovers' ears the wild words sung
 In garden bowers at twilight : like the sound
 Of Zephyr when he takes his nightly round,
 In May to see the roses all asleep :
 Or like the dim strain which along the deep
 The sea-maid utters to the sailor's ear,
 Telling of tempests, or of dangers near :
 Like Desdemona, who (when fear was strong
 Upon her soul) chanted the willow song,
 Swan-like before she perished : or the tone
 Of flutes upon the waters heard alone ;
 Like words that come upon the memory
 Spoken by friends departed ; or the sigh
 A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
 The love her eyes betray to all the world beside.

PROCTER.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED RIBBONMAN.

(AN OWRE TRUE TALE.)

* * *

I HAD read the anonymous summons, but, from its general import, I believed it to be one of those special meetings convened for some purpose affecting the general objects and proceedings of the body. At least the terms in which it was conveyed to me had nothing extraordinary or mysterious in them, beyond the simple fact, that it was not to be a general, but a select meeting; this mark of confidence flattered me, and I determined to attend punctually. I was, it is true, desired to keep the circumstance entirely to myself, but there was nothing startling in this, for I had often received summonses of a similar import. I therefore resolved to attend, according to the letter of my instructions, "on the next night, at the solemn hour of midnight, to deliberate and act upon such matters as should, then and there, be submitted to my consideration." The morning after I received this message, I arose and resumed my usual occupations; but from whatever cause it may have proceeded, I felt a sense of approaching evil hang heavily upon me; the beats of my pulse were languid, and an undefinable feeling of anxiety pervaded my whole spirit; even my face was pale, and my eye so heavy, that my father and brothers concluded me to be ill; an opinion which I thought at the time to be correct; for I felt exactly that kind of depression which precedes a severe fever. I could not understand what I experienced, nor can I yet, except by supposing that there is in human nature some mysterious faculty, by which, in coming calamities, the approach throws forward the shadow of some fearful evil, and that it is possible to catch a dark anticipation of the sensations which they subsequently produce. For my part I can neither analyze nor define it; but on that day I knew it by painful experience, and so have a thousand others in similar circumstances.

It was about the middle of winter. The day was gloomy and tempestuous almost beyond any other I remember; dark clouds rolled over the hills about me, and a close sleet-like rain fell in slanting drifts that chased each other rapidly to the earth on the course of the blast. The out-lying cattle sought the closest and calmest corners of the fields for shelter; the trees and young groves were tossed about, for the wind was so unusually high that it swept its hollow ghosts through them, with that hoarse murmur which deepens so powerfully on the mind the sense of dreariness and desolation.

As the shades of night fell, the storm if possible increased. The moon was half gone, and only a few stars were visible by glimpses, as a *rush of wind* left a temporary opening in the sky. I had determin-

ed if the storm should not abate, to incur any penalty rather than attend the meeting, but the appointed hour was distant, and I resolved to be decided by the future state of the night.

Ten o'clock came, but still there was no change; eleven passed, and on opening the door to observe if there were any likelihood of it clearing up, a blast of wind mingled with rain, nearly blew me off my feet; at length it was approaching to the hour of midnight, and on examining a third time, I found it had calmed a little, and no longer rained.

I instantly got my oak stick, muffled myself in my great coat, strapped my hat about my ears, and as the place of meeting was only a quarter of a mile distant, I presently set out.

The appearance of the heavens was louring and angry, particularly in that point where the light of the moon fell against the clouds from a seeming chasm in them, through which alone she was visible. The edges of this were faintly bronzed, but the dense body of the masses that hung piled on each side of her, was black and impenetrable to sight. In no other point of the heavens was there any part of the sky visible; for a deep veil of clouds overhung the horizon, yet was the light sufficient to give occasional glimpses of the rapid shifting which took place in this dark canopy, and of the tempestuous agitation with which the midnight storm swept to and fro beneath.

At length I arrived at a long slated house, situated in a solitary part of the neighbourhood; a little below it ran a small stream, which was now swollen above its banks, and rushing with mimic roar over the flat meadows beside it. The appearance of the bare slated building in such a night was particularly sombre, and to those like me who knew the purpose to which it was then usually devoted, it was, or ought to have been, peculiarly so. There it stood, silent and gloomy, without any appearance of human life or enjoyment about, or within it: as I approached, the moon once more had broken out of the clouds, and shone dimly upon the glittering of the wet slates and window, with a death-like lustre, that gradually faded away as I left the point of observation, and entered the folding-door. It was the parish chapel.

The scene which presented itself here, was in keeping not only with the external appearance of the house, but with the darkness, the storm, and the hour,—which was now a little after midnight. About eighty persons were sitting in dead silence upon the circular steps of the altar; they did not seem to move, and as I entered and advanced, the echo of my footsteps rang through the building with a lonely distinctness, which added to the solemnity and mystery of the circumstances about me. The windows were secured with shutters on the inside, and on the altar a candle was lighting, which

burned dimly amid the surrounding darkness, and lengthened the shadow of the altar itself, and of six or seven persons who stood on its upper steps, until they mingled in the obscurity which shrouded the lower end of the chapel. The faces of those who sat on the altar steps were not distinctly visible, yet the prominent and more characteristic features were in sufficient relief, and I observed, that some of the most malignant and reckless spirits in the parish were assembled. In the eyes of those who stood at the altar, and whom I knew to be invested with authority over the others, I could perceive gleams of some latent and ferocious purpose, kindled, as I soon observed, into a fiercer expression of vengeance, by the additional excitement of ardent spirits, with which they had stimulated themselves to a point of determination that mocked at the apprehension of all future responsibility, either in this world or the next.

The welcome which I received on joining them, was far different from the boisterous good humour which used to mark our greetings on other occasions; just a nod of the head from this or that person, on the part of those *who sat*, with a *ghuz dhenur tha thu*,* in a suppressed voice, even below a common whisper; but, from the standing group, who were evidently the projectors of the enterprise, I received a convulsive grasp of the hand, accompanied by a fierce and desperate look, that seemed to search my eye and countenance, to try if I was a person not likely to shrink from whatever they had resolved to execute. It is surprising to think of the powerful expression which a moment of intense interest or great danger is capable of giving to the eye, the features, and slightest actions, especially in those whose station in society does not require them to constrain nature, by the force of social courtesies, into habits of concealment of their natural emotions. None of the standing group spoke, but as each of them wrung my hand in silence, his eye was fixed on mine, with an expression of drunken confidence and secrecy, and an insolent determination not to be gainsayed without peril. If looks could be translated with certainty, they seemed to say "we are bound upon a project of vengeance, and if you do not join us, remember that we *can* revenge." Along with this grasp, they did not forget to remind me of the common bond by which we were united, for each man gave me the secret grip of Ribbonism in a manner that made the joints of my fingers ache for some minutes after.

There was one present, however—the highest in authority—whose actions and demeanour were calm and unexcited; he seemed to labour under no unusual influence whatever, but evinced a serenity so placid and philosophical, that I attributed the silence of the

* How are you.

sitting group, and the restraint which curbed the out-breaking passions of those who stood, entirely to his presence. He was a schoolmaster, who taught his daily school in that chapel, and acted also, on Sunday, in capacity of clerk to the priest—an excellent and amiable old man, who knew little of his illegal connection and atrocious conduct.

When the ceremonies of brotherly recognition and friendship were past, the Captain, by which title I will designate the last-mentioned person, stooped, and raising a jar of whiskey on the corner of the altar, held a wine glass to its neck, which he filled, and with a calm nod handed it to me to drink. I shrunk back, with an instinctive horror, at the profaneness of such an act, in the house, and on the altar of God, and peremptorily refused to taste the proffered draught. He smiled, mildly, at what he considered my superstition, and added quietly, and in a low voice, "You'll be wantin' it, I'm thinkin', afther the wettin' you got."—"Wet or dry," said I—"Stop, man," he replied in the same tone—"spake lower; but why wouldn't you take the whiskey? Sure there's as holy people to the fore as you—didn't they all take it?—an' I wish we may never do worse than dhrink a harmless glass of whiskey, to keep the could out, any way." "Well," said I, "I'll just trust to God, and the consequences, for the could, Paddy, ma bouchal; but a blessed dhrup ov it won't be crossin' my lips, avick; so no more goster about it—dhrink it yerself, if you like; may-be you want it as much as I do—wherein I've the pattrern of a good big-coat upon me, so thick, yer sowl, that if it was rainin' bullocks, a dhrup wouldn't get under the nap ov it." He gave me a calm, but keen glance, as I spoke. "Well, Jim," said he, "it's a good comrade you've got for the weather that's in it—but in the mane time, to set you a dacent pattrern, I'll just take this myself,"—saying which, with the jar still upon its side, and the fore-finger of his left hand in its neck, he swallowed the spirits. "It's the first I dhrank to-night," he added, "nor would I dhrink it now, only to show you that I've heart and sperrit to do a thing that we're all bound and sworn to, when the proper time comes"—saying which, he laid down the glass, and turned up the jar, with much coolness, upon the altar.

During this conversation, those who had been summoned to this mysterious meeting were pouring in fast; and as each person approached the altar, he received from one to two or three large glasses of whiskey, according as he chose to limit himself—and, to do them justice, there were not a few of those present, who, in despite of their own desire, and the Captain's express invitation, refused to taste it in the house of God's worship. Such, however, as were scrupulous, he afterwards recommended to take it on the outside of the chapel

door, which they did—as by that means, the sacrilege of the act was supposed to be evaded.

About one o'clock they were all assembled except six—at least as the Captain, on looking at a written paper, asserted. “Now, boys,” said he, in the same low voice, “we are all present except the traitors, whose names I am goin’ to read to you; not that we are to count them as traitors, till we know whether or not it was in their power to come; any how, the night is terrible—but, boys, you’re to know, that neither fire nor wather is to prevint yees, when duly summonsed to attend a meeting—particularly whin the summons is widout a name, as you have been tould that there is always something of consequence to be done *thin*.” He then read out the names of those who were absent, in order that the real cause of their absence might be ascertained—declaring, that they would be dealt with accordingly. After this he went, and with his usual caution shut and bolted the door, and having put the key in his pocket, he ascended the steps of the altar, and for some time traversed the little platform from which the priest usually addresses the congregation.

Until this night I never contemplated the man’s countenance with any particular interest, but as he walked the platform, I had an opportunity of observing him more closely. He was a little man, apparently not thirty; and on a first view seemed to have nothing remarkable either in his dress or features. I, however, was not the only person whose eye was rivetted upon him at that moment; in fact every one present observed him with equal interest, for hitherto he had kept the object of the meeting perfectly secret, and of course we all felt anxious to know it. It was while he traversed this platform that I scrutinized his features, with a hope, if possible, to glean from them some indication of what was passing within; I could, however, mark but little, and that little was at first rather from the intelligence which seemed to subsist between him and those whom I have already mentioned as *standing* against the altar, than from any indications of his own; their gleaming eyes were fixed upon him with an intensity of savage and demon like hope, which blazed out in flashes of malignant triumph, as upon turning, he threw a cool but rapid glance at them, to intimate the progress he was making in the subject to which he devoted the undivided energies of his mind. But in the course of this meditation, I could observe on one or two occasions a dark shade come over his countenance that contracted his brow into a deep furrow, and it was then, for the first time, that I saw the satanic expression of which his face, by a very slight motion of its muscles, was capable; his hands, during this silence, closed and opened convulsively; his eyes shot out two or three baleful glances, first to his confederates, and afterwards vacantly into the deep

gloom of the lower part of the chapel; his teeth ground against each other, like those of a man whose revenge burns to reach a distant enemy, and finally, after having wound himself up to a certain determination, his features relaxed into their original calm and undisturbed expression.

At this moment a loud laugh, having something supernatural in it, rang out wildly from the darkness of the chapel; he stopped, and putting his open hand over his brows, peered down into the gloom, and said calmly in Irish, *bee dhu hust ne wulc enan inh*—"hold your tongue, it is not yet the time."—Every eye was now directed to the same spot, but, in consequence of its distance from the dim light on the altar, none could perceive the object from which the laugh proceeded. It was by this time near two o'clock in the morning.

He now stood for a few moments on the platform, and his chest heaved with a depth of anxiety equal to the difficulty of the design he wished to accomplish; "Brothers," said he, "for we are all brothers—sworn upon all that's sacred an' holy, to obey whatever them that's over us, maining among ourselves, wishes us to do—are yom now ready, in the name of God, upon whose althar I stand, to fulfil yer oath?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when those who had stood beside the altar during the night, sprung from their places, and descending its steps rapidly, turned round, and, raising their arms, exclaimed, "By all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

In the meantime, those who sat upon the steps of the altar, instantly rose, and following the example of those who had just spoken, exclaimed after them, "to be sure—by all that's sacred an' holy we're willin'."

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "arn't yees big fools for your pains? an' one of yees doesn't know what I mane."

"You're our Captain," said one of those who had stood at the altar—"an' has yer ordhers from higher quarthers, of coorse whatever ye command upon us we're bound to obey you in."

"Well," said he smiling, "I only wanted to thry yees an' by the oath yees tuck, there's not a Captain in the county has as good a right to be proud of his min as I have—well yees won't rue it, may be, when the right time comes; and for that same rison every one of yees must have a glass from the jar; thim that won't dhrink it in the chapel can dhrink it *widout*; an' here goes to open the door for them"—he then distributed another large glass to every man who would accept it, and brought the jar afterwards to the chapel door, to satisfy the scruples of those who would not dhrink within. When this was performed, and all duly excited, he proceeded:—

"Now, brothers, you are solemnly sworn to obey me, an' I'm

sure there's no thraitor here that 'id parjure himself for a trifle, any how, but *I'm* sworn to obey them that's above me—manin' still among ourselves—an' to show you that I don't scruple to do it, here goes"—he then turned round, and taking the Missal between his hands, placed it upon the holy altar. Hitherto, every word was uttered in a low precautionary tone; but on grasping the book, he again turned round, and looking upon his confederates with the same satanic expression which marked his countenance before, he exclaimed in a voice of deep determination ;—

" By this sacred an' holy book of God, I will perform the action which we have met this night to accomplish, be that what it may—an' this I swear upon God's book, an' God's altar!" At this moment the candle which burned before him went suddenly out, and the chapel was wrapped in pitchy darkness; the sound as if of rushing wings fell upon our ears, and fifty voices dwelt upon the last words of his oath, with wild and supernatural tones that seemed to echo and to mock what he had sworn. There was a pause, and an exclamation of horror from all present, but the Captain was too cool and steady to be disconcerted; he immediately groped about until he got the candle, and proceeding calmly to a remote corner of the chapel, took up a half-burned turf which lay there, and after some trouble, succeeded in lighting it again. He then explained what had taken place; which indeed was easily done, as the candle happened to be extinguished by a pigeon which sat exactly above it. The chapel, I should have observed, was at this time, like many country chapels, unfinished inside, and the pigeons of a neighbouring dove-cote, had built nests among the rafters of the uncled roof, which circumstance also explained the rushing of the wings, for the birds had been affrighted by the sudden loudness of the noise. The mocking voices were nothing but the echoes, rendered naturally more awful by the scene, the mysterious object of the meeting, and the solemn hour of the night.

When the candle was again lighted, and these startling circumstances accounted for, the persons whose vengeance had been deepening more and more during the night, rushed to the altar in a body, where each in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, repeated the oath, and as every word was pronounced, the same echoes heightened the wildness of the horrible ceremony, by their long and unearthly tones. The countenances of these human tigers were livid, with suppressed rage—their knit brows, compressed lips, and kindled eyes, fell under the dim light of the taper, with an expression calculated to sicken any heart not absolutely diabolical.

As soon as this dreadful rite was completed, we were again startled by several loud bursts of laughter, which proceeded from the lower

darkness of the chapel, and the Captain on hearing them, turned to the place, and reflecting for a moment, said in Irish, "*guthsho nish. aonhellies*",—come hither now, boys. A rush immediately took place from the corner in which they had secreted themselves all the night—and seven men appeared, whom we instantly recognized as brothers and cousins of certain persons who had been convicted some time before, for breaking into the house of an honest poor man in the neighbourhood, from whom, after having treated him with barbarous violence, they took away such fire arms as he kept for his own protection.

It was evidently not the Captain's intention to have produced these persons until the oath should have been generally taken, but the exalting mirth with which they enjoyed the success of his scheme betrayed them, and put him to the necessity of bringing them forward somewhat before the concerted moment.

The scene which now took place was beyond all power of description; peals of wild fiend-like yells rang through the chapel, as the party which stood on the altar, and that which had crouched in the darkness met; wringing of hands, leaping in triumph, striking of sticks and fire arms against the ground and the altar itself, dancing and cracking of fingers, marked the triumph of some hellish propensity. Even the Captain for a time was unable to restrain their fury; but at length he mounted the platform before the altar once more, and with a stamp of his foot, recalled their attention to himself and the matter in hand.

"Boys," said he, "enough of this, and too much; an' well for us it is that the chapel is in a lonely place, or our foolish noise might do us no good—let them that swore so manfully jist now stand a one side, till the rest kiss the book one by one."

The proceedings, however, had by this time taken too alarming a shape, for even the Captain to compel them to a blindfold oath; the first man he called flatly refused to swear, until he should first hear the nature of the service that was required. This was echoed by the remainder, who taking courage from the firmness of this person, declared generally, that until they first knew the business they were to execute, none of them should take the oath. The Captain's lip quivered slightly, and his brow once more knit with the same hellish expression, which I have remarked gave him so much the appearance of an embodied fiend; but this speedily passed away, and was succeeded by a malignant sneer, in which lurked, if there ever did in a sneer, "a laughing devil," calmly, determinedly atrocious.

"It wasn't worth yer whiles to refuse the oath," said he mildly, "for the thruth is, I had next to nothing for ye's to do—not a hand

maybe, would have to *rise*, only jist to look on an' if any resistance would be made, to show yerselves; yer numbers would soon make them see that resistance would be no use whatever in the present case. At all evints the oath of *secrecy must* be taken, or woe be to him who will refuse *that*, he won't know the day, the hour, nor the minute, when he'll be made a spatch-cock ov." He then turned round, and placing his right hand on the Missal, swore "in the presence of God, and before his holy altar, that whatever might take place that night he would keep secret, from man or mortal, except it was the holy priest on his dying day, and that neither bribery, nor imprisonment, nor death, would wring it from his heart;" having done this, he struck the book violently, as if to confirm the energy with which he swore, and then calmly descending the steps, stood with a serene countenance, like a man conscious of having performed a good action. As this oath did not pledge those who refused to take the other to the perpetration of any specific crime, it was readily taken by all present; preparations were then made to execute what was intended; the half-burned turf was placed in a little pot—another glass of whiskey was distributed, and the door being locked by the Captain, who kept the key as parish-master and clerk, the crowd departed silently from the chapel.

The moment that those who lay in the darkness during the night made their appearance at the altar, we knew at once the persons we were to visit; for, as I said before, these were related to the miscreants whom one of these persons had convicted, in consequence of their midnight attack upon himself and his family. The Captain's object in keeping them unseen was, that those present, not being aware of the duty about to be imposed on them, might have less hesitation against swearing to its fulfilment. Our conjectures were correct, for on leaving the chapel we directed our steps to the house in which this man, the only Protestant in the parish, resided.

The night was still stormy, but without rain; it was rather dark too, though not so as to prevent us from seeing the clouds careering swiftly through the air. The dense curtain which had overhung and obscured the horizon, was now broken, and large sections of the sky were clear, and thinly studded with stars that looked dim and watery, as did indeed the whole firmament, for in some places large clouds were still visible threatening a continuance of severe tempestuous weather. The road appeared washed and gravelly, every dike was full of yellow water, and each little rivulet and larger stream dashed its hoarse music in our ears; the blast, too, was cold, fierce, and wintry, sometimes driving us back to a stand still, and again, when a turn in the road would bring it in our backs, whirling us along for a few steps with involuntary rapidity. At length the

futed dwelling became visible, and a short consultation was held in a sheltered place, between the Captain and the two parties who seemed so eager for its destruction. Their fire-arms were now charged, and their bayonets and short pikes, the latter shod and pointed with iron, were also get ready: the live coal which was brought in the small pot, had become extinguished, but to remedy this, two or three persons from the remote parts of the parish, entered a cabin on the wayside, and under pretence of lighting their own and their comrade's pipes, procured a coal of fire, for so they called a lighted turf. From the time we left the chapel until this moment, a most profound silence had been maintained, a circumstance, which, when I considered the number of persons present, and the mysterious and dreaded object of their journey, had a most appalling effect upon my spirits.

At length we arrived within fifty perches of the house, walking in a compact body, and with as little noise as possible; but it seemed as if the very elements had conspired to frustrate our design, for on advancing within the shade of the farm-hedge, two or three persons found themselves up to the middle in water, and on stooping to ascertain more accurately the state of the place, we could see nothing but one immense sheet of it spread like a lake over the meadows which surrounded the spot we wished to reach.

Fatal night! the very recollection of it, when associated with the fearful tempest of the elements, grows, if that were possible, yet more wild and revolting. Had we been engaged in any innocent or benevolent enterprize, there was something in our situation, just now, that had a touch of interest in it to a mind imbued with a relish for the savage beauties of nature. There we stood, about a hundred and thirty in number, our dark forms bent forwards peering into the dusky expanse of water, with its dim gleams of reflected light, broken by the weltering of the mimic waves into ten thousand fragments, whilst the few stars that overhung it in the firmament, appeared to shoot through it in broken lines, and to be multiplied fifty fold in the many-faced mirror on which we gazed,

Over this was a stormy sky, and around us a darkness through which we could only distinguish, in outline, the nearest objects, whilst the wild wind swept strongly and dismally upon us. When it was discovered that the common pathway to the house was inundated, we were about to abandon our object, and return home; the Captain, however, stooped down low for a moment, and almost closing his eyes, looked along the surface of the waters, and then raising himself very calmly, said, in his usual quiet tone, "yees needn't go back, boys, I've found a path, jist follow me." He immediately took a more circuitous direction, by which we reached a causeway that had been

raised for the purpose of giving a free passage to and from the house, during such inundations as the present. Along this we had advanced more than half way, when we discovered a break in it, which, as afterwards appeared, had that night been made by the strength of the flood. This, by means of our sticks and pikes, we found to be about three feet deep, and eight yards broad. Again we were at a loss how to proceed, when the fertile brain of the Captain devised a method of crossing it: "boys," said he, "of course you've all played at leap-frog—very well, strip and go in a dozen of you,—lean one upon the shoulders of another from this to the opposite bank, where one must stand facing the outside man, both their shoulders agin one another, that the outside man may be supported—then we can creep over you, an' a decent bridge you'll be, any way." This was the work of only a few minutes, and in less than ten we were all safely over.

Merciful heaven! how I sicken at the recollection of what is to follow—on reaching the dry bank, we proceeded instantly, and in profound silence, to the house; the Captain divided us into companies, and then assigned to each division its proper station. The two parties who had been so vindictive all the night, he kept about himself, for of those who were present they only were in his confidence, and knew his nefarious purpose; their number was about fifteen. Having made these dispositions, he, at the head of about five of them, approached the house on the windy side, for the fiend possessed a coolness which enabled him to seize upon every possible advantage; that he had combustibles about him was evident, for in less than fifteen minutes nearly one half of the house was enveloped in flames. On seeing this, the others rushed over to the spot where he and his gang were standing, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain; the flames now burst forth with renewed violence, and as they flung their strong light upon the faces of the foremost group, I do think hell itself could hardly present any thing more satanic than their countenances, now worked up into a paroxysm of infernal triumph, at their own revenge. The Captain's look had lost all its calmness; every feature started out into distinct malignity, the curve in his brow was deep, and ran up to the root of the hair, dividing his face into two sections, that did not seem to have been designed for each other. His lips were half open, and the corners of his mouth a little brought back on each side, like those of a man expressing intense hatred and triumph over an enemy, who is in the death-struggle under his grasp. His eyes blazed from beneath his knit eye-brows with a fire that seemed to have been lighted up in the infernal pit itself. *It is unnecessary and only painful to describe the rest of his gang; demons might have been proud of such horrible visages as*

they exhibited; for they worked under all the power of hatred, revenge, and joy; and these passions blended into one terrific scowl enough almost to blast any human eye that would venture to look upon it.

When the others attempted to intercede for the lives of the inmates, there were at least fifteen loaded guns and pistols levelled at them; "another word," said the Captain, "an' you're a corpse where you stand, or the first man who will dare to speak for them: no, no, it wasn't to spare them we came here—'No Mercy' is the password for the night, an' by the sacred oath I swore beyant in the chapel, any one among yees that will attempt to show it, will find none at my hand. Surround the house, boys, I tell ye, I hear them stirring—*No Mercy*—no quarther—is the order of the night."

Such was his command over these misguided creatures, that in an instant there was a ring round the house to prevent the escape of the unhappy inmates, should the raging element give them time to attempt it; for none present dared withdraw themselves from the scene, not only from an apprehension of the Captain's present vengeance, or that of his gang, but because they knew that even had they then escaped, an early and certain death awaited them from a quarter against which they had no means of defence. The hour now was about half-past two o'clock. Scarcely had the last words escaped from the Captain's lips, when one of the windows of the house was broken, and a human head, having the hair in a blaze, was descried, apparently a woman's, if one might judge by the profusion of burning tresses, and the softness of the tones, notwithstanding that it called, or rather shrieked aloud, for help and mercy. The only reply to this was the whoop from the Captain and his gang, of no mercy—"No mercy," and that instant the former, and one of the latter rushed to the spot, and ere the action could be perceived, the head was transfixed with a bayonet and a pike, both having entered it together. The word mercy was divided in her mouth; a short silence ensued, the head hung down on the window, but was instantly tossed back into the flames.

This action occasioned a cry of horror from all present, except the gang and their leader, which startled and enraged the latter so much, that he ran towards one of them, and had his bayonet, now reeking with the blood of its innocent victim, raised to plunge it in his body, when dropping the point, he said in a piercing whisper that hissed in the ears of all: "It's no use now, you know, if one's to hang, all will hang; so our safest way, you persave, is to lave none of them te tell the story: ye may go now if you wish; but it won't save a hair of your heads. You cowardly set! I knew if I had tould yees *the sport*, that none of ye except my own boys would come, so I

jist played a thrick upon you ; but remember what you are sworn to, and stand to the oath ye tuck."

Unhappily, notwithstanding the wetness of the preceding weather, the materials of the house were extremely combustible; the whole dwelling was now one body of glowing flame, yet the shouts and shrieks within, rose awfully above its crackling and the voice of the storm, for the wind once more blew in gusts, and with great violence. The doors and windows were all torn open, and such of those within, as had escaped the flames rushed towards them, for the purpose of further escape, and of claiming mercy at the hands of their destroyers—but whenever they appeared, the unearthly cry of no mercy rung upon their ears for a moment, and for a moment only, for they were flung back at the points of the weapons which the demons had brought with them to make the work of vengeance more certain.

As yet there were many persons in the house, whose cry for life was strong as despair, and who clung to it with all the awakened powers of reason and instinct; the ear of man could hear nothing so strongly calculated to stifle the demon of cruelty and revenge within him, as the long and wailing shrieks which rose beyond the element, in tones that were carried off rapidly upon the blast, until they died away in the darkness that lay behind the surrounding hills. Had not the house been in a solitary situation, and the hour the dead of night, any person sleeping within a moderate distance must have heard them, for such a cry of sorrow deepening into a yell of despair, was almost sufficient to awaken the dead. It was lost however upon the hearts and ears that heard it: to them, though in justice be it said, to only comparatively a few of them, it was as delightful as the tones of soft and entrancing music.

The claims of the poor sufferers were now modified; they supplicated merely to suffer death *at the hands of their enemies*; they were willing to bear that, provided they should be allowed to escape from the flames; but, no, the horrors of the conflagration were culmly and malignantly gloried in by their merciless assassins, who deliberately flung them back into all their tortures. In the course of a few minutes a man appeared upon the side-wall of the house, nearly naked; his figure, as he stood against the sky in horrible relief, was so finished a picture of woe-begone agony and supplication, that it is yet as distinct in my memory as if I were again present at the scene. Every muscle, now in motion by the powerful agitation of his sufferings, stood out upon his limbs and neck, giving him an appearance of desperate strength, to which by this time he must have been wrought; the perspiration poured from his frame, and the veins and arteries of his neck were inflated to a surprising thick-

ness. Every moment he looked down into the thick flames which were rising to where he stood; and as he looked, the indescribable horror which flitted over his features might have worked upon the devil himself to relent. His words were few; "my child," said he, "is still safe, she is an infant, a young creature that never harmed you nor any one—she is still safe. Your mothers, your wives have young innocent children like it—Oh, spare her, think for a moment that it's one of your own, spare it, as you hope to meet a just God, or if you don't, in mercy shoot me first, put an end to me, before I see her burned."

The Captain approached him coolly and deliberately. "You will prosecute no one now, you bloody informer," said he, "you will convict no more boys for taking an old rusty gun an' pistol from you, or for givin' you a neighbourly knock or two into the bargain." Just then from a window opposite him, proceeded the shrieks of a woman who appeared at it with the infant in her arms. She herself was almost scorched to death; but with the presence of mind and humanity of her sex, she was about to thrust the little babe out of the window. The Captain noticed this, and with characteristic atrocity, thrust, with a sharp bayonet, the little innocent, along with the person who endeavoured to rescue it, into the red flames, where they both perished. This was the work of an instant. Again he approached the man; "your child is a coal now," said he with deliberate mockery. "I pitched it in myself on the point of this," showing the weapon, "and now is your turn," saying which he clambered up by the assistance of his gang, who stood with a front of pikes and bayonets bristling to receive the wretched man, should he attempt in his despair to throw himself from the wall. The Captain got up, and placing the point of his bayonet against his shoulder, flung him into the fiery element that raged behind him. He uttered one wild and piercing cry, as he fell back, and no more; after this nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire, and the rushing of the blast; all that had possessed life within were consumed, amounting either to eleven or fifteen persons.

When this was accomplished, those who took an active part in the murder, stood for some time about the conflagration, and as it threw its red light upon their fierce faces and rough persons, soiled as they now were with smoke and black streaks of ashes, the scene seemed to be changed to hell, and the murderers to spirits of the damned, rejoicing over the arrival and the torture of a guilty soul. The faces of those who kept aloof from the slaughter, were blanched to the whiteness of death; some of them fainted—and others were in such agitation that they were compelled to leave their comrades. They became

actually stiff and powerless with horror; yet to such a scene were they brought by the pernicious influence of Ribbonism.

"It was only when the last victim went down, that the conflagration shot up into the air with most unbounded fury. The house was large, deeply thatched, and well furnished; and the broad red pyramid rose up with fearful magnificence towards the sky. Abstractedly it had sublimity, but now it was associated with nothing in my mind but blood and terror. It was not, however, without a purpose that the Captain and his guard stood to contemplate its effect. "Boys," said he, "we had better be sartin' that all's safe; who knows but there might be some of the sarpents crouchin' under a hape of rubbish, to come out and gibbet us to-morrow or next day; we had better wait a while, any how, if it was only to see the blaze."

Just then the flames rose majestically to a surprising height; our eyes followed their direction, and we perceived for the first time, that the dark clouds above, together with the intermediate air, appeared to reflect back, or rather to have caught the red hue of the fire; the hills and country about us appeared with an alarming distinctness; but the most picturesque part of it, was the effect or reflection of the blaze on the floods that spread over the surrounding plains. These, in fact, appeared to be one broad mass of liquid copper, for the motion of the breaking waters, caught from the blaze of the high waving column, as reflected in them, a glaring light, which eddied and rose, and fluctuated, as if the flood itself had been a lake of molten fire,

Fire, however, destroys rapidly; in a short time the flames sank—became weak and flickering—by and by, they only shot out in fits—the crackling of the timbers died away—the surrounding darkness deepened; and ere long, the faint light was overpowered by the thick volumes of smoke, that rose from the ruins of the house, and its murdered inhabitants.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "all is safe, we may go. Remember every man of you, that you've sworn this night on the book and altar of God—not a heretic bible. If you perjure yourselves, you may hang us; but let me tell you for your comfort, that if you do, there is them livin' that will take care the lase of your own lives will be but short." After this we dispersed, every man to his own home.

Reader, not many months elapsed ere I saw the bodies of this Captain, whose name was Paddy Devan, and all those who were actively concerned in the perpetration of this deed of horror, withering in the wind, where they hung gibbeted, near the scene of their nefarious villany; and while I inwardly thanked heaven for my own

row and almost undeserved escape, I thought in my heart how
om, even in this world, justice fails to overtake the murderer,
to enforce the righteous judgment of God, "that whoso sheddeth
his blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure*.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flat.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stonecast from the wall,
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small,
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver green with gnarled bark,
 For leagues no other tree did dark
 The level waste, the rounding grey.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said :
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !"

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up an' away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, "The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said :
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !"

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
 The blue fly sung i' the pane ; the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
 Old footsteps trode the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said :
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour
 When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Downsloped was westering in his bower.
 Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
 He will not come," she said :
 She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
 Oh God, that I were dead !"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FAZIO. •

IN the annals of Pisa is found the name of Guglielmo Grimaldi, who came to settle in Pisa from the confines of Genoa. He was then a youth about two-and-twenty, with very few resources, and living in a hired apartment; yet with saving habits, and some ability, he was at length enabled to lend little sums of money upon usury. And in this way, by hoarding his gains, while he spent little, he became in no very long time a rich man, without losing his desire of adding to his wealth. He lived alone, and with the most unremitting diligence and secrecy, amassed and concealed his increasing stores, until growing old at length, he found himself in possession of thousands, of which he would not have parted with a single crown, to save the life of a friend, or to redeem the whole world from eternal punishment. On this account he was detested by all his fellow citizens, and paid dearly enough for it in the end. Having supped out with some of his miserly acquaintance, he was returning late to his own house, when he was assaulted by an unknown hand, and feeling himself wounded in the breast, he cried out and fled for help. Just at this moment came on a terrific storm of hail, and wind, and thunder, which increased his distress, and compelled him to look out for shelter. Becoming faint from the loss of blood, he ran into the first house that he found open, belonging to one Fazio, a goldsmith, attracted by the blaze of a large fire, at which he, the said Fazio, was making chemical experiments, having for some time past devoted the whole of his earnings to these pursuits, attempting to convert the dull metals of lead and tin into fine silver or gold. For this purpose he had now made so glorious an illumination, that he was compelled to open the door to admit air, while he melted down his metals; but hearing the sound of footsteps, he turned round, and beheld Guglielmo Grimaldi, the miser. "What are you doing here, friend," he inquired, "at such an hour, and in such a night as this?" "Alas!" answered the miser, "I am ill; I have been attacked and wounded; I know not why, nor by whom:" and he had no sooner uttered these words, than he sat down and died upon the spot.

Fazio was greatly surprised and alarmed at beholding him fall dead at his feet, and opening his bosom to receive air, he tried to recall him to life, believing at first that the poor miser was dying of pure exhaustion and inanition, by denying himself food. But on discovering the wound in his breast, and finding that his pulse no longer beat, he concluded that his visitor had really departed this life. Running to the door, he was about to alarm the neighbourhood, when hearing the terrific raging of the storm, he again drew back and

* From Roscoe's "Italian Novelists."

sought refuge in his house. Now his wife Pippa, and twin boys, happened just at this time to be on a visit to his father-in-law, who was likewise about to take his leave of the world. Instead of calling a physician, then, he suddenly changed his measures, and closed the door: examining next the body of the deceased, he found only four florins in his purse. Then, hid in a heap of old rags, he discovered a great bunch of keys, which from their appearance, belonged to the house and chambers, the chests and strong boxes, of the miser; who if report were true, had hoarded up immense wealth, especially in ready cash, secured in his own house.

The moment the idea flashed across Fazio's mind, being of a keen and penetrating genius, he determined to turn it to his own account, and to aim a bold stroke at fortune, whatever were the event. "Why not hasten," he said, "to his stronghold at once? I am sure to find it in his house, without a living creature near to say me nay. Why not transport it quietly, I say, into my own dwelling? I think no one will hinder me, such a night as it is, thundering as if the sky would fall! Besides, it is past midnight, and, every living soul is either sheltering or asleep. I am alone here too, and the assassin of the poor miser must, by this time, I think, have taken to flight, without stopping to see where he took refuge. So if I can only keep my own counsel, who will ever suspect that Grimaldi the miser ran into my house thus grievously wounded, and died? This is surely then an unlooked for blessing; and were I to go about, telling the real truth, who knows whether I should be believed? People might say I had robbed and murdered him, and I should infallibly be taken and put to the question; and how should I be able to clear myself? I dread to encounter the ministers of justice, for most probably I should never come alive out of their hands. What therefore will be the best? Why, Fortune is said to aid the bold; bold then will I be, and try to rescue myself at once from a lot of penury and pain." Saying these words, he thrust the keys into his bosom, and throwing a fur cloak over his shoulders, his face half buried in a huge slouched hat, he issued forth with a dark lantern in his hand, offering his bosom to the pelting of the pitiless storm with a secure and joyous air. Arriving at the miser's house, that stood at no great distance, he seized two of the largest keys, and soon made good his entrance; then advancing at once to the most secret chamber he could find, he gained admittance by double keys, and beheld a large chest, which after much difficulty he succeeded in opening. This contained others, which were equally well secured, and which he had still more difficulty in unlocking; but what treasures opened upon his view, when his task was completed! One contained all kinds of gold rings, chains, and jewels, with other ornaments, the most massy and valuable in their

a. In another were bags almost bursting with gold ducats, all arily numbered and parceled. Fazio, overpowered with joy, finished the bags filled with chains and jewels, saying, "As these perhaps be recognized, I will stick to the solid gold." Having ed the last then under his arm, he departed, with the keys in alt, towards his own house, without meeting a single person by ay: such were the pealing thunders, and the flashes of terrific , which redoubled the terrors of the storm. Fazio, however, ed his house, and having secured the treasure, changed his dress; eing stout and active, he took the dead body of the miser in his , and bore it into his cellar. There he proceeded to make, in oor, an excavation sufficiently large to contain his remains, into i, dressed exactly as he was, with the keys of all his treasures in ocket, Fazio now thrust the body at least six feet below the earth overing it up, he fixed the whole firmly down with certain s of lime and tiles, in such a way that no one could perceive ace had been at all disturbed. Having thus disposed of the old ; he proceeded very leisurely to count over the bags of money, ech he had thus become the heir; and such was the sudden of gold that opened on his eyes, that it was with difficulty he support the sight. Each bag contained exactly three thousand s, as it had been marked, which he deposited in a large chest of ns, secured by a secret lock. His next care was to consume ank and bags in which he had brought the treasure in the great epared for the transmutation of his metals; and to these he (his crucibles, his bellows, and his base metals, having no further r them; and having thus completed his labours he went to rest. 'this time the storm had abated, and it was already day-break ; therefore continued to sleep, and recruit his exhausted strength near vespers. He then rose, and went as far as the piazza, and 'the exchange, in order to learn whether there were any reports oat in regard to the disappearance of the deceased, but he heard ng either that day or the following. On the third day, however, iser being no longer seen about his usual affairs, people began ke remarks, more especially when they saw his house shut up, ting some evil must have befallen him. Several of his friends, whom he had last been in company then made their appearance, ig every thing they knew; but no further intelligence could in ay be elicited. Upon this the court issued an order that his ing should be forcibly entered, where every thing was found ently as he had left it, to the surprise of the spectators, and the of his property was taken possession of in the name of the gov-ent. Books, writings, jewels, and furniture, every thing was as it ought to be, in such a way as to preclude the idea of any

attempt at robbery. Advertisements, however, were immediately issued, offering high rewards for the production of his person, either dead or alive. All inquiries were in vain; and though the subject excited considerable noise and alarm, nothing whatever transpired. At the end of three months, the government being at war with Genoa, and no relatives advancing their claims, the whole of Grimaldi's goods were confiscated for the use of the state; but it was considered an extraordinary circumstance that there was no appearance of ready money.

Fazio in the meanwhile continued quiet and unmolested, rejoicing to perceive how well the affair went off, and leading a happy life with his wife and family, who were now returned to him. To them he did not venture to breathe a syllable of his good fortune; and had he fortunately persisted in this resolution, he would have avoided the utter downfall and ruin of his family. For the affair had already begun to be forgotten, gradually dying away for ever, and Fazio had given out that he was about to take a journey into France, for the purpose of disposing of several bars of silver which he had recently made; a report ridiculed by many who were aware that he had already thrown away his time, his labour, and money, in forging the precious metals, while his friends strongly dissuaded him from leaving the place, observing that he might carry on his experiments at Pisa as well as at Paris. But our goldsmith had adopted his plan, very well knowing that he had plenty of good silver to dispose of; though pretending that he had not money enough for his journey, he mortgaged a little farm for one hundred florins, half of which he took with him, and left the other half for his wife. He then took his passage in a vessel to Marseilles, deaf to all the tears and entreaties of his wife, who besought him not to throw away the last of their little substance, and abandon her and her little ones to penury and to woe. "When," she said, "were we happier or better, than when you pursued your own trade, bringing us daily enough for all our wants? Leave us not then to solitude and despair!" Fazio, tenderly soothing her, promised on his return to throw such a golden harvest into her lap, as would console her for all past sufferings; but still in vain. "For," she continued, "if all this fine silver really exist, it will surely be as valuable here as in France; but I fear you want to desert us for ever; and when once these fifty ducats are spent, what will become of me, wretch that I am! Alas, must I go begging with those helpless little ones? Must I lose you, and be left to solitude and tears?" Her husband, who loved her most affectionately, unable to behold her affliction, determined to acquaint her with his good fortune, and kissing her tenderly, he took her one day after dinner into the chamber where he had concealed his newly acquired

wealth, and related to her the particulars that had occurred. He then exhibited the whole of the riches he possessed, bags of ducats, silver and gold without end; and such was the astonishment and delight of his now happy wife, that she flung her arms in an ecstasy of pleasure round his neck, and weeping, begged forgiveness for all the complaints and reproaches she had used. Insisting upon her promise of secrecy, Fazio then acquainted her with his future plans, explaining how shortly he meant to return to her, and what a joyful and uninterrupted course of happiness would thenceforward be theirs. She no longer objected to his departure; but taking a tender farewell, bade him to think of her, and hasten as soon as possible his return.

The next morning, accordingly, having well secured the valuable metals he was taking along with him, double locked and barred, and leaving a large portion of his treasures with his wife, he went on board, accompanied by the regrets and reproaches of all his friends, in which his wife, the better to conceal her feelings, affected to join. Indeed the whole city united in ridiculing his enterprise, and some who had known him in his better days, expressed their opinion that he ought to be taken care of, for that he was certainly inclined to run mad. Others said, that they had long been aware what would be the consequence, and he would very soon share the fate of his mad predecessors in the accursed art of alchemy, that ruined, instead of enriching its followers. In spite of all, however, Fazio set sail, and with prosperous breezes, soon arrived at Marseilles, taking care by the way to throw the whole of his chemical apparatus into the sea, reserving only the more valuable articles he had obtained from the miser's house, with which he landed, and proceeded with the carriers as far as Lyons. In a few days after, he emptied the contents of his money-bags, depositing a large sum at one of the first banks, for which he received letters of exchange on Pisa, some at the house of Lanfranchi, and others at that of Gualandi; after which he sat down to write to his wife, acquainting her that he had disposed of his silver, and intended shortly to return to Pisa. This letter the lady showed to her father, as well as to the rest of Fazio's friends and relations, some of whom expressed themselves much surprised, while others declared that he was a ruined man, the truth of which would speedily appear. Soon after, having received his letters of credit, Fazio left Lyons for Marseilles, and thence taking ship for Leghorn, he had the pleasure, in a short time, of again beholding his wife and children. Embracing them again and again, he declared that he had succeeded beyond his utmost expectations, while the tidings quickly spread among his acquaintance, that he now returned home rich with the products of his metals. He lost no time in presenting his letters of credit, on which he received nine thousand gold ducats,

which were immediately sent to his house, exciting the joy and congratulations of all his relatives and friends.

Thus finding himself one of the richest men in his trade, and with the credit of having realised his fortune by his own ingenious experiments, Fazio began to think of living in a more splendid manner, and of sharing some of his happiness with his friends. In the first place, therefore, he bought an estate, and then a handsome house, besides making several other rich purchases; and investing his money in such advantageous concerns as offered, he soon assumed the manners and establishment of a prince. He added to the number of his domestics, and set up two equipages, the one for himself, and the other for his lady; his sons were distinguished for the richness of their apparel; and he continued to live on the happiest terms with his wife, enjoying together the luxuries and pleasures which they had at command. Pippa, to whom such a life was totally new, became somewhat vain of the change, and was in the habit of inviting her acquaintance to witness it, among whom was an old lady, with her fair daughter, whom she invited to come and stay some time with her. Fazio, to whom she said that they would be of use to her in a variety of ways, was induced to give his consent, happy to perceive that they assisted his wife in the cares of her establishment, and that they all lived on the best terms together.

But fortune, the constant enemy of any long continued enjoyment and content, was preparing to change the colour of their fate, and turn this summer sweetness and glory of their days, into the chilling winter and sorrow of despair. For it was the cruel lot of Fazio to become enamoured of the young charms of the fair Maddelena, the daughter of their guest; and such was his continued and violent passion, that he at length succeeded, by the most consummate art, in leading her from the paths of innocence. Their intercourse continued for some time unknown to his poor wife, and he conferred on his unhappy victim the most lavish proofs of his regard. But as they became bolder with impunity, the unsuspecting Pippa could not, at length, fail to be aware of the truth, and she displayed the indignation of her feelings on the subject in no very gentle terms. She reproached her fair guest with still more bitterness, and one day took occasion, in Fazio's absence, to drive her with the utmost fury and opprobrium from her house. Fazio, on returning home, was greatly incensed at these proceedings, and continued, with the same infatuation, to lavish the same favours upon the young Maddelena as before. On this account, scenes of the most cruel and distressing nature were continually occurring between him and his wife; the demon of jealousy had taken possession of her bosom, and family peace and love were therefore banished alike from their bed and board. It was in vain that

Fazio now attempted to soothe or to subdue her irritated feelings. She spurned his divided affection, and she met his threats with still more violent passion, treating them with merited indignation and contempt. In order to avoid these reproaches, her husband went to one of his villas, at some distance, whither he invited his young mistress, and continued to lead the same abandoned course of life, while his wife remained plunged in the profoundest wretchedness and despair. These feelings, however, were soon absorbed in rage and jealousy, when she found, after some months, that her husband did not return, and was lavishing still greater proofs of tenderness and favour upon her rival. Thus dwelling with ceaseless anxiety and pain upon one hateful idea, the sense of her wrongs became too great to bear, and in a short time she came to the resolution of accusing her faithless and abandoned husband to the state, by revealing the transaction which had led to his sudden elevation and prosperity. And this appearing the only resource she had left to revenge her injuries upon the author of them, without further warning or consultation, she proceeded alone, to consult a magistrate, who holding an office similar to that of the Council of Eight in Florence, took down her deposition, comprehending every thing she knew relative to the affairs of her husband. She, moreover, directed them to the exact spot where the remains of the miser had been buried, in the cellar of their former house, and where the officers of justice accordingly found them. Then still retaining her in custody, the magistrate despatched the captain of the band to the residence of her husband, where they found him enjoying himself in the society of his fair Maddelena. Immediately seizing him as a prisoner of the state, they conducted him back to Pisa, overwhelmed with the most abject despair; and when brought up for examination, he refused to utter a syllable. But his wife being ordered to appear against him, he cried out with a loud voice, at the sight of her, "This is justice, indeed!" and then turning towards her, he added: "My too great affection for you has brought me to this;" and, taking one of the magistrates aside, he freely revealed to him the truth of the affair, exactly as it had occurred. With one accord, however, the whole court refused to give credit to the story, asserting that there was every appearance of his having himself robbed and murdered the unfortunate Guglielmo, and threatening instantly to put him to the torture if he did not confess. This, upon his maintaining his own story, they proceeded to do, and by dint of repeated trials, they at length compelled him to say what they pleased; and afterwards proceeded to sentence him to be broken alive upon the wheel, while the state appropriated the whole of his possessions. The remains of the miser, Grimaldi, were then ordered to be removed, and interred in sacred ground; the beautiful Maddelena

and her mother were driven with ignominy from the villa to their former abode ; and the establishment of Fazio was completely broken up ; his wife, with her family and domestics, being compelled to take refuge wherever they could. On being released from court, where she had appeared in evidence against her own husband, the wretched Pippa returned home ; but to a home desolate and deserted by all but her children. In the agony of her grief, she wept, she raved, she tore her hair, too late perceiving, with feelings of remorse, the grievous error she had committed.

The tidings spread rapidly throughout all Pisa, and the people joined in expressing their astonishment, no less at the supposed enormity and deceit of which Fazio was accused, than at the strange treachery and ingratitude of his wife. Even her own relatives and friends, who assisted her, unanimously agreed in condemning her conduct, reproaching her bitterly for the degradation and ruin which she had brought upon her family ; besides the inhumanity of having thus betrayed her husband to a painful and ignominious death. Having said this, they left her weeping bitterly, and overpowered with intolerable remorse. On the ensuing day, the wretched Fazio was led forth, and drawn through the streets of Pisa on a sledge ; and after being thus exhibited to the people, he was conducted to the place of execution, there, having been first broken upon the wheel, he was executed in the presence of the people, and left on the same spot, by way of example, during the rest of the day.

The tidings of this terrific scene coming to the ears of his wife, whom he had continued cursing and reviling to his latest hour, in a fit of desperation, she resolved to take vengeance upon herself. About dinner hour then, there being few people to observe her, she seized her two little boys by the hand, and led them, weeping, towards the great square, the scene of the execution ; while such as met her by the way only bestowed their maledictions on her, and allowed her to pass on. When she arrived at the foot of the platform, where the body lay, few spectators being present, she proceeded, still weeping bitterly, to ascend the steps of the platform, with the children along with her, no one around offering the least resistance. There, affecting to lament over the wretched fate of her husband, she was sternly and severely upbraided by all who stood near, who said aloud : " See how she can weep, now that it is done ! It is her own work ; she would have it so ; and let her therefore despair ! " The wretched wife then tearing her hair, and striking her lovely face and bosom with her clenched hands, while she pressed her burning lips to the cold features of her husband, next bade her little boys kneel down to kiss their father ; at which sight, the surrounding spectators, forgetting their anger, suddenly burst into tears. But their distracted mother, draw-

ing a knife from her bosom, with remorseless fury, hastily plunged it into the breasts of her sons, and before the people were prepared to wrest the deadly weapon from her hand, she had already turned it against herself, and fallen upon the lifeless bodies of her husband and her children. With a loud cry the people ran towards the fatal spot, where they found the dying mother and her two infants, pouring their last sighs as they lay weltering in their blood. Tidings of this tragic scene having spread rapidly throughout all Pisa, crowds of people came hastening from all sides filled with lamentation and terror, to witness so heart-rending a spectacle; where the yet warm and reeking bodies of the father, the mother, and the children, were piled indiscriminately upon each other. And surely nothing we have heard of the woes of Thebes, of Syracuse, or of Athens, of Troy, or of Rome, can be said to equal the domestic sorrow and calamity which Pisa thus witnessed in the lot of a single family, the whole of which was swept away in one day, the innocent victims of mistaken justice. The terror and surprise of the inhabitants of Pisa, shortly spreading through other parts of Italy, caused so great a sensation in the different cities, that people left their houses to visit the fatal spot, lamenting over the bodies of the innocent children, lying, with smiling countenances, as if buried in a profound slumber, on their parent's funeral bier. It was impossible for them to restrain their tears at the sight, a sight sufficient to soften a heart of stone, and at which justice herself now dropped her fatal sword. For she at length consented to grant to the prayers of Fazio's relatives that the bodies of the hapless children should be decently interred in the burial ground of Santa Catharina; while those of the parents, who had died a desperate and unrepentant death, were to be placed without the sacred bounds, under the walls of the city. The procession was accompanied with the tears and lamentations of thousands, whose outcries against the cruelty and injustice of their fate, and whose expressions of pity for their sufferings, were loud and vehement.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears
 Our fears our hopes belied—
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died !

For when the morn came dim and sad—
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours !

THOMAS HOOD.

AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun :
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core :
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while the hook
 Spars the next swath and all its twined flowers :
 And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
 Think not of them ; thou hast thy music too,—
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again :
 Companion of the lonely hour !
 Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
 And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
 Since thou hast stood
 In frame of wood,
 On chest or window by my side :
 At every Birth still thou wert near,
 Still spoke thine admonitions clear !
 And, when my husband died.

I've often watched thy streaming sand
 And seen the growing Mountain rise,
 And often found life's hopes to stand
 On props as weak in wisdom's eyes :
 Its conic crown
 Still sliding down,
 Again heap'd up, then down again ;
 The sand above more hollow grew,
 Like days and years still filtering through,
 And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
 (For now and then my heart will glow,)
 Thou measur'st time's expanded wing :
 By thee the noontide hour I know :
 Though silent now
 Still shalt thou flow
 And joy along thy destined way :
 But when I glean the sultry fields,
 When Earth her yellow Harvest yields,
 Thou gett'st a Holiday.

Steady as Truth, on either end
 Thy daily task performing well,
 Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
 And strik'st the Heart without a Bell :
 Come, lovely May !
 Thy lengthen'd day
 Shall gild once more my native plain ;
 Curl inward here sweet woodbine flower ;
 Companion of the lonely hour
 I'll turn thee up again.

BLOOMFIELD.

A NIGHT IN A CHURCH.

It is now nearly twenty years ago, that I was staying for some months in the village of ———, in Cumberland: the place itself is small, but the church is a large Gothic structure, dimly lighted by coloured glass windows, and enriched by splendid monuments of the former lords of the manor. I was sent for one evening to visit a sick friend, and left word with my family, that if I found her worse, I should probably pass the night with her. She was, however, much better than I had anticipated, and after remaining an hour with her I prepared to return home. I had to pass a meadow adjoining the church-yard, and, as a heavy shower of rain had fallen, the grass was wet; the church-doors were open for the purpose of cleaning it for the next day, which was Sunday, and, by walking through the church, I should avoid the inconvenience of the damp path. The pew-opener, who was coming out, let me in at the door, and shut it after her, telling me that I should find the door at the other end open, as some one was still employed there. As I passed through, I stopped for a moment to look at the effect of the coloured shadows from the window on one of the monuments, and the appearance of it was so brilliant and so beautiful, that I remained several minutes before it wrapt in admiration, and was only roused from my contemplation by the noise of the door violently closing and shutting out my retreat.

I acknowledge that at that moment I suffered extreme agitation; my heart beat audibly, and I felt as if the power of breathing had left me. I knew there was no possibility of making myself heard, and that I had no prospect but that of passing the night where I was. In a little time, however, reason came to my aid; I reflected that I was in no real danger; the weather was warm, and I had no reason to apprehend injury to my health from remaining one night in the church: no one would be made uneasy by my absence from home, for my family were prepared to expect it; and, in short, I argued with myself on the folly of my fear, and in some degree succeeded in removing it. The next consideration was, in what part of the church should I endeavour to rest, and I fixed on the large seat belonging to the lords of the manor. It was a spacious square pew, with a carpet on the floor, well-stuffed cushions on the seats, and moreen curtains drawing all round it; a comfortable resting-place might well be made there, and I worked myself up to a pitch of philanthropic heroism, by wishing that hundreds of poor creatures, who were wanderers on the earth, were lodged as well as I was.

I had only one objection to this seat, and that appeared to me as

very puerile and absurd, that I would not permit it to have any effect on me: the front of the *pew* was immediately opposite to a large monumental tomb erected to the memory of Sir William Herbert, the last of the family who had resided on their manorial estate in the neighbourhood, and of this Sir William I had, when I first came to the village, heard a story that now, in spite of myself, would recur to my mind.

Soon after my arrival, I had observed the deserted and dilapidated appearance of the manor-house and garden; the latter was wild and running to ruin through neglect; nettles and weeds obscured the once beautiful walks and parterres of flowers: the vases and images were defaced and overthrown; the spacious fish-ponds were choked with mud, and covered with the rank luxuriance of the water-plants; and the adjoining park had been let to a farmer, who had converted the whole to the purposes of agriculture. The house exhibited the same symptoms of neglect: the farmer's family inhabited one wing—but in the rest of the house the windows had been bricked up—the whole conveyed the idea of decay, and the swallows and other birds had taken undisturbed possession of the turrets and the chimney-tops. Some of the great rooms were converted into granaries, and the principal hall was made a receptacle for the farmer's carts, &c.

I expressed curiosity to know the cause why so magnificent a residence should have been so abandoned, and the farmer, to whom I applied for information, told me that the last resident possessor was Sir William Herbert: that since his death it had been twice let to occasional inhabitants, but that neither of the families had stayed more than a few nights: and that the present owner had given orders to dispose of the grounds on a lease to any of the neighbouring farmers, and to let the house be included in the agreement with them. "I am surprised," said I, "that so lovely a spot should not have attracted the attention of someone who would have rescued it from its present state, and I wonder that its owner should have so little taste as thus to abandon so delightful a possession."

"Why, madam," replied the farmer, "it is a long story, and it happened a great many years ago, but as you seem curious, if you will walk in and rest yourself I will tell you all about it."

"It was before my time, for I was a little boy when Sir William died, but my father was his huntsman and lived at the manor-house, and I have heard all the particulars often enough from him. This Sir William, madam, was a fine portly gentleman as ever you saw, and the ladies all round admired him, and he might have chosen a wife from any of the great families in the neighbourhood, and he was very rich, and was come of a very ancient and great family himself; but somehow, as I have heard my father say, he was never for good;

he had always a hard and cruel heart: when he was a child, it was his delight to torture flies and worms, and he would take the young birds from the nests, and torment them to enjoy the misery of the old ones; and when he grew to be a man, all his delight was in badger-baiting, cock-fighting, or any sport that would enable him to indulge his cruel nature. He was also very fond of matching dogs to fight, and he kept bull-dogs that were the terror of the neighbourhood. He had one, in particular, which was reckoned to have more courage than any dog that had ever been seen in this country, and he had gained Sir William a great deal of money by the wagers that he had laid on him. One day, a neighbouring gentleman, who had long been a sort of rival to Sir William in every way, boasted at a public dinner, that he had procured a dog that he would match against his, which was now considered almost invincible; Sir William accepted the offer, and laid very large sums of money on his dog, and a day was fixed, and many of the neighbouring gentlemen were invited to see the *sport*, as they called it. The dogs were set at each other, and a more obstinate fight had never been seen: they were both creatures of wonderful strength and power, and both staunch in their way. The contest lasted very long, and the poor brutes were excited by their cruel masters to continue it, though they had hardly strength left to crawl to each other. At last the victory was decided; Sir William's dog was completely exhausted, and lay bleeding and breathless on the ground, and no effort could induce him to return to the attack; the other dog was declared the conqueror, and was carried off amidst shouts of triumph from the human brutes who had witnessed his prowess. My father, who was present, said he turned towards Sir William at that moment, and was terrified at his countenance: he looked almost mad with rage and disappointment: his face was swollen and black with passion, and his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. He took from one of his attendants a loaded hunting-whip, and called to the miserable dog to come to him. The wretched animal heard the voice of his master, and though nearly blind, and hardly able to drag himself across the floor, he yet crawled to his foot, and licked the hand that was extended to seize him. My father, madam, could never tell the story without a shudder of horror: but Sir William held the animal fast in one hand, while with the other he flogged him with the hunting-whip, which he never let go, till the miserable creature had breathed his last in agony. Several gentlemen who stood round, and cried shame on him, had made ineffectual attempts to stop his cruel arm, but he was infuriated; he foamed at the mouth with rage; at the moment when the dog had received his last stroke one of them caught his arm to stop him. Sir William turned round to make a deadly blow at him with the but-

end of the whip, when, in one moment, the blood gushed from his mouth, nose, and ears, in a continued torrent. He fell to the earth, never to rise from it more a living man, but there he lay a swollen and discoloured corpse. In his fury he had burst a blood-vessel, and his life and his cruelties ended together."

"The title and estate went to a gentleman who was a second or third cousin, and he lived somewhere in foreign parts, as his wife was not in good health, and was not able to bear the changeable weather in England: the house was after a while let to a nobleman's family, but they only staid two days, and were off the third morning; some say, because my lady did not like the sight of the bleak mountains; but others said, that the family had all been alarmed by noises at midnight and nobody has ever since that staid long together there. I myself put no faith in this sort of stories but many of the neighbours will tell you, that long after Sir William's death, horrid sounds were heard, at the hour of twelve at night, from the room in which he was laid before the funeral; the noises were said to resemble the howlings of a dog, mixed with the cries of a human being in the last extremity of agony. What they might have been I do not know, but the house is quiet enough now, yet I never go to that part of the mansion myself, and I do not much like to talk or think about it. None of the family have been here since, and the large tombstone that faces the great pew in the church was put up in memory of Sir William by his successor. This, madam, is the history, and this is the reason why the house was at first neglected, until now, as you see, it is only fit for a farm-house, and we have lived very comfortably in it, much more happily than ever Sir William did, I am sure.

Now this account at the time I heard it, had certainly shocked me as far as respected the awful death of Sir William; but the latter part of it I thought absurd in the extreme, for, my good friends, I was not then either nervous or superstitious; but, at the moment I speak of, alone in a church, I felt that my mind was weakened, and I determined not to look at the tomb, or to think of the story. I composed myself as well as I could, and fell into a sort of doze, which I imagined lasted some time, for, when I awoke, the moon had risen, and was now high in the heavens, pouring a flood of softened radiance through the Gothic windows on a part of the church, while the other was left in dark shadow. I rose from my reclining position, to make some change in the arrangement of my cushions, and perceived that the light was thrown most strongly on the tomb, on which I had previously resolved not to look; but, as I dare say you may some of you have experienced at times, we feel ourselves irresistibly impelled to look at, or think of, those things, from which we would most wish to withdraw our attention, so I felt, I know not how, a strange

impulse to fix my eyes upon this tomb, on which reclined the sculptured figure of Sir William, nearly as large as life.

While my eyes remained, as it were, fastened on this object, could I be deceived by the shadows of the moonlight, or did I in reality perceive a moving form apparently rising from that tomb? Ah no! it was no vision of the imagination: I distinctly saw a long lean arm raised above the sepulchre, and, a moment afterwards, the ghastly apparition of a human face, pale, wild, and unearthly, glared on me with eyes expressive of misery and despair. I stood unable to move a limb; every faculty of body and mind seemed frozen up in horror: the spectre advanced a step from the monument, and in that moment my senses were almost paralysed by the most heart-rending sound that ever appalled a mortal ear—it was the yell of despair—it was the cry of human suffering, with a strange and horrible mixture of the agony of a dying animal. I sank down totally overpowered: all that I had heard recurred to my mind, which became a chaos of terror and superstitious alarms, and I lost all consciousness of the horrors that surrounded me in a temporary insensibility.

I know not how long I remained in this state almost approaching death, but, when I in some degree recovered myself, I found that I had fallen on the floor of the pew, and, as my mind was gradually restored to recollection, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by a phantom of the imagination. I thought how often we are victims to our over-excited fancies. My senses might have been bewildered; I might after all only have dreamed. In this idea, I slowly rose from my recumbent posture, determined to examine the tomb myself, and to be convinced, that my mind had been under a temporary derangement. I stood up; I looked to the door of the pew, when, oh dreadful sight! the same ghastly and horrid face met my view, as the spectre leaned over it, with its glaring eyes fixed on mine. My sensations I have hardly words to describe: by no power could I withdraw my eyes from this object: for hours did I remain thus spell-bound; I felt as if the blood had congealed in my veins; my temples ached with intense agony, and every hair on my head felt as if it was endued with a living power, and was moved by some invisible mechanism. I felt that my senses were deserting me, but I was not mad; for through that long and dreadful night did I distinctly hear the hours told by the church clock, which returned in dismal echoes to my ear. Horror at last became despair; I rose in frantic wildness to rush from my prison, when again did the spectre utter that soul-appalling sound. Every object, the church, the monuments, seemed to rock and reel around me, my eyes emitted sparks of fire, and from that moment I lost all recollection of many weeks of my existence.

story appears terrific, and it was indeed truly so to me, and the events were in reality very common, and such as, had my instead of being in a state of excitement and terror, been capable of calm investigation, would not to me have been the cause of protracted suffering. The next morning, the woman who had been sweeping the church came to it early to prepare it for the morning service, and she found me raving in a paroxysm of delirium, and the poor innocent cause of my fear himself terrified and sad. He was a pauper belonging to a village some miles distant; he was born deaf and dumb, and had, as he grew up, been found to be also an idiot. His parents had supported him decently while they lived: but, on their death, the care of him had devolved on the parish; he had grown old in poverty, sickness, and dependence; but he was perfectly harmless, and the neighbouring farmers refused him a meal. Frequently in the summer season he would creep around for days together, taking his scanty food from the alms of charity, and his nightly rest in barns or outhouses: it was not that he had wandered into the church, where he had fallen down; and when he awoke, he was the unconscious cause to me of much never to be forgotten, by his meagre and ghastly appearance, and his horrid and uncouth attempts at articulation. I remained long on a bed of suffering: a frenzy fever left me reduced to almost infantine weakness. Of its effects on me corporeally and mentally you may judge, when I tell you, that when I entered the church my hair was brown and glossy as the chesnut, and that when I rose from my bed it was grey as you now see it. My limbs, which were strong and agile, have ever since trembled with paralysis; and my mind, which was once cheerful, energetic, and courageous, is now desponding, weak, and timid.

Family Magazine.

THE CHANGE.

"With thee my spirit strays
Amid the laud, and in the light
Of long-forgotten yesterdays."—JOHN MALCOLM.

I.

WE have gathered lilies oft
On these old green garden walks,
And our hands met lovingly
As we tied the stalks
Round and round with limber willow,
Underneath the hawthorn bough—
There thou linger'st with another
And I'm forgotten now.

II.

We ne'er parted sorrowless,
 Or met without a smile of yere—
 Though we never spoke our love,
 We but felt it more.
 'Twould have seemed precaution useless
 For hearts like ours to breath one vow—
 Yet all that thou wast then to me
 Thou'rt to another now.

B.

GHOALAN CASTLE.

ISLAND OF KERNARA.

"Of ghastly castle which eternally
 Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea."

AUTHOR OF RIMINL

Still frown'st thou on the blue sea wave,
 And on the flowery land—
 Time hath not blanched with all his storms
 Thy look of old command.

But the chill spirit of decay
 Amid thine inmost chamber wails—
 Where the unshelter'd floor reflects
 The cloud that o'er it sails.

Thy gateway is all grass-grown now—
 No coming—no departing train,
 With glittering sword and nodding plume,
 Shall spur through it again.

And were there hearts that gave to thee,
 The earth-endearing name of home?
 And did the foot of childhood once
 Familiarly roam

About thy oaken-seated hall,
 And winding lobbies, and among
 Thy labyrinthine tapestries,
 And bowers of lady song?

Yes! and thy desolateness speaks
 A touching moral to the mind—
 It tells of generations gone,
 Like leaflets in the wind—

It tells that we must pass away,
 When a few hastening years have fled,
 And join that mighty multitude,
 The world's forgotten dead.

Z.

THE SKREEN, OR "NOT AT HOME."*

THE widow of Governor Atheling returned from the East Indies, old, rich, and childless ; and as she had none but very distant relations her affections naturally turned towards the earliest friends of her youth ; one of whom she found still living, and residing in a large country town.

She therefore hired a house and grounds adjacent, in a village very near to this lady's abode, and became not only her frequent but welcome guest. This old friend was a widow in narrow circumstances, with four daughters slenderly provided for ; and she justly concluded that, if she and her family could endear themselves to their opulent guest, they should in all probability inherit some of her property. In the meanwhile, as she never visited them without bringing with her, in great abundance, whatever was wanted for the table, and might therefore be said to contribute to their maintenance, without seeming to intend to do so, they took incessant pains to conciliate her more and more every day, by flatteries which she did not see through, and attentions which she deeply felt. Still, the Livingstones were not in spirit united to their amiable guest. The sorrows of her heart had led her, by slow degrees, to seek refuge in a religious course of life ; and, spite of her proneness to self-deception, she could not conceal from herself that, on this most important subject, the Livingstones had never thought seriously, and were, as yet, entirely women of the world. But still her heart longed to love something ; and as her starved affections craved some daily food, she suffered herself to love this plausible, amusing, agreeable, and seemingly-affectionate family ; and she every day lived in hope, that, by her precepts and example, she should ultimately tear them from that "world they loved too well." Sweet and precious to their own souls are the illusions of the good ; and the deceived East-Indian was happy, because she did not understand the true nature of the Livingstones.

On the contrary, so fascinated was she by what she fancied they were, or might become, that she took very little notice of a shamefaced, awkward, retiring, silent girl, the only child of the dearest friend that her childhood and her youth had known,—and who had been purposely introduced to her only as Fanny Barnwell. For the Livingstones were too selfish, and too prudent, to let their rich friend know that this poor girl was the orphan of Fanny Beaumont. Withholding, therefore, the most important part of the truth, they only informed her that Fanny Barnwell was an orphan, who was glad to

* From "Illustrations of Lying in all its Branches." By Mrs Opie.

live amongst her friends, that she might make her small income sufficient for her wants; but they took care not to add that she was mistaken in supposing that Fanny Beaumont, whose long silence and subsequent death she had bitterly deplored, had died childless; for that she had married a second husband, by whom she had the poor orphan in question, and had lived many years in sorrow and obscurity, the result of this imprudent marriage; resolving, however, in order to avoid accidents, that Fanny's visit should not be of long duration. In the meanwhile, they confided in the security afforded them by what may be called their "passive lie of interest." But, in order to make "assurance doubly sure," they had also recourse to the "active lie of interest;" and, in order to frighten Fanny from ever daring to inform their visitor that she was the child of Fanny Beaumont, they assured her that that lady was so enraged against her poor mother, for having married her unworthy father, that no one dared to mention her name to her; as it never failed to draw from her the most violent abuse of her once dearest friend. "And you know, Fanny," they took care to add, "that you could not bear to hear your poor mother abused."—"No; that I could not, indeed," was the weeping girl's answer; and the Livingstones felt safe and satisfied. However, it still might not be amiss to make the old lady dislike Fanny, if they could; and they contrived to render the poor girl's virtue the means of doing her injury.

Fanny's mother could not bequeath much money to her child; but she had endeavoured to enrich her with principles and piety. Above all, she had impressed her with the strictest regard for truth; and the Livingstones artfully contrived to make her integrity the means of displeasing their East-Indian friend.

This good old lady's chief failing was believing implicitly whatever was said in her commendation: not that she loved flattery, but that she liked to believe she had conciliated good-will; and that, being sincere herself, she never thought of distrusting the sincerity of others.

Nor was she at all vain of her once fine person, and finer face, or improperly fond of dress. Still, from an almost pitiable degree of *bonhomie*, she allowed the Livingstones to dress her as they liked; and, as they chose to make her wear fashionable and young-looking attire, in which they declared that she looked "so handsome! and so well!" she believed they were the best judges of what was proper for her, and always replied, "Well, dear friends, it is entirely a matter of indifference to me; so dress me as you please;" while the Livingstones, not believing that it was a matter of indifference, used to laugh, as soon as she was gone, at her obvious credulity.

But this ungenerous and treacherous conduct excited such strong indignation in the usually gentle Fanny, that she could not help expressing her sentiments concerning it: and by that means made them the more eager to betray her into offending their unsuspecting friend. They therefore asked Fanny, in her presence, one day, whether their dear guest did not dress most *becomingly*?

The poor girl made sundry sheepish and awkward contortions, now looking down, and then looking up;—unable to lie, yet afraid to tell the truth.—“Why do you not reply, Fanny?” said the artful questioner. “Is she not well dressed?”—“Not in *my* opinion,” faltered out the distressed girl. “And pray, Miss Barnwell,” said the old lady, “what part of my dress do you disapprove?” After a pause, Fanny took courage to reply, “all of it, madam.”—“Why? do you think it too young for me?”—“I do.” “A plain-spoken young person that!” she observed in a tone of pique!—while the Livingstones exclaimed, impertinent! ridiculous! and Fanny was glad to leave the room, feeling excessive pain at having been forced to wound the feelings of one whom she wished to be permitted to love, because she had once been her mother’s dearest friend. After this scene, the Livingstones, partly from the love of mischief, and partly from the love of fun, used to put similar questions to Fanny, in the old lady’s presence, till, at last, displeased and indignant at her bluntness and ill-breeding, she scarcely noticed or spoke to her. In the meanwhile, Cecilia Livingstone became an object of increasing interest to her; for she had a lover to whom she was greatly attached, but who would not be in a situation to marry for many years.

This young man was frequently at the house, and was as polite and attentive to the old lady, when she was present, as the rest of the family; but, like them, he was ever ready to indulge in a laugh at her credulous simplicity, and especially at her continually expressing her belief, as well as her hopes, that they were all beginning to think less of the present world, and more of the next; and as Lawrie, as well as the Livingstones, possessed no inconsiderable power of mimicry, they exercised them with great effect on the manner and tones of her whom they called the *over-dressed* saint, unrestrained, alas! by the consciousness that she was their present, and would, as they expected, be their *future* benefactress.

That confiding and unsuspecting being was, meanwhile, considering that, though her health was injured by a long residence in a warm climate, she might still live many years; and that, as Cecilia might not therefore possess the fortune which she had bequeathed to her till “youth and genial years were flown,” it would be better to give it to her during her life-time. “I will do so,” she said to herself (tears rushing into her eyes as she thought of the happiness which

she was going to impart,) "and then the young people can marry directly!"

She took this resolution one day when the Livingstones believed that she had left her home on a visit. Consequently, having no expectation of seeing her for some time, they had taken advantage of her long vainly-expected absence to make some engagements which they knew she would have excessively disapproved. But though, as yet, they knew it not, the old lady had been forced to put off her visit; a circumstance which she did not at all regret, as it enabled her to go sooner on her benevolent errand.

The engagement of the Livingstones for that day was a rehearsal of a private play at their house, which they were afterwards, and during their saintly friend's absence, to perform at the house of a friend; and a large room called the library, in which there was a wide commodious skreen, was selected as the scene of action.

Fanny Barnwell, who disliked private and other theatricals as much as their old friend herself, was to have no part in the performance; but, as they were disappointed of their prompter that evening, she was, though with great difficulty, persuaded to perform the office, for *that night only*.

It was to be a dress rehearsal; and the parties were in the midst of adorning themselves, when, to their great consternation, they saw their supposed distant friend coming up the street, and evidently intending them a visit. What was to be done? To admit her was impossible. They therefore called up a new servant, who only came to them the day before, and who did not know the worldly consequence of their unwelcome guest; and Cecilia said to her, "you see that old lady yonder; when she knocks, be sure you say that *we are not at home*; and you had better add, that we shall not be home *till bed-time*;" thus adding the *lie of convenience* to other deceptions. Accordingly, when she knocked at the door, the girl spoke as she was desired to do, or rather she improved upon it; for she said that her ladies had been out all day, and would not return till two o'clock in the morning."—"Indeed! that is unfortunate;" said their disappointed visitor, stopping to deliberate whether she should not leave a note of agreeable surprise for Cecilia; but the girl, who held the door in her hand, seemed so impatient to get rid of her, that she resolved not to write, and then turned away.

The girl was really in haste to return to the kitchen; for she was gossiping with an old fellow-servant. She therefore neglected to go back to her anxious employers; but Cecilia ran down the back stairs, to interrogate her, exclaiming, "Well; what did she say? I hope *she did not suspect* that we were at home." "No, to be sure not, Miss;—*how should she?*—for I said even more than you told me to say."

repeating her additions; being eager to prove her claim to the confidence of her new mistress. "But are you sure that she is really gone from the door?"—"To be sure, Miss."—"Still, I wish you could go and see; because we have not seen her pass the window, though we heard the door shut."—"Dear me, Miss, how should you? for I looked out after her, and I saw her go down the street under the windows, and turn . . . yes,—I am sure that I saw her turn into a shop. However, I will go and look, if you desire it." She did so; and certainly saw nothing of the dreaded guest. Therefore, her young ladies finished their preparations, devoid of fear. But the truth was, that the girl, little aware of the importance of this unwelcome lady, and concluding she could not be a *friend*, but merely some *troublesome nobody*, showed her contempt and her anger at being detained so long, by throwing to the street door with such violence, that it did not really close; and the old lady, who had ordered her carriage to come for her at a certain hour, and was determined, on second thoughts, to sit down and wait for it, was able, unheard, to push open the door, and to enter the library unperceived;—for the girl lied to those who bade her lie, when she said that she saw her walk away.

In that room Mrs Atheling found a sofa; and though she wondered at seeing a large skreen opened before it, she seated herself on it, and, being fatigued with her walk, soon fell asleep. But her slumber was broken very unpleasantly; for she heard, as she awoke, the following dialogue, on the entrance of Cecilia and her lover, accompanied by Fanny. "Well—I am so glad we got rid of Mrs Atheling so easily!" cried Cecilia. "That new girl seems apt. Some servants deny one so as to show one is at home."—"I should like them the better for it," said Fanny. "I hate to see any one ready at telling a falsehood."—"Poor little conscientious dear!" said the lover, mimicking her, "one would think the dressed-up saint had made you as methodistical as herself." "What, I suppose, Miss Fanny, you would have had us let the old quiz in."—"To be sure I would; and I wonder you could be denied to so kind a friend. Poor dear Mrs Atheling! how hurt she would be, if she knew you were at home!"—"Poor dear, indeed! Do not be so affected, Fanny. How should you care for Mrs Atherling, when you know that she dislikes you!"—"Dislikes me! Oh yes; I fear she does!"—"I am sure she does," replied Cecilia; "for you are downright rude to her. Did you not say, only the day before yesterday, when she said, There, Miss Barnwell, I hope I have at last gotten a cap which you like,—No; I am sorry to say you have not?"—"To be sure I did;—I could not tell a falsehood, even to please Mrs Atheling, though she was my own dear mother's dearest friend."—"Your mother's

friend, Fanny! I never heard *that* before;" said the lover. "Did you not know that, Alfred!" said Cecilia; eagerly adding, "but Mrs *Atheling* does not know it;" giving him a meaning look, as if to say, "and do not you *tell* her."—"Would she *did* know it!" said Fanny mournfully, "for though I dare not tell her so, lest she should abuse my poor mother, as you say she would, Cecilia, because she was so angry at her marriage with my misguided father, still I think she would look kindly on her once dear friend's orphan child, and like me, in spite of my honesty."—"No, no, silly girl; honesty is usually its own reward. Alfred, what do you think? Our old friend, who is not very penetrating, said one day to her, I suppose you think my caps too young for me; and that true young person replied, Yes, Madam, I do."—"And would do so again, Cecilia;—and it was far more friendly and kind to say so than flatter her on her dress, as you do, and then laugh at her when her back is turned. I hate to hear any one mimicked and laughed at; and more especially my mamma's old friend."—"There, there, child! your sentimentality makes me sick. But come; let us begin."—"Yes," cried Alfred, "let us rehearse a little, before the rest of the party come. I should like to hear Mrs *Atheling's* exclamations, if she knew what we were doing. She would say thus:" . . . Here he gave a most accurate representation of the poor old lady's voice and manner, and her fancied abuse of private theatricals, while Cecilia cried, "bravo! bravo!" and Fanny "shame! shame!" till the other Livingstones, and the rest of the company, who now entered, drowned her cry in their loud applauses and louder laughter.

The old lady, whom surprise, anger, and wounded sensibility, had hitherto kept *silent* and *still* in her involuntary hiding-place, now rose up, and, mounting on the sofa, looked over the top of the skreen, full of reproachful meaning, on the conscious offenders!

What a moment, to them, of overwhelming surprise and consternation! The cheeks, flushed with malicious triumph and satirical pleasure, became covered with the deeper blush of detected treachery, or pale with fear of its consequences;—and the eyes, so lately beaming with ungenerous injurious satisfaction, were now cast with painful shame upon the ground, unable to meet the justly indignant glance of her, whose kindness they had repaid with such palpable and base ingratitude! "An admirable likeness indeed, Lawrie," said their undeceived dupe, breaking her perturbed silence, and coming down from her elevation; "but it will cost you more than you are at present aware of.—But who art thou?" she added, addressing Fanny (*who though it might have been a moment of triumph to her, felt and looked as if she had been a sharer in the guilt,*) "Who art *thou*, my honourable, kind girl? And who was your mother?"—"Your

Fanny Beaumont," replied the quick-feeling orphan, bursting into tears. "Fanny Beaumont's child! and it was concealed from me!" said she, folding the weeping girl to her heart. "But it was all of a piece;—all treachery and insincerity, from the beginning to the end. However, I am undeceived before it is too late." She then disclosed to the detected family her generous motive for the unexpected visit; and declared her thankfulness for what had taken place, as far as she was herself concerned; though she could not but deplore, as a christian, the discovered turpitude of those whom she had fondly loved.

"I have now," she continued, "to make amends to one whom I have hitherto not treated kindly; but I have at length been enabled to discover an undeserved friend, amidst undeserved foes. . . . My dear child," added she, parting Fanny's dark ringlets, and gazing tearfully in her face, "I must have been *blind*, as well as blinded, not to see your likeness to your dear mother.—Will you live with me, Fanny, and be unto me as a DAUGHTER?"—"Oh, most gladly!" was the eager and agitated reply.—"You artful creature!" exclaimed Cecilia, pale with rage and mortification, "you knew very well she was behind the skreen."—"I know that she could *not* know it," replied the old lady; "and you, Miss Livingstone, assert what you do not yourself believe. But come, Fanny, let us go and meet my carriage; for, no doubt, your presence here is now as unwelcome as mine." But Fanny lingered, as if reluctant to depart. She could not bear to leave the Livingstones in anger. They had been kind to her; and she would fain have parted with them affectionately; but they all preserved a sullen, indignant silence, and scornfully repelled her advances.—"You see that you must not tarry here, my good girl," observed the old lady, smiling; "so let us depart." They did so; leaving the Livingstones and the lover, not deploring their fault, but lamenting their detection;—lamenting also the hour when they added the lies of CONVINCTION to their other deceptions, and had thereby enabled their unsuspecting dupe to detect those falsehoods, the result of their avaricious fears, which may be justly entitled the LIES OF INTEREST.

Mrs OPIE.

ROME.

Time has but touched, not sealed in gloom
 The turrets of almighty Rome ;
 The same deep stream which tossed of yore
 The infants in their ark ashore, *
 Whose power, since deified, has piled
 This seven-hilled city in the wild,
 Yet in its yellow lustre roves
 By marble halls and holy groves.
 Yet on its mount, the pillared shrine
 August, of Jove Capitoline,
 Rich with the spoils which war translates,
 The plunder of a thousand states,
 Though grey with age or thunder's scars,
 Looks in proud triumph to the stars.
 Its portals passed, its threshold trod
 By white-robed Flamens of the god.
 Ascended by its hundred stairs,
 The rough Tarpeian yet declares
 His fate who freed its fame too well,
 Who vainly watched and sternly fell.
 Structures of piety and prayer,
 Domes towering over temples, there
 The busy Forum overlook,—
 The scene where Junius Brutus shook
 Fiercely his imprecating sword
 And smiled on liberty restored
 And here the Rostrum, at whose foot
 Grief rose to rage, and rage grew mute,
 As Pity dropt, or Passion flung
 Honey or gall from Tully's tongue.
 There, where the great and glorified
 On marble pedestals abide,
 With gods that make the skies their home,
 The vast Pantheon's pillared dome
 Heaves into heaven. With shout and song,
 As rushing cars urge cars along,
 There the live circus hums, and spreads
 Its gladness o'er ten thousand heads,—
 Sons of a race once armed with power
 Omnipotent in danger's day,
 And still commanding, though their hour
 Of earlier worth has passed away :
 Though wronged Camillus wars not now,
 Nor Cincinnatus leaves the plough,
 Mutius a tyrant's wrath disarms,
 Fabricius awes, nor Scipio charms,
 Nor Regulus his pangs defies,
 Looks back on Rome, and grandly dies.

WIFFEN.

* Romulus and Remus.—See Plutarch.

ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ENORMOUS READER! were you ever in Clare castle! 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the King—God bless him!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most delightful fishing out of the windows—charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the caves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and evergreen furze bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs; and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome newly white-washed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public-house, where the best *politeen* in the country was to be had. Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighbouring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighbourhood. Mr O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and I think the "*tribute money*" might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack-window in Clare castle—for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening, till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack-gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clareshire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this—Colonel Gauntlet had given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about *seventeen* then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which.

was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy M'Leary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg huriers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe-proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigncy. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanack, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the Ginerel, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Masther Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock, about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarreling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whisky punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honour of the *charms* of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my *tumbler* of whisky punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the

music and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whisky, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine bills under any control. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, vice a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her: one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honour forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah now, Mr Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mister Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots, (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best,) I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. *Mrs Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one*

might see any where ; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two,—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right ; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, “ Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass ? ” “ Is it through the long grass, ma’am ? ” “ Yes, Juliana, my love ; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass.” Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. “ Ah, now do it again, Juliana,” said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana’s supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker, and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately, Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said “ Stop ! ” and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o’clock, for that famous citadel, Clare castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel ; but Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye, would have been unkind and unhandsome ; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant of the party who was to accompany me, to call at Arthur’s Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessy’s. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker ! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound ; and when Katty Lynch, the hand-maiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entering the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled ; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the “ genteel officers,” at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel-waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave with

the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large coloured cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks, and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana,—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter*, with which she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair papers. Each individual would have taken to flight; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them, and occupied the only means of egress, except the little room, which it seems was the youngster's den; so that, like many another body, when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologised for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that in half an hour, I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing comfortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs;—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons—Mrs Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headach. Such a combination of misfortunes surely

had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the colour of the tablecloth, I could not eat. Mr Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose made-fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat, and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be. "Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headach this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by and by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married—to whom, I wondered? "O, Jerry! she will be well enough by and by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce," &c. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware"—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connexion by marriage."—"I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *denouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres's valour—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night"—I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Kilballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up, and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr Hennessy. "If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous," said a third person, from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family-circle; a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and grey pearl stockings—as he issued from the smaller apartment—how he got there, I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman,"

said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover by this and by that, and by every thing else, I am not in the humour, and I'll marry no one—good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare castle; so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down at a table, and began to write busily—the pearl-stocking'd gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonoured me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"If you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; "so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—if you don't I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do, now Mr O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you then are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Batherashin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *come-hether* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadhalau* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen*?"

I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. “Ah! now Mr O’Donoghue! dearest O’Donoghue!—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond any thing. Can’t you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do!” “Ah! do now,” said the mother. “Listen to me, now,” cried I, “listen to me all of you for fear of a mistake:—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche’s five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head-foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say—Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring?”

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—“Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr O’Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte-piano from Dublin—oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn’t I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard! And then, when we came here, wasn’t she called the *Pride of the Quay*? Wouldn’t Mr Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn’t that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of every thing, and philandering with her every where—and now you won’t marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!”

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall-door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard sergeant O’Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O’Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, “O’Gorman, they are going to murder me.” “Then by St Patrick, your honour, we’ll be in at the death,” responded the sergeant. “Katty, shut to the door,” roared Jerry.

ty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, so was not so nimble as might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the knight had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which usually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences;" and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the but-ends of their fire-locks to the door.

The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest,—and I, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs Hennessey cried "murder!" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was springing from the window. Mr Hennessey and the priest, in their haste to escape, had impeded each other, so that uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to fly before I clutched him. I dragged back the coundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighbourhood, my lads?" I asked. "No, sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman. "Then *don't* let him go!"—"No, your honour!" they all said. I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street I waited for my party, who soon joined me.

A few minutes afterwards I met Casey. "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring owes you her service." "She may go to old Nick, for all that I care," said Casey. "With all my heart, too," said I. "Small differences of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the humoured boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love*, by which we both had been stultified, we took up the stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

Fraser's Magazine.

TIME.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knees,
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
Of their strange venture hopped by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free, the furrowed task is done.
Now the village windows blaze
Burnished by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind a hill,
Sinking from a golden sky :
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye ?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound,)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthened o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home !

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the Evening loud ;
Mark the mild resplendent Moon
Breaking through a parted cloud

Now the hermit owl peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexioned lass
With her well-poised milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumbered notes,
And the Cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu !

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

EVERYBODY, or at least, every lady, is aware of the great importance which our gay neighbours, the French belles, attach to the possession of a Cashmere shawl. Indeed, their love of this article of the wardrobe may almost be said to amount to a mania.

These precious commodities are accustomed to descend from mother to daughter, for many generations; and not a little manœuvring is said to be practised by the younger branches of a French family, to secure this greatly coveted treasure. It would be difficult, nay, impossible, to account for the estimation in which these shawls are held, on any other principle than the difficulty of their acquisition; for, to an unpractised eye, a shawl that is valued at from one hundred to one thousand pounds sterling, is in reality less beautiful than many that are sold for scarcely so many shillings. From the following amusing sketch, (said to be written by an eye witness,) it would seem that the finesse requisite to secure their possession, is not confined to the ladies only.

"On the confines of Europe and Asia, and near the Wolga, is situated the miserable village of Makarieff, celebrated for the great fair which is held there in July, every year. For the space of a month, a few wretched huts, built on a sandy desert, are replaced by thousands of shops, erected with a promptitude peculiar to the Russians. Taverns, coffee houses, a theatre, ball-rooms, a crowd of wooden buildings, painted and adorned with exquisite taste, spring up. It is impossible to form an idea of the throng of people of all nations who flock to Makarieff during this holiday. There we find assembled, for the purposes of trade, Russians from all the provinces of the empire, Tartars, Tchouvaches, Tchermisses, Calmoucks, Bucharrians, Georgians, Armenians, Persians, and Hindoos; and, besides these, there are Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of costumes and languages, the most perfect order prevails. The riches which are collected together in a space of less than two leagues, are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, the merchandise of China and Persia, are displayed close to the commonest goods and most ordinary articles.

"One of the most remarkable articles of merchandise in this fair, and, perhaps, the most interesting to the ladies of Europe, is the Cashmere Shawls. For several years past they have been brought in large bales. I have seen a shawl for which eight thousand rubles were asked; although, according to my taste, it was better suited to be spread as a carpet on the divan of an Indian prince, than to cover the shoulders of a lady.

"The conclusion of a bargain for shawls, always takes place before witnesses; and having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and we were ushered into a kind of cellar. Though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages piled one upon the other against the wall.

"Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue which the Armenian broker, with much difficulty, procures from Cashemere. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down. He does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whisper in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. The negotiation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great; so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought; and the two principals begin to negotiate. The seller displays his merchandise, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises, as if going away. The brokers follow him, crying aloud, and bring him back by force: they contend and struggle; one pulls one way and one the other: it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treated. When this has continued some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand into that of the purchaser, who holds it open, and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, disengages himself, and wraps up his hand, in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable tone. This comedy continues a considerable time; they separate, they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggling recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer.

"*All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser: they sit down to pro-*

ceed to the final ceremony—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable; because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken, if he has not had his collar torn, if he has not received the full complement of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head, if his right arm is not black and blue, from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain till the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair in which I assisted as witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and came down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid 2 per cent. to the brokers.

“Our whole party, the seller, buyer, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses, sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet, with a broad fringe, spread on purpose. First of all, ices were brought, in pretty bowls of China porcelain; instead of spoons, we made use of little spatula of mother-of-pearl, fixed to a silver handle by a button of ruby, emerald, turquoise, or other precious stones. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandise was delivered.

“The marks had been verified a second time, and all found right, new disputes arose about the time of payment; and, when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. I followed the example of the rest, and could not help being struck by the diversity of the faith of those who were here assembled; there were Hindoos, adorers of Brama, and of numerous idols; Tartars, who submitted their fate to the will of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsees, or worshippers of fire; a Calmouck officer, who adored, in the Dala Llama, the living image of the divinity; a Moor, who venerated I know not what unknown being; lastly, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself a Lutheran, all three Christians, but of different communions—a remarkable example of toleration.

“My prayer was fervent and sincere: I prayed to heaven to be pleased to cure the women of Europe, as soon as possible, of their extravagant fondness for this article of luxury. The prayer being ended, we saluted one another, and every one emptied his bowl; I never tasted a more agreeable beverage. We then separated, and each went his own way.”

The Talisman.

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.*

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
 The dead all round us lie;
 By day and night the death-bell tolls,
 And says, "Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun
 We thought so wond'rous fair,
 Hath faded, ere his course was run,
 Beneath its golded hair.

I see the old man in his grave
 With thin locks silvery-grey;
 I see the child's bright tresses wave
 In the cold breath of the day.

The loving ones we loved the best,
 Like music all are gone!
 And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
 Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said
 The life of life departs:
 The body in the grave is laid,
 Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet
 Like fragrance fill the room,
 And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
 Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
 From whose dear side they came!
 —We veil our eyes before thy light,
 We bless our Saviour's name!

This frame of dust, this feeble breath
 The Plague may soon destroy;
 We think on Thee, and feel in death
 A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
 In the glory yet to come;
 O idle grief! O foolish tears!
 When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
 That weep themselves to rest;
 We part with life—awake! and there
 The jewel in our breast!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

* From "The City of the Plague."

THE DOMINIE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

NO SITUATION in society is more laborious and more irksome than that of common teachers, and no class of men is held in less public estimation, considering the important station they occupy. It is no small disgrace to our country, that men whose time and talents are exclusively devoted to the training of youth should be so ill recompensed for their valuable services. Parents in general calculate on nothing but the paltry pittance they pay for the education of their offspring, and reckon as an equivalent for their "trash" only the visible attainment of common-place accomplishments. They shut their eyes to the minute and multifarious details of duty no less incumbent on the teacher, than the more palpable branches of his profession. They seldom reflect, that thousands of their sons and daughters are probably kept from being wilful, hardened, and habitual liars, during their whole lives, by the salutary admonitions and corrections of their instructors; that the hand of the covetous has been kept from theft, and that of the fierce from violence and outrage; that natural perversity of understanding, has acquired a sense of right and wrong, and wilful wickedness been checked before it had become habitual, and before it has blasted the character of its possessor; and that every individual son and daughter that belongs to them is more or less indebted through life to the unseen but effective operation of the moral and religious principles which it is the peculiar province of the teacher to inculcate. "What is your child learning at school?" says one parent to another: "Reading, writing, and arithmetic," is perhaps the reply, as if these common attainments made up the sum total of the teacher's duties; and the reply is probably accompanied with a niggardly grumbling at the extravagant amount of the school fees.

These same persons who grudge the poor man his miserable means of subsistence, will not grudge the absurdly extravagant charge of the dancing master, for teaching their beloved sons and daughters what the *professors* of dancing call a genteel and polite deportment. They will ungrudgingly pay any sum to have their offspring stripped of their natural modesty; to have them trained to duck and bow, and nod and scrape, according to the fashionable mode of ducking, bowing, nodding, and scraping; to teach them ingresses and egresses into and out of parlours, dining-rooms, and ball-rooms; together with all the lack-a-daisical formalities of salutation and invitation, any breach of which is, in their stupid understanding, more heinous than a breach of any article of the decalogue. It is a miserable state of things, when children are made up for sale, and handed about for inspection, as if they were articles of merchandise; when they are estimated by

their parents, not for what they will bring of the riches of the grace of God, but of the mammon of unrighteousness. This is the age of lackered brass and bronzed impudence; and the poor dominie need not expect that the avaricious will cheerfully part with their gold, which they so much require to overlay and conceal their own earthly and earthward baseness of disposition.

But leaving the teacher of the present day to struggle with his own difficulties, let us look back to the village Dominie of the olden time, with his free house, his cow's grass, his pitiful salary, and his more pitiful school fees! The intellectual light of a whole parish had perhaps emanated from him, and yet his ill-requited drudgery held out to himself no prospect but that of continual poverty, and the dismal anticipation of being cut off in the midst of his days by the blighting unhealthiness of his profession. Intended for the church too, perhaps—days, months, and years of intense study—probably eight or ten years at college, and contributions levied from a host of poor relatives to keep him there. And all comes to this at last—a Dominie! mercy on us—Poor soul! Let your imagination look back some fifty years into the eternity of the past, and take his picture. Look at him with his pale wrinkled forehead, bald, almost to the crown—his eyebrows knitted to overshadow and screen his weak grey eyes glimmering feebly through his spectacles—his long thin nose, at whose point a snuff-drop is continually wagging—his nether lip habitually hanging down, as if in sympathy with his own misery—his bloodless complexion, whose unchanging colour even the frosty breath of a winter day cannot bite into a hectic flush—his wasted body, whose articulations are starting through his clothes—and his clothes thread-bare, and grey with the eternal cloud of dust that rises from the patting feet of his pupils, and floats around him in a dense and suffocating mass. What an atmosphere to live and breath, and move, and have a being in! It is worse than the corrupted atmosphere of a mule-twist cotton mill. Even the round and rosy cheeks of the lively little innocents themselves are blanched at the end of a six hour's drilling, and the blood stagnated in the veins of the most mercurial of them. Reader, did you ever put your nose into a pent-up school in a clear frosty day? If you have, you will recollect the heavy putrid air that rushed into your lungs, clogging the machinery of your body, and sinking your soul far below zero! Poor wretch! to labour in the mines of Siberia, or in any other mines, may be bad enough; worse than this it cannot be. Trembling of a morning to put the razor to his beard, lest he should, without any good reason, or *rather without any reason at all*, cut his own throat—his mind filled with wild and hypochondriacal fancies—nausea tug-tugging at his stomach, vertigo spinning in his brain, and the first symptoms of

palsy calling in the aid of a staff to prop his feeble and decaying tabernacle. Most generous forefathers! Your posterity boast of your moral worth, and your far-diffused intelligence: what a pity you could not feel it in your heart, to be a little more grateful towards those to whom you were in a great measure indebted for such inestimable blessings.

Oh, if there lives in this wide world one human being who has bowels of compassion for the sufferings of another, he will shed tears of retrospective sorrow over the miseries of this poor forlorn cast-away, when he beholds him struggling with the complicated diseases of his own frame, and the niggard narrowness of his fortune. He will weep most sincerely when he beholds, or imagines he beholds, the man of letters labouring, and labouring most successfully, to fix the alphabet in the liquid memory of some brainless cub, whose dull eye has no distinct conception of any difference in characters. What a world of labour to let the best of them know the difference between b and d, and p and q. And then comes the practical management of the whole school. There was life, and spirit, and vigour, and insolence, and rebellion, in the rising generation of that period, and strict discipline was a thing not easily established or preserved. Ill-read lessons—ill-remembered tasks—utter inattention to every thing in the world, but mischief—idleness that laughed at admonition, and set the scourge at defiance—sullen stupidity, that would neither be kicked, cuffed, nor wheedled into a sense of duty—obduracy that gloried in suffering like a Spartan—impatience that fretted itself, and tormented others under the least restraint—heedlessness that overlooked the plainest consequences of actions, and ran headlong into eternal blunders—lying, that looked up in the master's face with brazen audacity, and denied what he himself had witnessed with his own eyes—juvenile dishonesty that stood convicted without feeling disgraced—endless excuses for duties neglected—books torn and strewn in every direction—slates broken—copies slurred and blotched—last of all, downright disobedience, that impudently set its face against all authority, and sturdy rebellion that threatened to thrust out the poor pedagogue, and turn his academy into a puerile republic.

Such are a few of the internal disorders that the village Dominie of former times was called upon to repress. There were external circumstances, however, which, though less irritating, were more calculated to degrade the dignity of his character and office. Among these; were the occasional presents he received from the parents of his pupils, not as rewards for diligence in the exercise of his profession, not as gifts of friendship, but either as plain and unequivocal bribes; or, at other times, as contributions from the tender-hearted and benevolent, who were aware of his necessities. These piecemeal

contributions to his ill-stored pantry, were necessarily productive of a painful feeling of beggarly dependence on his part, under whose influence no mind, however elevated, could long retain its original dignity. His Candlemas offering was a small scheme to increase his narrow income; it was a periodical pleading of poverty, that brought his misery under the review of his employers, and made him be talked of as one who was receiving the benefit of a public subscription. His coal money too, a tax still exacted, was seldom paid with cheerfulness; and in some remote districts of the country, where coal was not very abundant, the children might be seen on the winter mornings trudging along to school each with his daily or weekly contributions of peats under his arm, for the school fire. What an inglorious thing was it to see the poor Dominie, as was the case in some quarters, marching at the head of his school, on a certain day of the year, with a son of tweedledee fiddling on before him, or bringing up the rear of the motley procession, till they reached the door of his wealthy and perhaps noble patron, who gratified his generous soul by causing bread and milk to be distributed among the little urchins who danced before his door, and by bestowing upon their venerable preceptor the munificent annual donation of—One Guinea!

The poor soul had likewise many gratuitous duties to perform, for which a dose of usquebaugh was the commonly proffered recompense. Petitions for the poor, love letters, acrostics, valentines, and all the puerile nonsense both in prose and verse, that makes up the ephemeral literature of a little village; solutions of crabbed questions in arithmetic for old pupils—lengthened compositions on polemical divinity written at the solicitation of some half-defeated dogmatist in theology—and a host of minor obligations, always thankfully received because always to be had for nothing. Surrounded by all these vilifying circumstances, performing all these ill-requited services, and seldom or never rising above the condition of absolute dependence, the common feeling towards him was pity, mingled in some with a single grain of contempt, and in others with a rude and ignorant admiration of his intellectual attainments.

It was of all things most humiliating to behold him on the first morning of the week calling on the little tremblers around him for their weekly school fees, and assuming a sort of mock dignity upon the occasion, the better to conceal from himself the inward debasement of spirit which he felt, when he took the slender pittance from the little hand he had often scourged, and was perhaps about to scourge again, five minutes after receiving this fractional portion of *his subsistence* from it. And then to hear him bawling out to some *helpless child of poverty*, who had failed in his weekly payment, “Go, tell your — illiterate pawrents to send me that tuppence half-

penny of school wages, or leave my school this instant." No wonder the unhappy man was a little crazy in intellect and infirm in body. To see a poor debilitated creature of the kind we have spoken of, labouring in a village school, with some fifty or sixty sturdy vagabonds, whose hard heads were obdurately sealed against instruction, and whose robust bodies were capable of bearing the severest flagellation without wincing, was surely a sight calculated to make every man of reflection thank his Maker that he was not reduced to the necessity of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Only imagine the deafening uproar, and the tumultuous confusion that sometimes reigned in these little seminaries. We have laughed heartily when we heard an ancient friend of ours, who began to run his career of life somewhere about the beginning of the last century, mention that he once passed one of those schools during a tremendous tempest of riotous insubordination, when the baffled teacher, unable to repress the horrible sedition that raged within, rushed towards the door, stood there, stretched out his one hand to his pupils in the interior, the other to the passengers in the street, and, with the distorted features, the frantic gesticulations, and the impassioned voice of a maniac, exclaimed to the unsympathizing passengers, "Just let any decent Christian look in here,—I say let any decent Christian just look in here and tell me candidly if he ever saw such a pack of incarnate devils as these boys on the face of the earth." Every one laughed, and no one looked in, and the Dominie continued—"They are not boys, they are hell-hounds—it is intolerable, perfectly intolerable!—curse it! I shall lock my doors for ever, and give up school-keeping altogether;" and, so saying, or rather shouting, the distracted man rushed back to assume the reins of his almost subverted government. The man was mad, no doubt of it. The way in which schools were managed in former times was enough to drive any man mad. To have one's income made up of weekly twopences, groats, and sixpences,—to be "worn to the bone with sharp misery,"—to have one's constitution broken down with the most intolerable drudgery,—to be tormented all day with dyspepsy, and ridden with incubus all night,—to be ill clothed, ill lodged, and ill fed, were evils too serious to be borne with patience by any human being.

The man of set phrases and pedantic peculiarities has been gathered to his fathers, and with him have vanished the fantastical punishments, the unmerciful flagellations, and the capricious despotism that cowed the weakness of childhood into cowardice, or exalted puerile independence of spirit into hatred of authority, and an unqualified abhorrence of every thing that wore the aspect of learning. The graves of the fraternity are without headstone or inscription, and the *memory of their doings is growing dim in the distance of the past*;

and no child of the present generation may rue that he was then unborn.
Peace to their ashes! May they repose softly and silently,—they
made noise enough in the world when alive, and we have yet uproar
sufficient without them. *Edin. Lifer. Gazette.*

THE THREE DAYS OF FRANCE.

"Cent peuples divers
Chanteront, en buquant leurs fers,
"Honneur aux enfans de la France!" — BERANGER.

FRIENDS of the freeman's hopes, upraise
A glad, exulting strain!
A spirit, as of ancient days,
Glows on our earth again!
Seek ye no more in mouldering urns
Its embers few and cold:
Look up! the fire ye worship burns
More brightly than of old!
Imperial France! this costliest gem,
This one best boon of Heaven,
Was all thy trophied diadem
Yet lacked—and now 'tis given,
Proud victors in a hundred fights,
Lords of the lyre and pen—
Now nobler name, and loftier rights
Are yours, enfranchised men!
Old men of France! whose tearful eyes
Were lingering on the past,
Rejoice! your race of victories
Is nobly crowned at last!
Now may ye lay the silvered head
To sleep in thankful trust,
That Freedom's foot, alone, shall tread
Above your honoured dust.
Bright youth of France! for gifts like thine
Fame bears no common meed;
Firm soul, that grasped the great design;
Strong arm, that wrought the deed!
Fair hands shall twine thy soldier-wreaths,
Grave sires thy civic crown,—
And every land, where Virtue breathes,
Shall hail thee as her own!
Fair girls of France! your loving snares
Well may ye proudly spread,
To bind such lion-hearts as theirs,
With Beauty's silken thread!
As you would guard your virgin charms
From coward, churl, or slave,
With welcome smiles, and open arms,
Receive the true and brave!

And ye! the beardless warrior-host.
 The chiefs in infant years!
 Well may glad France your glories boast,
 With proud, triumphant tears!
 God's help reward you! gallant wights,
 And bless the arms ye wield
 Thus early for your country's rights,—
 Keen sword and stainless shield:

Lo! Hist'ry's muse her sleep hath burst,
 To snatch her ancient lyre,
 And fan *your* triumphs, as she nursed
 The old heroic fire!
 The spirit of a thousand years
 Is kindling in her glance,
 And swells her accents, as she hears
 Your deeds, young hope of France!

Brave hearts of France! in every time,
 Land, language, class, or creed,
 Wherever lives the hate of crime,
 Or love of lofty deed;
 Wherever Freedom's martyrs weep,
 Or Freedom's altar flames,
 All lips shall burn, all bosoms leap,
 At mention of your names!

If aught of good, devout, and high
 In lasting praise endures;
 If aught of glory *shall not* die,
 O gallant men! 'tis yours!
 Strong trust ye claim, and grateful pride
 From those your strife hath freed;
 And nations watch you eager-eyed,
 And bid your swords "God speed!"

Be wakeful! though the blast should pause,
 The storm may rave again:
 Be merciful! so pure a cause
 Should wear no spot or stain:
 Be hopeful! from the risen sun
 The darkest clouds will fly;
 Be glad! for surely ye have won
 A name that shall not die!

Aye! breathe a prayer, yet low and deep
 The tears that nations shed
 Fall on that mound, whose dust ye keep
 O'er Gallia's patriot dead.
 Well rest the brave! yet living still
 Their spirits' voice shall be;
 Through every age the words shall thrill—
 "We died—and France is free!"

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a "Woodburn" beside the fire in my *study* (!) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets—potatoes at 8s. and 6d.

I began to feel—as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost—what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammer-cloth, driving by: what then was my delight, when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbours' affairs for the sake of gossip—far from it: but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all: for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute, at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to inquire into that fact. I ascertained too, for certain, that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a-week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the sirloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as *hopeless*.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid, who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that—the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no farther inquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study; and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my inquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days passed slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own;) boxes of mignonette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss-roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people, perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab *shawls*, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The

family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I inquired; therefore that could not be for the servants,—Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat quick, my eyes strained in my head, lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock-coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cashmere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons, two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony, admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had *not quite left* the school-room. She was rather above the *middle height*, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long *light auburn curls*, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been

young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old: pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers, until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coroneted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded, therefore, that she had only just *come out*, and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. *From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interest-*

ing to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now, I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil—for she drew—was invariably thrown aside when the husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together; but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;—she had a beautiful child;—she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding-doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the toothache,—not being given, as I before said, to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr Bladgen appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the

idea: but circumstances, lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion, that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited? Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in setting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressments* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir

Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tete-a-tete* walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing-room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room up stairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length, closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr Blagden, announced the accouchement of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied that I heard her exclaim, "My lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, and resumed her station in the drawing-room, and then Sir Charles was less

frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath, that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed?—pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her;—but oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear,—an instant exposure, without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Marton and Son, Dover Street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of “a Friend to Morality.” That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to despatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks, or waggons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage.—Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to “dull aunts and croaking rooks” in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick

and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then that old nurse with the new baby—then Ellen, smiling as usual; and last of all, Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wit's end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau*? and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crosby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St Legers, over the way, this morning," said he, "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said I, interrupting him. "Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The general was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "Nothing has happened to Mrs Murray or the child, I hope."

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs Murray," I replied, with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay, he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir. the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a

share of your attention is not the intriguing you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St Leger, but is no other than his *wife* and my god-daughter. I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

"Wife! god-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General, for God's sake, one instant: the elder lady?" "Is Lady St Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been some time lamenting. His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him." He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more: the Viscount?" "Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others, of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit! Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook street. I was positively at my wits' end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals, during the whole of the next three days—

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There *is* some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St Legers are returned—Capt. Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

Monthly Mag.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;

True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling through
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
 The citron shadows in the blue :
 By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
 And brodered sofas on each side :
 In sooth it was a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear stemmed platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moonlit sward
 Was damask work, and deep inlay
 Of breeded blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the waters slept.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid !

A motion, from the river won,
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
 My shallop through the star-strown canal,
 Until another night in night
 I entered, from the clearer light,
 Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
 Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid !

Still onward ; and the clear canal
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,
 Through little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid !

Above through many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-coloured shells

Wandered engrained. On either side
 All round about the fragrant margin,
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some drooping low their crimson bell
 Half-closed, and others studded wide
 With disks and tiara, fed the time
 With odour in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung.
 Not he : but something which possessed
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black-green the garden-towers and groves
 Slumbered : the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwooded of summer wind.
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,
 And flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond plots
 Of saffron light. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Dark blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars unrayed,
 Grew darker from that under-flame;
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was borne—
 A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequered lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound.
 And deep myrrh thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks

Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphat,
 Right to the carven cedarn doors,
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs,
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From wreathed silvers, look'd to shamo
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing below her rose-hued zone;
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropped a rich
 Throne o' the massive ore, from which
 Down dropped, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diapered
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!

ALFRED TENNYSON.



Engraved by James Johnston

THE CALTON HILL.

Drawn by W. M. Brown

THE CALTON HILL.

In the year 1814, when the writer of these pages was a school-boy, he used to select the Calton Hill as a proper place, from its solitude, for bending his studious thoughts on Livy and Anacron: within the brief space which has elapsed since then, it has become fully involved in the whirl of the city, and now no more resembles what it formerly was than the bustling village of the British Canadian resembles the Indian Savannah which once occupied its site. Not that the city is much more extended than it was round the Calton Hill; it is the strange peculiarity of Edinburgh, that there are Alpine scenes of savage magnificence, and precipices which never were and never can be approached, in the very centre of, and mixed up with the details of the streets. But, in 1815, the Calton Hill was rendered a thoroughfare, by the formation of a road connecting the New Town directly with the eastern district of the country. A lofty bridge was thrown from the east end of Prince's Street to the western face of the hill; the corresponding road was cut, partly through primitive rocks, and partly through a burial ground, which presented obstructions of a different, but not less difficult nature: there was also an immense hollow to be filled up. Nevertheless, the whole was in time perfected, so as to form one of the noblest approaches that any European city can boast of. Before this period, the hill exhibited two solitary buildings of opposite enough character;—a Bridewell, which somebody compared to a Bastile, and a monument to Lord Nelson, for which there are more ungracious comparisons. But this was the era of true taste in Edinburgh. The pure Grecian architecture was now beginning to be studied in its best models, and as this craggy hill seemed to offer sites equal to the Athenian Acropolis itself, various structures of that kind have since been erected upon it. First appeared an Observatory, of simple but most elegant details, having an advanced pediment on each of the four sides, supported by six columns. This is situated on the top of the hill, but not within the range of view presented in our engraving. At the south-east angle of the court enclosing the Observatory, there has since been erected a monument to Professor Playfair, a person eminently deserving to have his memory recorded in such a situation, having been chiefly instrumental in obtaining for Edinburgh the benefits of this scientific structure. The monument is a square mass surrounded with columns, and altogether formed in the purest Grecian taste. Seen from almost any place around Edinburgh, the observatory gives the whole scenery a Grecian aspect, its *form and situation* being alike calculated to remind

the spectator of the temple-crowned steeps of Achaia. It was now suggested by certain persons interested in both the arts and arms of their country, that a monument should be erected to the many Scottish officers who had fallen in the war of the French Revolution—a monument alike worthy of those heroes, and of their grateful country. The design met at first with so much encouragement, that its immediate patrons considered it as affording an opportunity of restoring, on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all the structures of Greece—the noble Parthenon itself. It was calculated that the work might be completed for £60,000, and for a time contributions were rendered with such liberality, not only in Scotland, but in every place where Scotsmen were to be found, that the strongest hopes were entertained of speedily obtaining the necessary sum. On the 27th of August, 1822, while King George the Fourth was in Edinburgh, the foundation stone was laid with masonic honours, by the Duke of Hamilton, his Majesty contributing, we believe, a thousand guineas towards the undertaking. Years passed on, and the design seemed in some danger of being neglected, when its managers very unfortunately determined to commence the work with what money they had already collected, trusting that the appearance of the building, even in its first lineaments, would be the best means of drawing further contributions from the public. Twelve massive and most beautiful columns, intended to form merely the support of the western pediment, was accordingly erected, at an expense of thirteen thousand pounds; and there the work stopped for want of funds. It is now obvious that the building can never be completed as a monument to the heroes of the last war; for if only thirteen thousand pounds could be gathered from the people, while they contemplated that arduous contest with a warm and enthusiastic feeling, what chance is there of three or four times the sum being collected from a new generation, who are not only, it would appear, coldly forgetful of those military glories, but to a considerable extent inclined to view them as a matter rather of regret than of rejoicing. Public feeling, in fact, has experienced a revulsion on this subject, and thus the National Monument, as it was fondly called, will only be, in future times, a monument of the imperfect sympathy of Scotland towards a twenty years' war, in which many thousands of her sons fell in the expectation of a glory which was hardly to survive themselves. The twelve pillars, which, as a noted wit has remarked, form at least a fine ruin, are observable in the centre of the engraving, a little to the east of Nelson's Monument. From such an unhappy object, it is pleasant to turn to the *High School*, which has been erected on the lower part of the hill, beside the *London Road*. The High School of Edinburgh is an institution

of some antiquity, (dating, I believe, from 1578,) and its respectability as a seminary of classical instruction is coeval with the dignity of the city itself. When it is considered that many of the greatest men of the country have received the rudiments of their education at this school for the last two centuries, a sufficient idea must be formed of its pretensions to general consideration. The High School was formerly situated in an obscure and inconvenient part of the town; so as to occasion a wish that either it should be removed to the modern part of the city, or that a separate institution should be formed for the benefit of the inhabitants of that district. Some hesitation having been expressed by the civic authorities, as to the removal of the school, an association was formed for the purpose of establishing an academy on the same scale in the New Town; which was carried into effect in the year 1824. As this new institution met with complete success, without materially affecting the High School, the Magistrates resolved, when somewhat too late, to erect a new building on the Calton Hill. The foundation stone was laid in July 1825, and the work completed in 1829, at an expense, I have heard, of £20,000, part of which was contributed by individuals who had received their education at this seminary. The building (of which a more particular account will be found in the subjoined note,*) was from a design by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, architect, and it met with such perfect admiration as to have placed the professional character of that most respectable individual upon what we may term a fixed basis. Overlooking minor beauties, the charm of the building decidedly lies in the bold mixture of light and shade which Mr. Hamilton has produced in front. There is much, also, in the felicitous adaptation of the style to the situation, and something in the circumstance that the building is chiefly seen from a point below the base,

* The extreme length of the building is nearly 430 feet, that of the main body 270. The portico in the centre is of the Greek Doric, executed after the manner of the temple of Theseus at Athens. The colonnades attaching the wings to the centre are of the same order. The mouldings and entablature of the wings are somewhat similar to those of the monument of Thrasyllus. The lodges at each extremity stand a little in front, and are attached to the body by circular walls, concealing from the view the playground behind.

The interior consists of a Public Hall, about 75 feet by 43, seated for 1000 boys, with accommodation for the Town Council and Examinators, and two galleries for visitors. The Rector's class room, 37 feet square, with the practising rooms and other apartments, are situated to the west, and the Library and Museum to the east of the Hall. In each of the wings are two class rooms, 37 feet by 27, and to each of the class rooms are attached two spacious practising rooms. One of the lodges is appropriated to the teaching of Mathematics, Arithmetic, and Writing; the other to the accommodation of the Janitor.

so as to give the advancing lines of the central pediment and wings a peculiarly airy effect. Since the High School was finished, the Calton Hill has been adorned further by the monuments of Dugald Stewart, and his friend Robert Burns. I say *friend*, because I wish to honour the memory of the philosopher by reminding the reader of this additional title, on his part, to our respect. The monument of Dugald Stewart is the slender and elegant temple, immediately above the western wing of the High School. It was erected in 1831, after a design by Mr Playfair, and is understood to be somewhat after the manner of a Grecian building called the Lantern of Demosthenes. In the open circle within the columns, there is a simple cinerary vase; and as yet no inscription has been affixed to the building. Burns's Monument was finished in 1832, being from a design by Mr Hamilton. It occupies a capital situation on a lower shoulder of the hill, where it is strikingly conspicuous in all directions except towards the north. It appears, however, to the individual who writes these pages, that the bulk of the structure would have been much more suitable to the exalted situation of Stewart's monument, which, on the other hand, is too gracile to have its proper effect when seen from the general distances below. The details of Burns's monument are given so faithfully in the accompanying print, that a description of them is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that the whole is in the purest Grecian taste. The mass of the building forms a grotto, which is lighted in an ingenious manner, and entered by the door visible in the engraving. This is destined for the reception of a statue of the poet, executed by Flaxman, and which was the result of a different fund from that employed in the monument.

It may be mentioned, as a circumstance honourable to Scottish national feeling, that a great part of the sums expended upon these endeared objects, was collected among our countrymen in India. I could dilate with much pleasure on the sentiment conveyed in this; but it is done to my hand in the following glowing verses by Mr M'Diarmid of Dumfries, with which I may wind up my observations on the Calton Hill.

Oh, ask yon lone exile, long destined to roam,
In the world of the west, in the climes of the pole,
Where the dread Niagara, 'neath mountains of foam,
And the mighty Ohio, their ocean-tides roll;

Or him who where Nature perennial blooms,
And the seasons united their treasures unfold,
Where the land-breeze has drunk of a thousand perfumes,
And the dust that he treads is commingled with gold:

Yes! ask why, 'midst regions thus fertile and fair,
 As the compass his heart to bleak Caledon turns?
 Ah, to Scotsmen 'tis bootless and vain to declare,
 That the magnet which moves is the genius of Burns.

Yet thy fate, never severed from home or from friends,
 Cannot share his emotion and ecstasy wild,
 Who lists, while the Lascar his cane-oar suspends,
 Some lay of the land which he loved when a child.

O! as message of angel to prophet of old,
 Transported and mute the sweet carol he bears;
 Then weeps for the land he no more shall behold,
 And weeps for the bard who that loved land endears.

C.

 THE LYKEWAKE DIRGE.

Thou hast gazed on the wimpling burn,
 Thou hast gathered the summer fern;
 If there never was maiden then,
 Wept for thee in the trysting glen,
 Spirit, pass!

If there never was in thy youth
 Thought of joy or speech of truth,
 If thou hast sat beneath the aik,
 And ne'er pulled branch for true love's sake,
 Nor lingered at thy dear one's knee,
 Nor thought her beauty best to see,
 Pass!—but thou hast not in thy heart
 One spark that can from earth depart.

If thou hast never turn'd away
 From furzy cleft or green-wood brae,
 To look upon the old roof-tree
 Where once thy brother dwelt with thee;
 If that roof-tree is not more dear
 Than marble halls and princely cheer,
 O then in heaven there will nothing be
 That can claim brotherhood with thee.

If thou hast look'd on the starry skies,
 And wish'd to have their thousand eyes,
 To seek and find a lady rare,
 That with thy fancy might compare;
 Or if thou hast ever ask'd the sun
 To lend thee of his day-beams one,
 That thou might'st every day be bright,
 And carry gladness to her sight;

Pass to heaven!—for thy dreams have been
Of beauty such as there is seen ;
Pass—for on earth thou could'st not find
One woman's love to match thy mind !

If thou hast not thought thy feast was poor,
When thy father's friend forgot thy door ;
If the hand of a stranger laid the clay
On thy mother's head of silver gray ;
If thy sister sat in her woe alone,
And thy brother mourn'd thy cold hearth-stone,
Pass away !—for the chill of death
Has been with thee since thou hadst breath ;
Pass !—thy spirit alone will wait
Naked and cold at heaven's gate !

If thou canst not call an hour to mind
When thou didst love all human kind,
Pass !—for thou hast not since thy birth
Once honour'd heaven or hallow'd earth :
But if thou hast ever hoped or strove
To bind this world in one bond of love,
O keep that hope to eternity !
That hope must stay in heaven with thee !
Spirit, pass !

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

" Thou thy worldly task hast done."

SHAKESPEARE.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone !
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely ; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died !
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved, mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

CROLY.

THE STRANGER.*

HODNET is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or anywhere else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity, on the sunny side of what in England they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers, and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent inn, the Blue Boar; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction-room, an exhibition-room, or any other kind of room that may be wanted. The church is a little further off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is, moreover, the market-town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February, the mail from London stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set upon the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold, raw night. His guest assented with a nod. "You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, inquiringly.—"Yes, sir, this is the town of Hodnet." (Mr Cherryripe did not like the term "village.") And a prettier little place is not to be found in England."—"So I have heard; and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race."—"Primitive and unsophisticated did you say, sir? Why, as to that I cannot exactly speak; but, if there is no harm in it, I daresay we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters."—"So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bed-room."

* This is a clever extension of a story told by Mr Hazlitt, which is founded on real occurrences.

Mr Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hodnet to be left unnoticed.—“Who is he?” “When did he come?” “With whom does he stay?” “How long will he be here?” “How old may he be?” “Do you think he is handsome?” These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the unconscious object of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, and yet penetratingly, over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered at that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. His features arrested your attention, and commanded your admiration. His high Roman nose, his noble brow, his almost feminine lips, and beautifully regular teeth,—his pale but not delicate cheek, his profusion of dark and curling hair, his black bright eyes, whose glance, without being keen, was intense,—all, taken together, produced an effect which might have excited attention on a wider stage than that of Hodnet. In stature he was considerably above the middle height; and there was something in his air which they who were not accustomed to it did not understand, and which some called grace, others dignity, and others *hauteur*. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Boar. But speculation was busily at work, and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. There was never such a demand for milliners since the days of Ariadne, the first milliner of whom history speaks. Needles worked unremittingly from morning till night, and from night to morning. Fiddles were scraped on in private, and steps danced before looking-glasses. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the North Pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet as-

sembly. At length the great, the important night arrived, "big with the fate" of many a rustic belle. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on a table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had as yet penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged, and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast-beef, porter, and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr Gilbert Cherryripe. At nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace, and stirred up all the bad passions, of Hodnet) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq., justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinged with awe. "Who can he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance."—"Dance!" said Miss Coffin, the apothecary's daughter; "I wonder who would dance with him?—a being whom we know no more about than we do of the man in the moon. Papa says, he looks for all the world like a quack doctor."—"I rather suspect," said Miss Bluebite, a starch spinster of fifty, who was considered the Madame de Staël of the village—"I rather suspect that he is an Irish fortune-hunter, come for the express purpose of running away with some of us. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you." Miss Bluebite was said to have property to the amount of £70 per annum, and, no doubt, concluded that she was herself the leading object of the adventurer's machinations. Had it been so, he must have been a bold adventurer indeed.

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group, and every individual, that passed before him. Judging by

the various expressions that came over his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance—that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye that he regarded the great majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; but what these expectations were, it is difficult to conceive.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder; Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful; but there was a sweetness, and modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle; and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by those who can understand them. She was one of those who are seldom missed in the hour of festive gaiety, who pass unobserved in the midst of glare and bustle, and whose names are but rarely heard beyond the limits of their own immediate circle. But mingle with that circle; leave the busy world behind you, and enter within its circumscribed and domestic sphere, and then you will discover the value of a being like to her of whom I speak. Without *her*, the winter fire-side, or the summer evening-walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides, unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate. I have said that she is not missed in the hour of festive gaiety; but when she is at length removed from among us, when the place that knew her knows her no more, she leaves

“A void and silent place in some sweet home,”

and a “long remembered grief” throws its shadowy gloom over a few fond hearts.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment, young Squire Thoroughbred came bustling towards her; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully at the unknown, and

said, with much dignity, "I, sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers's partner." The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The squire stood stock still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a slight shock of electricity. When he recovered he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were of course talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses; commentaries were offered on the various modes of dancing; doubts were suggested regarding the beauty of Miss A—; suspicions were hinted as to the *gentility* of Miss B—; Mr C— was severely blamed for dancing thrice with Miss D—; mutual inquiries were made about the odd looking man, who introduced himself so boldly to Mrs and Miss Sommers, and who was reported even to have seen them home, or at least to have left the assembly along with them. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it; but as we have not the talents either of a Richardson or a Boswell, we shall not attempt to enter into its details, especially as our attention is more particularly devoted to the "odd-looking man" already spoken of.

It is most true that he did leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them next day, it was without much difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs Sommers, and every body said it was very imprudent. "What! admit as a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew! There was never any thing so preposterous;—a woman too, of Mrs Sommers's judgment and propriety! It was very—very strange." But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is, perhaps, no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh—Frederick Burleigh, that he was probably upwards of eight-and-twenty, and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms. But farther they knew not. Mrs Sommers, however, who, to a well cultivated mind, added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new

friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well merited rank among his species. As for Emily, she loved his society she scarcely knew why; yet when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself, that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded; Burleigh taught her the most enchanting of all modern languages—the language of Petrarch and Tasso; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish, and a bolder effect. Then they read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. It was a picture for Rubens to have painted, that little domestic circle beside the parlour fire; —Mrs Sommers, with her work-table beside her, and a benevolent smile and matron grace upon her still pleasing countenance,—her guest, with the glow of animation lighting up his noble features, reading aloud the impassioned effusions of genius,—and Emily, in all the breathlessness of fixed attention, smiling and weeping by turns, as the powerful master touched the chords of sensibility. These were evenings of calm, but deep happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter; “It is from my cousin Henry,” said she. “His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry?—he and I were playmates when we were children, and though it is a long while since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred.”—“Indeed!” said the stranger, almost starting; “you must have loved

him very much, and very constantly too."—"O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow."—"To-morrow! leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leaned for support upon a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible?—Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?"—"It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected; are you never to return again,—are we never to see you more?"—"Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?"—"Oh! how can you ask it?"—"Emily, I have been known to you under a cloud of mystery,—a solitary being without a friend or acquaintance in the world,—an outcast apparently from society,—either sinned against or sinning,—without fortune, without pretensions;—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shown to me?"—"Pity! pity you! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity, I should—" She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy."—"O! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage. "God bless you, Emily," said the stranger: "I dare not see Mrs Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell, dearest! farewell!" She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss, and, when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability that, in the busy world, he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes; but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspicious temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart,—red coat, sword, epaulette-belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. *But he was not destined to leap into Emily's.* She had enclosed

ed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three-month's siege, it was impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning; shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted, "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow, and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoar-frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks; and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh did come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor inquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? "My family," said he is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me, I cannot unravel until you are indissolubly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily intrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do? It had been better perhaps they had never known him; but knowing him, and thinking of him as they did, there was but one alternative,—the risk must be run.

It was run. They were married in Hodnet and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage, and drove away, nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride, upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention, that towards twilight they came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, *situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks.* Emily expressed *her admiration of its appearance*; and her young husband, gazing on

her with impassioned delight, exclaimed,—“Emily, it is thine! My mind was imbued with erroneous impressions of women; I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved, that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country *incognito*; I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I, and not my fortune, that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh, Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!”

It was a moment of ecstasy; for the securing of which it was worth while creating the world, and all its other inhabitants.

HENRY G. BELL.

NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what Highland Nora said :

“The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of Nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.”

“A maiden's vows, (old Callum spoke,)
Are lightly made and lightly broke :
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light ;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae ;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.”

“The swan,” she said, “the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest ;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn.
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly ;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.”

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made,
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river,
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel :
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TWO PAPERS FROM THE PRIVATE MEMORANDA OF
ARTHUR GARROWAY, ESQ.

LOVE AT THE LATTICE.

The University of Edinburgh received me within its walls, as a student of Moral Philosophy, on my eighteenth birth-day. It was a remarkable era in my existence,—for my parents, who had hitherto regularly accompanied me to town at the beginning of winter, chose on this occasion to remain in the country. How pleasant it was to have a lodging of my own—to be undisputed master of chairs, table, carpet, chimney-corner, and bell-rope—to be deferentially addressed on the subject of breakfast, dinner, and supper,—those will best conceive who have been in like circumstances.—I felt a strong tendency to trifle away the time—but the meanness, not to mention the unprofitableness, of doing this when such comfort had been laid to my hand for a very different purpose, struck me so forcibly, that I applied myself in real earnest to my studies. No one heard lecture with more steady attention, and few, I believe, read or wrote or reflected more in private than I did. I went over the whole of Locke's *Treatise on the Human Understanding* without objecting to any of its doctrines—a coincidence of opinion, which set me somewhat higher in my own esteem. Then I set myself to the perusal of Hume's *Essays*, wherein I was informed that the treatise aforesaid, was really a *lock* on the understanding, and proceeded throughout upon erroneous principles. This was a severe blow to me. I had been following a blind guide, and saw myself illustrating an old proverb. After Hume, came Beattie, &c.—These I glanced at slightly, and found that each contradicted the other. Perhaps I was right at first. Be this as it may, I one morning, in a rage, *locked* the whole fraternity of contradictions in my book-case, determined to be humbugged no longer,—and sat down at the window with "*Fielding's Amelia*" in my hand. "Here," said I to myself, "shall I behold human nature represented as she really exists, and acts, and not as she is distorted by the sceptics and dogmatists!" Chapter after chapter glided past, and I was swayed alternately by the humour and pathos of the incomparable writer. My revenge was complete. I slapped the book down upon the vis-à-vis chair, and laughed at Philosophy.

Happening then to look into the street, I observed a very beautiful young lady at a window opposite, busily employed with her needle. Her complexion was delicate without sickliness, and her hair, mid-way between dark-brown and yellow, hung curling over a neck and shoulders of *fairest symmetry*. I was enraptured in a moment—transformed, as it were, into a new being. My position in life seemed changed.

I wondered how it was possible I could have bestowed so much time on Metaphysical absurdities, while such a person as the one now before me was in the world, and could be loved. I considered education as in a great measure an invention to keep young people employed and unhappy, a more ingenious system of nursery delusion, suited to maturer ignorance. All this flashed upon me as I watched every motion of the fair sempstress—every rise and fall of her snowy fingers.—I verily believed I had discovered a great truth. The ascent of cool reason is often a mechanical—almost unheeded process—but when the mind is in a state of excitement, its belief, no matter of what, has a vitality of conviction in it, which mere demonstration cannot produce.—I had retrieved my character to my own satisfaction as a philosopher, by an important discovery. Others might study, like fools; as for me, I was too wise to be taken in any longer.

At length my charmer lifted up her head, and looked diagonally along the street. Round and round came her face till our eyes met. Hers did not shrink away, nor express vacancy. No—there was that tender expression in them with which congenial though unknown beings respond good will to each other—but there was far more than this. There was the trembling glance, the timorous acknowledgment of love. She resumed her task. “That is plain enough,” thought I, “there’s no mistaking the evidence of one’s senses in such a case as this. Yet why should she be so forward in her advances? I never saw her before that I know of! ’Tis wonderful, ’tis passing wonderful! not so much so neither when one considers. She may often have seen *me*. Likes my appearance, that’s clear, and may have noted my studious habits. Probably has made inquiry and ascertained my respectable status in the University. Might well for a beginning! I confess I always thought my exterior tolerable—but it must be a confounded deal more than that: it must be excellent, else such a judge as she could never have been so overcome.” Having thus soliloquized, I took my hat, and rambled forth into the King’s Park. The bounding joy of my heart required wide space to expand itself in. I was sure of having made a conquest, and it was luxury, alone and unseen, to let fancy roam over the consequences. Dinner had been ready an hour, ere I got back to my lodging. Never did I eat with better appetite. Mine was not the love which uncertainty and fears overshadow. It had the charm, without the alloy, of old romance. All night I dreamt about the beautiful unknown, and morning restored her to my waking view.

When my landlady had set the breakfast things upon the table—instead of withdrawing, and shutting the door behind her, as had been *her wont*, she went to the window, and remarked how very industrious

the young lady opposite was. This from any other person would in no small degree have discomposed me—but I knew my landlady (she had been a servant of ours) to be a sincere and somewhat obtuse person, and my ear told me that both of her reigning qualities were exercising their usual functions on the present occasion. I knew also that she was fond of inoffensive gossiping, and merely wished to bring me in for a little of it.

“What is her name?” I inquired.

“Miss Flora Stewart,” she answered, “Her father died about twa years since. They have a big property somewhere in the west—but it seems her mother and her have come to try Auld Reekie for a winter. I wish she may be able to bear the change frae the fresh air of the country that she was uset with, to this smoky hole.”

A knock at the door put an end to farther discourse. My landlady retired, and I began breakfast, pleased with having heard so much, and not caring to hear more.

This day, Flora frequently looked from her window—but never, that I could perceive, at mine. I was not surprised, however. She had sufficiently signified her regard for me already, and perhaps felt somewhat ashamed, on reflection, of having done so. The conjectural part of my explanation grew into certainty, and my mind remained at ease, while my admiration was, if possible, increased. I fancied I could perceive that it was with difficulty she refrained from looking at me too. Her face seemed a perpetually changing hieroglyphic where I could read her love-thoughts of me thus :

“Oh, if he but knew, how deep, how sincere, how engrossing my attachment to him is, he could not have withdrawn himself as he did yesterday, just when I had ventured to look so at him! Stupid he cannot be—His appearance and his success as a student put this out of the question.”

“I know it all, my angel,” I exclaimed aloud to myself, “your devotedness and your watchful anxiety! I am not stupid—my prizes testify that, as you say—but I speak thus in vain—You do not, cannot hear me!”

I drew in the table, and composed the following verses—turning from time to time for inspiration to the fair subject of them—as a painter does when he paints a portrait.

TO FLORA.

BELOVED Flora! wheresoe'er
Fate shall my wandering footsteps guide,
It matters not if far or near,
So thou art by my side.

The fairest spot of earth were sad,
 Did I not share with thee its smile,
 The bleakest wilderness were glad,
 If thou wert there the while.

Yes—I have mark'd that beaming eye
 So sweetly, fondly turn'd on me—
 Yee—I have answer'd sigh for sigh,
 In my deep love of thee !

Oh ! how I long for that bless'd day
 When fate shall join us ne'er to part
 Till love with life shall fade away
 From this *high-beating* heart!—

Having copied them on handsome gilt paper, which I folded and sealed in my best style, I committed them to the post-office with my own hand—taking care to pay the postage. It would not be sent to her that evening as the letter-carriers were already abroad—but morning would answer quite as well.

Another night of pleasant dreams passed away. I rose as soon as it was light. What was my surprise at seeing Flora at her window ! The postman could not have arrived. It would not be his time for at least an hour and a half. She must have called herself, or sent to the post-office yesterday evening, and got my letter ; and here she is, acknowledging it as plainly as pantomime can. Such was my logic.

She was, at all events, more liberal of her glances, and happier looking. I was determined I should declare myself in the course of the day, in plain prose, giving name and connections and requesting liberty to call at her house. I mustered courage to smile once or twice in the pride of my heart, and she smiled also. Here was I, the proverbially modest and diffident young man, as my relations, acquaintances, and landlady chose to style me, actually far on in the art of nonchalance.

“ Never mind,” said I to myself—“ Faint heart never won fair lady ; I have :—therefore my character has been hitherto misunderstood. My marriage will set that to rights.”

At breakfast my hand shook a little when I lifted the cup or saucer (I could not eat anything) but :till my courage was above the flinching point—I rang the bell, and in came my landlady.

Just at this moment, a carriage halted in the street. I ran to the window, my landlady following. It was at Flora's door and a gaily dressed young man was in the act of stepping from it. He knocked, and entered the house. I could not speak ! Fortunately my landlady did not. About ten minutes elapsed, when Flora and an elderly lady made their appearance, accompanied by the gaily dressed young man, who handed them into the carriage, and then followed

himself. Bang went the carriage door: the driver mounted the box, and off they drove.

"There they go at last," said my landlady, "she has got a great match, they say."

"Who has?" said I, almost choking.

"Miss Flora Stewart," she replied. "She's to be married this day to young Laird Hilton—him that's in the coach with them.—Did I not tell you about it? Though to be sure I only got word of it myself last night. But I must go and inform Jenny Wardrop."

Ere she had uttered the last words, my brain was reeling round—the floor seemed to become a perpendicular, and the wall opposite to me a horizontal surface, ready to receive me as I fell down in insensibility.

A BREAK OF FORTUNE.

FIFTEEN years rolled by, and again I visited the city of Edinburgh—the scene of my early, only, and unsuccessful love.—Strange that one untoward circumstance should have clouded all my associations with a place where I had previously enjoyed so much happiness!—But so it was:—every object looked cold to me—while a voice within me kept whispering—"Here it was you played the fool!"—Reason attempted to assert her superiority by suggesting, that the folly of youth was best atoned for by the wisdom—not the unavailing regret of manhood, which only made me a second time to play the fool. I felt, without being able to act upon it, the reproof of my inward monitor. The distant past was in my memory like yesterday—new, painful, and engrossing.

Murder must needs keep awful haunting about the most callous spirit, when memory and the bloody spot meet together! What tuggings of despair to get free! What desolateness for the eye, on earth and in heaven! What fiendish laughter to sport with tearful repentance! What homelessness for all thought!

I had not committed murder, nor any crime of deeper dye than that which is written down among the memoranda of my eighteenth year—that tale of love and vanity!—It is both my pride and my shame to bring myself thus before the confessional of my own conscience—placing all my actions, be they praise or blame-worthy, out in palpable and permanent array for its judgment. It was my father's practice, and it has been mine. Whether any eye save my own shall ever see these memoranda, I know not—but if so—it shall be for the *sake of good*. It is only a righteous thing that my character should *hereafter*, if known at all, be known with its faults as well as its *perfections*. I have altered or recalled no part—deeming it preferable to

trust to the fidelity of the first impression—and not being over solicitous about a blameless diction.

Well did I remember the homeward journey, during my love-sickness—the quiet green fields that seemed to fleet past like winged islands, each a paradise—mocking my troubled soul, as forward rolled the vehicle which bore me to my parents—Then the days of my slow recovery—and then the settled indifference of succeeding years.

* * * * *

I took apartments in Edinburgh, as far remote from my former residence as the business which brought me to the city once more would permit. On the fourth day after, as I was seated by the fire with my pipe, and solitary reflections—my servant entered and put a letter into my hand.—I hastily broke it open, and, wonderful to say, it enclosed the identical love-verses in my own hand-writing which I had addressed to Flora Stewart on the night before her marriage! The envelope had these words, "Look to the window opposite."—My heart filled, and the tears started in my eyes. I rose trembling and went to the window. A lady sat at one in the house opposite.—It was Flora herself—the long-lost object of my earliest love! She was lovelier, I thought, than ever. A gentle sadness suffused her features—the badge of widowhood was on her brow. In five minutes more I was in her presence. * * * * *

When the tide of memory had grown calm, she proceeded to give me some account of that period of her history which had elapsed since we saw each other. Her husband had fallen into bad health, and gone, by the advice of his physicians, to the continent, whither she had accompanied him, and where, in a few months, he breathed his last, leaving her the whole of his possessions. She was now in the fifth year of childless widowhood, and resided with her mother, as she had done previous to her marriage. She well remembered having seen me, when a student, at the memorable window. Her supposed attachment to me, as I was prepared to hear, had been purely in my own imagination. She had even long believed, that the verses which I had addressed to her were the production of her husband, who had employed a friend to transcribe them. It was only by hinting this to himself that she became aware of her mistake. She then, and not till then, recollected that there had been something marked in my manner of looking at her—while she had been busy with her marriage dress—and having once associated delight with the verses themselves, she could not help transferring some portion of her esteem, at least, to the unknown author—and thus my image had continued in her memory. I was pleased with the idea of being so little changed, that she could recognise me after so many years.

We have been for some time married, and our union bids fair for happiness. I am in possession of the estate and title of my old rival the Laird of Hilton.

Thus strangely are our most confident expectations frustrated, and our happiness ultimately secured, in a way which we never thought of.

Z.

END OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
 Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
 Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold
 Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
 Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
 Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
 The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast shrill;
 And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
 When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
 Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
 Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
 No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
 The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
 And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging wain,
 On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
 Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
 Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of scattered grain.

Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still,
 Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
 To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
 To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
 To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
 To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain
 On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
 And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
 O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
 Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
 Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
 That gleam through mist on Autumn's evening sky,
 And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
 When wild November hath his bugle wound;
 Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
 Through fields time-wasted, on end inquest bound,
 Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE TWO COMFORTERS.*

One day the great philosopher Citofile said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so, "Madam, the Queen of England, daughter to Henry IV. was as wretched as you: she was banished from her kingdoms; was in the utmost danger of losing her life in a storm at sea; and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold."—"I am sorry for her," said the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citofile, "remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a most chaste and virtuous affection, an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face; and, in the sequel, her good friend and relation, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years."—"That was very cruel," replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps," said the comforter, "you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner, and strangled."—"I have a confused remembrance of her story," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you," added the other, "the adventure of a sovereign princess, who, within my memory, was dethroned after supper, and who died in a desert island."—"I know her whole history," replied the lady.

"Well, then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess, whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have: her father entered the chamber, and surprised the lover, whose countenance was all on fire, and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady, too, had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeased with the young man's countenance, that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs, and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty, and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince: you can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison; she always talked to me of her own misfortunes."

* From the French of M. de Voltaire.

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady.—"Because," said the philosopher, "you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think on Hecuba; think on Niobe."—"Ah!" said the lady, "had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavoured to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it; found it very exact; and wept nevertheless. Three months after, they renewed their visits, and were surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humour. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription, *To him who comforts.*

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANOFORTE.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
With griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.
Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—
And Memory dear—
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat
In thee we find:
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answers kind.

LEIGH HUNT.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.*

MONDAY.—Awoke with a head-ache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion are there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud when you are half dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half-a-dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have had a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what have I done this day? Oh! I remember every thing went wrong, as it always does when I have a head-ache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair; and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap: *mon*. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill. Heigh-ho, when will that be? Tormented by duns, jewellers, mercers, milliners: I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapoured after a Sunday evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *desagremens* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill, and wants to see me: drove to Grosvenor square in no very good humour for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame Ma Mère fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-bye, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother; I really

* From "Sketches and Fragments. By the Countess of Blessington."

think she helps to make her hippish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's to-night. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him? I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tete-a-tete*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstanley, purposely to pique me,—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from Madame, the governess, saying that the children want frocks and stockings:—they are always wanting:—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's: wore my new Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and lustre to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-coloured satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold.—The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the anti-room, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent:—Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's and Mrs Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tornure will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams:—sent to know how mamma felt, and heard she had a bad night:—must call there, if I can:—wrote Madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of Amelia Mansfield: very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing.—I did not get out until past five: too late then to go and see mamma. Drove in the Park, and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking-dress very much.—Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture:—had not nerves sufficient to see the children,—they make such a noise, and spoil one's clothes. Went to the Opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a good effect.

Belmont came to my box, and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in, and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick bed of my mother instead of being at the Opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because, if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on:—drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things:—met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure:—had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession:—almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it.—Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations:—felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half-a-dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *denouement*; for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms. I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before;" and I think it was in the same book that I read, that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this.—I wish Belmont had not written to me:—I don't know what to do:—how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it!—I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too:—how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much:—poor fellow, I pity him:—how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it!—I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked

over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it:—after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so and so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them, and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine:—but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Flounce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks.—I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful ball:—though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures: I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-bye, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favourite and favoured temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont; but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into any thing like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand, and pressed it very much. I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball-room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. *Ad propos* of Belmont, what have I done with his note?—My God, what a scrape have I got into! I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks

of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again : it must have been Flounce. I have often observed her curiosity—and now I am completely in her power. What shall I do? After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamt of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures:—awoke terrified:—I feel nervous and wretched:—Flounce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me? Would to Heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's, and give it back to him. I really feel quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told me she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of, and obedient to Madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to Madame, and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid:—mamma is worse, and really I am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers: I feel a strong presentiment of evil, and dread I know not what . . .

Good Heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it. Never till I saw that sainted form for ever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief!—she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed!—distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and

has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is for ever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections!

My sister says, that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and that last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you will I retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and endeavour to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.

THERMOPYLÆ.

THEY fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled, mingled with their fame, for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is Glory's still, and theirs!
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth;—
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on,
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.





Painted by W. M. Arthur

Engraved by James Calverton

THE
 LADY OF THE LAKES
 BY
 W. M. ARTHUR
 ENGRAVED BY JAMES CALVERTON

THE MOSS-TROOPER.

So to imagination's eye
 Look'd the stout chief of border story,
 Whose dwelling was some tower now rent
 And desolate and hoary.

The blended recklessness and care
 Which an uncertain fate produces,
 The conscience which on easy terms
 Accommodates with truces,—

This in his countenance we read ;
 Also a high and generous spirit,
 Such as can bring its enemies
 To love as well as fear it.

A wondrous versatility
 Which makes all things in life seem equal :
 'Tis he that in a murder finds
 A merry sequel.

Perchance but now from strife of blood
 Return'd—with damsel of the mountain
 He jocund talks, and cools his lip
 At the clear fountain.

She knows not that a cateran
 Is resting his blown steed beside her ;
 And better so—for smallest harm
 Will not betide her.

She'll tell at home, how down there rode
 From the hill-tops, with plaid and claymore,
 A pleasant squire. Her parents see,
 Ere she can say more,

That the moss-trooper is at hand ;—
 And using well the timeous warning,
 They spread the rumour—soon he'll spy
 The hill-tops burning.

He and his ambush'd men have fled ;
 He bans the maid, half-vexed, half-laughing,
 Who trick'd him of his purposed raid,
 And takes an oath 'gainst water-quaffing.

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE—A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

REALLY when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befell several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned out to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specified conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say, with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a weel-speeked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children: so the old man seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ring-leader of every trick that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humouredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobbleshev of diversion. How to master this, was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half *learned in his preliminary humanities*, his father and he had *taken some scheme into their heads*, and he was removed from me and *sent to the college*.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and was likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now began to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honour of preparing for the world, most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had fallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backwards, faith, I could neither read it backwards nor forwards, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominie, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it, and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie, a very different life from chapping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in at all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, Sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the fore-mentioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side, I saw a team of horses pulling a plough towards me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yo-ing and yau-ing of the man who followed it. Something struck me that

I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up, I discovered under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clayey hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the Dominie!" and truly he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominie, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdabbery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life. I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough, so here I am, happier than ever; besides, harkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, Sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Pooh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming already, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid Mr Cheap."

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years' lease. I'll grow grey as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominie. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself, as I walked up the lane from the farm house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when, coming towards the same neighbourhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel, and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander towards it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house and stared in my face, as a Scottish lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longrigs, which is occupied by one Mr Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thieveless smile, and, without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flour from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels, would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longrigs?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighbourhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eyewinkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of

flour. "Is it possible, Dominie, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks,—“really this beats everything! and so Charlie, ye’re now turned into a miller.”

"As sure’s a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominie! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a multrie out of every man’s sack, and levies his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labour of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water wheel works for me all night, so if I can’t get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my bairns learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college, were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day, he’s aye bringing till her—
His ample hands in ilk man’s pock,
His mill grinds muckle siller,
His wife is dress’d in silk and lawn,
For he’s aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man’s case—and a little civil argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I; "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but, Lizzy," he

added to his wife, "what are you standing glowering there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was two years older; and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story—and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy, were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have exhausted worlds and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not, in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that it had taken from him all his private joys, in the *hope* of one day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation, as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house, I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it: but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh, to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at *nothing whatever*, his children turned the house upside down in

their ecstasy at being rich ; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence, for being so unreasonably kind to this family ; while thousands around them struggled incessantly, in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy ; for I had seen so many who would, for any little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were able to attain thereto ; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy than the fool.

Athenæum.

THE BLIND HIGHLANDER.

The Author during a recent tour through Lochaber, saw the object who suggested the following stanzas. He was a mountaineer of the old stock—upwards of 100 years old—and stone blind with age. He had been out with Prince Charles in 1745—and had made many narrow escapes for his life in the year of blood which followed the battle of Culloden. A more venerable-looking being can scarcely be imagined—he would have been a splendid subject for an artist—who, without erring much, could have very easily substituted his bust for that of St Peter or St Paul.

Old hunter of the desert !—time has squander'd
Thy years and deeds, like summer showers away ;
Yet, like the princely eagle, thou hast wander'd,
The pride of love—the terror of the fray.
Ay, thou hast pull'd the oar, and bravely weather'd
The squally sea, when storms had raved their fill ;
Or climb'd the high moors, when the tempest gather'd,
Like desolation, round each groaning hill.

Yes, thou hast scaled the cliff, and scour'd the furrow
Of the storm sheer'd and isolated crags ;
And sent, like death, thy swift destroying arrow,
And hit the hawk above their highest jags.
The wild stag knew thy horn—the falcon flinted,
And, from his snow rocks shrieking, shunn'd thy ken—
The fleetest rover of the mountain panted,
When thou cam'st sweeping through the narrow glen.

Child of the lonely valley ! thou hast trodden,
With kindred warriors, Corrieyerick's brow,
When rushing to the fight of black Culloden,
The glory of the glens was doom'd to bow.

And thou didst swell the cry of savage slaughter,
Which told the charge of Scotland's plaided band ;
When swords were shiver'd, and the blood, like water,
Was vainly pour'd for their devoted land.

And thou didst meet the Saxon—ay, and trample
The crimson kite, until it lick'd the dust.
Though foil'd and worsted, thy revenge was ample,
And none struck truer—deadlier to their trust :
Thou saw'st the mighty and the noble-hearted
Go down beneath the stranger and the slave.
The glory of thy kindred there departed :
The mountain thistle wither'd in the grave.

They met—they charged—they battled—and their glory
Vanish'd, unclouded—like a summer's star
O'er their own silent waters—but their story
The trump of fame has heralded afar.
Their grave is hallow'd ground—still in the sheilings
That deck the lonely valleys of the west,
Fair eyes are weeping—and a thousand feelings
Rise, like revenge, within each mourner's breast.

Still, from their own wild solitudes, that slumber
Beneath the kisses of the setting sun,
In widowhood of soul, a joyless number
Wander to mourn above each perish'd one.
The young—the beautiful—the tender-hearted
Leave their green straths and valleys far away,
Fair pilgrims to the dead—o'er the departed
To kneel, to sorrow, and to weep a day.

Scion of perish'd fame ! though thou art shrouded
In deep eternal gloom—though years like Night
Have gather'd round life's citadel—and clouded
Thy earthly eye-balls—still thy mind is bright :
Ay, clear and piercing—as when thou went'st roaming
Athwart the grey heaps—by the living rills,
When the broad gorgeous drapery of gloaming
Came down, like slumber, and embraced the hills.

Still dost thou see those peaks of toil and danger
Where echo pants and dies, and with the deer
Thy spirit is a free and fearless ranger—
A sunbeam passing o'er the uplands drear.
Yes, 'mid those streams of foam, and misty deserts,
The scath'd defiles, and precipices bare,
After a century of wars and hazards,
Thy memory, like a wild flower, nestles there.

Thou still canst see the moon and all her daughters
 Wander above thy wastes—and hear the lakes,
 With the majestic voices of their waters,
 Ring up among the crags, and through the brakes ;
 And thou canst list the staghound, or the beagle,
 Coursing the boundless moors and mountains dun,
 And follow in her path the mighty eagle,
 Riding unscared, proud pinion of the sun.

And thou canst list the savage torrent singing
 Among the fractured rocks, alone and loud,
 And mark the masses of the pinewoods swinging
 Above the bald crags, like some thunder cloud ;—
 The pathless hills that in the mist seem dreaming,
 And the blue surgy lochs that lash the shore—
 The falcon on her course of glory swimming—
 The million clouds that sweep the desert o'er ;—

All break upon thy soul, as fresh and shining
 As when thy bow of life was firmly strung ;
 And thou dost see them, in thy years declining,
 As green as Ossian saw them when he sung.
 The sky—the frith—the glen—the castle hoary—
 The wild stream rushing far among the braes—
 The hunter's narrow house—the yawning corrie—
 The stone that tells the tales of other days,—

Though they have vanish'd and the tale of sorrow
 Echoes alone athwart the hill-side now ;
 Though on the night of Scotland dawns no morrow—
 Though Fame's old tree is lopped off every bough—
 Still dost thou see them all, and they are letter'd
 Upon thy inmost heart ;—though poor and lone,
 Yet wander where thou wilt, thy soul is fetter'd
 To the bleak cliffs of rugged Caledon.

There is a charm, which years cannot destroy,
 A holy spell that will not pass away,—
 Which links us with a melancholy joy
 To every vision of our life's young day.
 The heart may wither, and the eye-ball perish,
 But these are dreams that will not leave the breast—
 Visions of glory, which the mind will cherish
 Until that little trembler is at rest !

D. M.

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.*

IN several parts of Scotland such things are to be found as *tales* of the plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed, that occasionally circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave—many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing, as it does, to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh, which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubting-Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within, and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form, leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the

* From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear, that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of their friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to ingraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtile and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread in consequence over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention, was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him *that she did not* desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and lent a patient ear. She told him

that, on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour who lay upon a lonely death-bed, in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swoof* down the stairs, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and, looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her, to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, *being then peculiarly sensitive*, received the intelligence with a *degree of alarm*, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occa-

sioned amongst a people: and as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, flitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater promptitude. It was thought—if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty—that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times, is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having despatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be their commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They inquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose of thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it, in its present distress, with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the

common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend, as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in Cap-and-Feather Close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an alley to the eastward, named Halkerston's Wynd. This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c., which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient

soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortals themselves,—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep, but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was con-

firmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure as of a tall man loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie-Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when, in a moment, the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a visible state of convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditional story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life; became, it is said, a *douce* presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said, that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

DECEMBER.

WHERE late the wild flower bloomed, the brown leaf lies ;
 Not even the snow-drop cheers the dreary plain :
 The famished birds forsake each leafless spray,
 And flock around the barn-yard's winnowing store.

Season of social mirth ! of fireside joys !
 I love thy shortened day, when, at its close,
 The blazing tapers, on the jovial board,
 Dispense o'er every care-forgetting face
 Their cheering light, and round the bottle glides ;
 Now far be banished, from our social ring,
 The party wrangle fierce, the argument
 Deep, learned, metaphysical, and dull,
 Oft dropt, as oft again renewed, endless :
 Rather I'd hear stories twice ten times told,
 Or vapid joke, filched from Joe Miller's page,
 Or tale of ghost, hobgoblin dire, or witch :
 Nor would I, with a proud fastidious frown,
 Proscribe the laugh-provoking pun : absurd
 Though't be, far-fetched, and hard to be discerned,
 It serves the purpose, if it shake our sides.
 Now let the circling wine inspire the song,
 The catch, the glee ; or list the melting lays
 Of Scotia's pastoral vales,—they ever please.

Loud blows the blast ; while, sheltered from its rage,
 The social circle feel their joys enhanced.
 Ah, little think they of the storm-tossed ship,
 Amid the uproar of the winds and waves,
 The waves unseen, save by the lightning's glare,
 Or cannon's flash, sad signal of distress.
 The trembling crew each moment think they feel
 The shock of sunken rock ;—at last they strike :
 Borne on the blast their dying voices reach,
 Faintly, the sea-girt hamlet ; help is vain :
 The morning light discloses to the view
 The mast alternate seen and hid, as sinks
 Or heaves the surge. The early village maid
 Turns pale, like clouds when o'er the moon they glide ;
 She thinks of her true love, far, far at sea ;
 Mournful, the live long day she turns her wheel,
 And ever and anon her head she bends,
 While with the flax she dries the trickling tear.

JAMES G

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE BUCCANEERS.

"Thus said the rover
To his gallant crew,
Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue ;
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the quarter-deck,
Fire down below."

Old Ballad.

"Hist, Ben, hist ; we must be hauling close on to it now ; and, by the hookey, there's the very cross she spoke of, heaving in sight over those trees ; so belay, lad, and bring your hull to anchor astern of that oak,—'twill keep you out of eye shot."—"Ay, ay, sir ; but I hope as how you won't be 'fended if I speak a bit of my mind, 'case, d'ye see, I don't think this here kind of coquetting with the crafts, near so taut a way of doin' it as to bear down and engage at once, and cut the little hooker out ; and if she's for openin' fire, why a little lip-salve will soon make her lay-to and obey orders ; but, workin' about this way, we may perhaps get hulled by one of those d—d pateraroes, and smite my timbers if I don't fancy that 'bout as much as short allowance."—"No, no, Ben, she must volunteer, no pressing for me ; but are you sure the boat's within hail of our fusils ?"—"Ay, ay, sir. All right there away a little to the nor'ard, close under the lee of that point."—"Away with you, then, to your berth, and here I go, full sail, on a sentimental tack. Hem ! Hem !—"

"The soft breath of eve hath lull'd into night,
And soon the first blush of the dawning day
Will steep the young world in beautiful light,
And we must be off o'er the billows away.
Like down floats the spray on the ocean's breast,
And the moonlight there has a softer ray
No sound or alarm thy step shall molest,
Then, Lora, love, wake ! my bark's in the bay.
Queen thou shalt be of a hundred brave hands !
They rule o'er the waves and the storms of the sea ;
Thy word shall unsheathe a hundred keen brands,
The flag of thy empire to guard safe and free.
And I've left my native land,
And I've led mine own true band.
Through the tempest and the wave,
To win thee, or a grave.

And our anchor's out, and our sails are fur'd,
 And safely we ride
 On the swelling tide
 Of the silvery shores of another world."

"Jesu Maria, signor, you here! For the love of the Virgin, hist! I ne'er thought to have seen you again. How came you?" "My good ship, Lora, dear, brought me on the wings of love, and the little god took the helm, and piloted us to this haven. Ever since I took you in the St Christopher, my heart has beat truly and fondly for you alone; and when I had to land you, and your old spoil-sport of an uncle, I thought I should have foundered. In the battle and the storm my thoughts still turned to thee, till at last, not being able to keep afloat without Lora for a consort, I left merry England, and bore away with every sail for this spot, and here I am, fast moored 'neath thy window. My boat waits on the edge of the shore, and two bells will place us safe on board; so slip your cable, love, with me, and we'll bend every rag for the port of matrimony."—"Alas! Signor capitano, I know not what to do. My uncle was so hurt at a true son of the church being beat by a heretic Inglesse, that he died soon after you so generously landed us, and ever since I've lived with my aunt like a caged bird, and she harasses me night and day to take the veil, but (Mary, mother, forgive me!) the form of an English sailor always flits between me and the cross. Would you always love me, if I were to go?"—"Ay would I, Lora, as true as the needle to the pole; and if ever I cease to love you, may I founder and be d—d the next time I set foot on salt water."—"I've half a mind to trust you Helgho! what shall I do?"—"See, love, fasten this rope to the balcony, and I'll be alongside you in the flash of a cutlass. Here, Ben, bear a hand, and stand by the rope. My arms, Lora, will bear you over the rail, and my cockswain will bring you safe to the ground,—so, quick, there's no time to lose. Are you all ready there below, Ben?"—"Ay, ay, sir."—"Now, Lora, now—"—"Oh! you wretch! you vile, abominable girl!" burst like thunder on the ears of our lovers, and caused the sailor to drop his mistress, while in the act of raising her for their flight. The skipper turned, and close behind him beheld an antiquated dame, evidently on the wrong side of sixty, with every muscle of her face convulsed, and her eyes flashing with the rage and fury of her ardent country. "Our scheme's blown, Lora, dear; but never mind, you shall be mine still in spite of that old tar-barrel. I must sheer off instantly; but cheer up, my girl, and leave not this house to-morrow, whatever you may see or hear. Adieu, old fireship! I'll be quits with you yet before another *sun sets*." So saying, he dropped from the balcony, and in a few *moments* our two adventurers were far in the shelter of the wood, hold-

ing on their way in the direction of the sea, whose long heavy boom could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. A half bell might have elapsed, when the skipper and his cockswain issued from the wood, and stood on the edge of the shore. "We must be near where we left the boat, Ben, though the night has fallen so dark I can't make it out at all. Give the signal." As the last sound of the whistle died across the water, the light dip of an oar could be plainly heard, and the gig of the buccaneer shot from under the shade of the rock 'neath which she had been concealed. A few strokes run her head dry on the sand. The sloop was soon gained, and the boat hoisted in. A finer vessel than the Fearless was not at that time afloat. She carried 18 eighteens, and was manned by a crew of a hundred and twenty men. Devoted to their leader, and bred in the lap of danger from their infancy, they laughed at the idea of peril, and dared all at his will.

It will now be necessary to take a short retrospect, in order to render our tale more clear and concise. On the evening of the 15th of April, 1698, the Fearless, commanded by William Belson, one of the most daring and gallant buccaneers of the time, cast anchor off the mouth of the harbour of St Martha. The year before she had taken the St Christopher on her voyage from Spain to Carthagena. On board were Don Jachieno d'Alvarez, and his niece, Donna Lora. The hardy son of the deep was soon the captive of the dark-eyed daughter of Spain. Sailors love not as landsmen; with them the gale of passion bursts at once into a blaze, while the others require the cold calculating breath of prudence to fan it into a flame. The soft tale was whispered and heard with pleasure, and Belson soon learned her whole story. Her father and mother had long been dead, and the happy years of her girlhood had been passed under the roof of her uncle, in the outskirts of the town of St Martha. They were returning from a visit to their relatives in the Old World, when they were taken by the Fearless. Lora vowed she loved him, but would not leave her uncle; he'd been to her as a father. Every landmark of their residence was soon noted in the sailor's log. He swore he'd be there in a twelvemonth. The time came for their parting, and they were landed near St Leon, and the Spaniard was thunderstruck at the heretic buccaneer's refusal of a ransom. He had never heard of such a thing before, and it haunted him as a mystery till the day of his death. Belson returned to England rich enough to have lain up in dock, if he had wished it, but the thought of Lora sent him from his native land once more across the wave; and the events we have above described took place. One word more, and our tale—"quite true, I assure you, sweet miss or ma-

dam"—resumes its course. St Martha, the capital of the province of that name, is situated on one of the mouths of the Madelina, about one hundred miles west by south of the Rio de la Hacha. At the time in which our scene is laid, the houses were built of canes, and covered mostly with palmeto leaves. Nearly enclosed on all sides by high mountains, it had hitherto escaped the ravages of the "free bands of the deep." The security they thus enjoyed had made the citizens careless; and part of the wall which had fallen down, they had entirely neglected to rebuild. The streets were confused and irregular; and before the keep or citadel of the town, was a space of a hundred yards free from houses, and sheltered by the presence of some of the mighty monarchs of the forest, which had been allowed to remain with all their leafy honours untouched, and used by the inhabitants as their Prado.

We must now return to the decks of the Fearless.

"Tom, my boy," said Belson, as soon as he was on board, taking the arm of his first mate, and pacing the quarter-deck, "there's a lovely little place for plunder—there, away a knot or two to the south. We'll drop down with the false dawn, and lie up as near the shore as we can. We must have every hand we can spare; twenty will be enough to man her till we return; the rest must with us. Dost recollect the Spaniards we picked up last year? Well, I was alongside the pretty little hooker this night, and she was just going to shove off her boat with me, when a d—d old fireship of an aunt overhauled us, and laid an embargo on her sailing. The house stands close to the shore. As we make for the town, you'll strike to the starboard with Ben, and half a dozen hands, and keep the house safe. The cockswain knows the bearings."—"Ay, ay," replied the mate; but muttering as he left the skipper, "may I be blow'd if I like this petticoat watching. 'Tis just my luck always laid on a wrong tack when any thing's to be got; but it shall go hard with me if I don't wear into the town one way or other."

Four bells in the morning watch struck, and all was bustle on the decks of the Fearless. The boats were manned, and sped through the water swiftly and silently, and soon reached the shore; and, in one more trip, brought off the whole of the party, and were finally left riding close to the break of the wave, with a keeper in each. Ninety men now stood on the shore, firm and unshrinking in purpose, waiting the word of their leader to advance—where, they cared not. The word was quickly given, and on they went. After threading for some time the recesses of the forest, the cross surmounting the hacienda of d'Alvarez hove in sight. "Ease off to the starboard, Tom, with your men," said Belson; "there's your

port."—"Ay, ay, sir." No other interruption occurred to stop their progress, and the skipper and his band came in sight of the town just as the first faint rays of the rising sun began to gild its numerous vanes and steeples. The buccaneers were almost in the breach before they were discovered by the Spaniards. The alarm was given, and in a moment the whole town was in an uproar. "Away there, my hearties!" shouted Belson, "a hundred dollars to the man first on the walls!" On swept the tars like a whirlwind; and the few Spaniards who had hastily formed to meet them, gave way like snow before the blast of June, and were instantly despatched on their road to purgatory or elsewhere, their foes stopped not to inquire. The wild shouts of the excited sailors rose high, mixed with the piercing wail of the women. Numbers of the inhabitants were cut down, as they fled from their houses, on the first sound of alarm; but numbers rapidly flocked to the keep. The keen glance of Belson saw, like lightning, the risk they ran. Already dropping shots began to tell on them, and their career to be stopped. "Fire the houses astern!" cried he, in a voice that sounded far above the roar of the conflict. 'Twas done, and the flames quickly seized the combustible materials of which they were built, and in a few moments the conflagration was general. Numbers perished, met by the raging element, as they sprang from their beds. "Every mother's son of ye, form close, and on for the keep." The half-armed inhabitants, who were hurrying there, as their only place of refuge, fell in heaps before the paths of their enemies. Their own countrymen, who had gained the wished-for haven, fearing the entrance, along with the fugitives, of their fierce and unsparing foe, (for when their blood was up, the buccaneers thought little of quarter,) shut the gate on their fellow-citizens, regardless of all, save themselves. The Prado, which the dawn fell on pure and peaceful, the morning sun saw trampled and soaked with the blood of the denizens of the earth. The bodies of the fallen served as a rampart to the seamen from the shot of the townsmen in the keep. The town was gained, all but that point, and to it their every effort was now turned. Every Spaniard that had appeared in the Prado had fallen. From every side the groans of the wounded could be heard.

"You, there, Adams, take ten hands, and bring in every ladder you can find." A pause now ensued in the fight, broken only at intervals by the ringing of a fusil from one side or other. The skipper and his party lay behind a rampart of the dying and dead, hastily piled one above the other. The head of a foe served as a rest for the fusil; and the weapon that sped the death-billet of one mortal, was steadied on the body of another. In about ten minutes, Adams and

his party returned, bringing eight ladders, about nine feet in height, and a few prisoners. Giving three cheers for the success of their foraging party, the buccaneers once more rushed forward, driving the prisoners before them, and making them carry the ladders, which they were obliged to plant amidst the heavy fire of their own countrymen. Tar after tar clambered up them as soon as they were fixed; and after a hard struggle, Belson, Adams, and six of the men succeeded in gaining the top of the wall, which they kept, till they were joined by more of the men, and at last the whole party were closely engaged on each side. The Spaniards soon wavered, broke, and fled. A party, however, of twenty of the bravest, with the governor, Don Jose de Perez, at their head, succeeded in throwing themselves into the cathedral, determined to defend themselves to the last. Quarter was offered them, but the doomed men refused. It, like all the other buildings, was built of cane. A lighted torch was thrust into it, and the buccaneers, retiring out of shot, left the devoted victims to their fate. Not a vestige of it now remains. The town was now completely in their possession; and fixing the keep as the rendezvous, and leaving a strong guard over the prisoners, Belson flew to rejoin Lora at the hacienda. Donna Isidora Nina d'Alvarez had just put one leg out of bed, as the faint glimmer of morn broke through the crevices of her veranda; and as the fetters of sleep fled from her weary eyes, the recollection of the insult she had experienced the evening before from the heretic Inglesse recurred to her memory; and as the pride of all the Castiles and her fifteen quarters swelled in her heart, she exclaimed, "The wretch! she shall go to the convent this blessed day, and take the veil too—by the Holy Mother of God she shall!"—"My eyes, Bob, didst ever see such a reg'lar old un? Wouldst like to haul up alongside such a craft, and engage? eh, boy? Why I'm blow'd, if she don't be Old Moll the Wapping bumboat woman, out and out!"—"Oh, Mary Mother, and all good saints, save me!" shrieked the donna, as she saw the grim and weatherbeaten faces of the cockswain and his comrades peering in at the door of her room. The mate and his party had easily made themselves master of the house; and the only ones who were in the least frightened, were one or two of the black-eyed damsels that were a little horrified at being so closely saluted; but the maritime eloquence and perseverance of Jack soon reconciled their little fluttering hearts to the novelty of their situation. A sentinel was placed outside the house; and the old lady and her niece were locked in a room together. The cellars were soon rummaged; and the cares of the world were for a time forgot. As the roar of the fight grew louder, the soft looks of the fair ones, now grown in-

terested in their visitors, could hardly restrain them from joining their comrades in the town. The firing had ceased for some time, and the sentinel was resuming his quarter-deck pace, which he had ceased to listen for some sound that might inform him of the fate of the day, when he was stopped by Belson, breathless through the haste with which he had run. "All right, my lad, in the house!"—"Ay, ay, sir,—all safe and stowed away."—"That's right, my lad—the town is ours, and plenty in it too." A few steps, the room was gained, and Lora folded in the arms that loved her best. The feelings of her aunt were no doubt enviable at that moment. "We'll sail this evening, love, to the land of liberty, in spite of old Fagot there; and when my commission's made out as commander of my tight little hooker here, if I'm not the happiest fellow that ever wore a blue jacket, why, I'm d—d if I don't deserve to be flung overboard, and keelhauled through every fleet in Europe!"

Little more now remains to be told. The plunder they got in the town was beyond their expectation; and their joy was only damped through regret for those who had fallen. The first mate was found dead 'neath the wall of the keep. A bullet had gone through his head. He paid the penalty of his disobedience with the forfeit of his life. In one short hour man or woman's destiny may be accomplished. That very day, on the eve of sailing, five as pretty recruits as ever hoisted "the plain gold ring," volunteered for service in England. May, June, and part of July passed, and the white cliffs of Albion broke the line of the horizon. A few miles from the mouth of the Thames, on the Kent side, stood, in a small hamlet commanding a beautiful view of the river and the distant sea, a small cottage, whose walls were thickly covered with the climatis, honeysuckle, and rose; and before it a neat lawn stretched down to a brawling rill, that murmuring onward glided to the sea. The house was surmounted on the top by the top-mast of a small man-of-war, serving for a flag-staff, and on each side the door were planted three brass six-pounders, whose hoarse throats vomited forth noisy congratulations on every *jour de fete*, the wonder and pride of the village. 'Twas there the skipper and his bride had come to anchor, attended by old Ben, the faithful companion of their varied fortunes, in that haven to weather out the storms of life; and the many wonderful adventures of the cockswain on the Spanish main, are still current among the peasantry of that coast.

East Lothian Journal.

VERSES TO MRS MARY UNWIN.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah, would that this might be our last !

My Mary .

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow ;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,

My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,

My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,

My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,

My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,

My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,

My Mary !

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,

My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,

My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,

My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,

My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,

My Mary!

COWPER.

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now yarely and soft, my boys,
Come step we, and cast; for Time's o' wing;
And wouldst thou partake of harvest's joys,

The corn must be sown in spring.

Fall gently and still, good corn,

Lie warm in thy earthly bed;

And stand so yellow some morn,

For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth has put on, you see,
Her sunshiny coat of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be,
As years that are past have been,
Fall gently, &c.

Old mother, receive this corn,
The son of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born—
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently, &c.

Now lightly and soft again,
And measure of stroke and step let's keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain,—
Sow well and you gladly reap.

Fall gently and still, good corn,

Lie warm in thy earthly bed;

And stand so yellow some morn,

For beast and man must be fed.

Fraser's Mag.

LA BELLA TABACCAIA.

I WISH this tale had more of the romantic, or was more akin to the every day occurrences of domestic life. As it is, it may chance to please nobody. There are none of these wonderful incidents, which, without the aid of genii and fairies, prove that the tighter we stretch the chord of possibility, the more it vibrates to our extraordinary hopes and fears. Nor has it any thing like a misdirected letter, creating a volume of dilemmas, and then lost, and then getting, in worse hands, worse and worse interpreted; or a lady not at home on that unfortunate Monday, when affairs might have been set on a right footing; or the feigning of a loyal servant-maid, quite by mistake, with a bad sovereign; or the doubts, deliberations, and delays of lawyers over a plain, straightforward last will and testament; or an amorous gentleman blundering on the aunt's name for the niece's; or a husband seeing his wife embrace a long-lost brother, and calling to Thomas for pistols for three;—alas! I can offer nothing of this interesting nature. It is merely one of those tales, the best parts of which, for the honour of human nature, ought to happen oftener; and perhaps they may be in fashion when men and women grow a great deal wiser. The utmost I can say in its praise is, that it is as true as affidavits and a court of justice can make it. By the bye, being somewhat allied to the favourite Newgate Calendar, it strikes me it may be twisted, with considerable additions, into a tolerable melo-drama, and that is no mean recommendation. Let Drury and Covent-Garden look to it. They can get it crammed full of "good sentiments," so palpable, a child may pen them down. And if at a loss for a title, to prepare the audience for a stronger dose than usual, why not call it "The Queen of Hearts?" Besides, they can introduce an Italian vineyard, the best that can be had in London.

Nina was an orphan, and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt, who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The stock in trade, a little ready money, and two houses in the suburbs of Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious admirers objected to the largeness of her eyes—but they could not have remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful jet lashes which shaded them. She was called *La Bella Tabaccaia*. The students of the university, as they returned from lecture,

always peeped into the shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter ; and, if she was, nine out of ten walked in and asked for cigars. There they lighted them one after the other at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile for invention, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lung'arno with a much gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighbourhood thought it a pity she could encourage such idle talk ; and the aunt constantly advised her to go into the inner room, whenever those wild young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity, the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by saying, " La ! aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment ; for my mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only dangerous ones." And the mother's authority never failed in silencing the aunt.

Late one evening, a student entered while Nina was alone in the shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter, took up a knife that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it, but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The poor girl, never having witnessed any thing like despair, imagined he was intoxicated ; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying, quietly and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom, when some passers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbours from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further question, they placed him in the hands of the *Sbirri*, who led him directly to the police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign the paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage ; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner's confession ; and ended with—" Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow," alluding to the colour which those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labour for life. It was not till these words were

uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when, starting as she heard them, she looked piteously in the officer's face, and said, "I hope not, sir; he has not robbed me—not hurt me—not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I—I am sorry I came here—indeed I am!" She was told he was now in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. "Do, do give me that paper," she continued; "let nothing more happen; if I can pardon him, why cannot you?" At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. "O God!" she cried, "how unhappy does this make me! I know, sir, I am, as you say, a child; but can you make a child so miserable?" The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstasies at so providential an escape from a robber and a murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, "and pity, like a naked new-born babe," lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gale of this young creature gone for ever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow-being into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learned to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship: nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sunrise the old lady was surprised at being awakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the police. This created a long discussion. "Well, well," said the niece, "I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend, now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!" This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands,—they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning, she at the same time, without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world, for her friend.

At a very early hour, the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labour. When Nina arrived at the corner of the *Borgo*, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt's arm, remained motionless while they slowly passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained together in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow; the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. "I never thought," said she, "these men were so wretched!" "Santa Maria!" exclaimed the aunt, "and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good christians like ourselves? You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand." In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any saint in the calendar. And as they sympathized in her distress—for how could they help it?—their compassion was startled into something favourable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student—poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the professors for his application at the university, and endeared to his companions by his never-failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favourite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some attempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a resemblance to that doleful tragedy, *George Barnwell*. Italians, to their praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be purchased by costly presents—they know better; yet when guilty of such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money from his father, and lavished it on his *Milwood*, she began to put on her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a pennyless suitor. Why he attacked Nina seemed inexplicable. Had Pisa no respected Signor, with a heart full of

self-complacency as his pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent, defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true woman-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of Scottish metaphysicians—they can settle every thing. My business is with facts. When Nina heard the story, she pitied him more than ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among the cruelly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in her favour. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility. There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either sex are formed solely by the first impulses of love. Any of the passions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of body, will have the same effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul of Nina was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on; Gaetano's father hastened to Pisa, busy with his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. Insanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing. When pronounced guilty, the father returned to Pistoia, thanking Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir—a boy whom hitherto he had scarcely noticed, and who was at that time educating for the Church. Nina did better; she privately went to the houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or whether there appeared to be more of passion than depravity in the prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected—three years' hard labour.

When Gaetano appeared among the other convicts, every body ran to Nina and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it is probable she never would have recognised him. He passed *before her door* with that dull eye which those who have any *shame instinctively acquire*, seeing, as it were, every thing and nothing at *the same time*. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns,

but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see, a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for his crime in toil and in chains, must, after a while, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city where he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected—(and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition)—there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of *La Bella Tabaccaia*; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumours. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination—among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Gaetano, from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back;—yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly to her; carefully avoiding to hint at his discovery, and offering his services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Gaetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied, nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to

Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest government could suggest; and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She, too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the *Ponte a Mare*, and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches. The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the *Ave Maria* she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give a loose to wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains to them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter—there was none—it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. "Yes, he shall be obeyed!" he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. "Besides," he continued, "your father is ill and weak—bed-ridden for these five months—in great pain,—and, it is thought, his disease is incurable." "Then," replied Gaetano, "I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me—I know he will; and then, since he commands it, I will fly my country!" He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When this news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act of despair, worse than before—suicide perhaps—and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses forward. "Have I not done wrong?" she asked herself, "for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across

the mountains. This silly coach—how it loiters! My own feet were better!” At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that tedious part of the road, where the eye sees, in a straight line, and on a flat, full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor’s habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out—“Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, queen of heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his father’s arms receive him, and I will return—happy—and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!” Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learned that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a sharp thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father’s door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visitor; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned, and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. “Then do your duty,” said Gaetano, “and shut me out,”—and as he spoke he retired one step backward,—“but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him for ever.” No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued, by his

own sufferings—I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbour's was sent with food, and as she said, "Dear signor, eat! eat!" Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit: his brother, the now favoured son, stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall, the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father: he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed, "Peace, peace! irreverent old man!" and they heard him no more.

Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heart-sick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano, with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven, and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. "Forgive you!" he replied, "I forgive all—all—even my father! every one but myself!" And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst—that he was either dead or dying—and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprung forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in hers. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon unmarried women in Italy, she alone attended him. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." The brother often visited him, but secretly, and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting *he was unhappy*. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to *be unhappy again*. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks *more beautiful than ever they had blushed before*. Yet they never *talked of loving each other—it was a waste of words—neither of*

them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married—why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt, and all the stock in trade, were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated into the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters, delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his *genitore* had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the horrors of his faith; and, therefore, the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive him as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him or leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the brother offered to divide the property; and upon his repeated entreaties, Gaetano did receive a part. "I cannot take half," said he, "because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am."

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an *illustrissimo* becoming a shopkeeper, and of a respectable girl, marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be "itself alone," not the offspring of any other passion; and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love; with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply,—I only refer such dogmatizers to the principal snuff-shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, "especially at the mother's breast;" mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

 Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

 I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize:
 And in this wisdom of the holly tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after time.

 Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

 And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

 And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

 So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

SOUTHWELL.

MISERIES OF A HANDSOME MAN.*

MISERIES of a handsome man ! Young ladies will smile and old men look incredulous at this declaration, but let not either of those classes deem me an object of envy ;—far from it. Little do they imagine how I am led to reproach my beautiful mouth, to look daggers at my brilliant eyes, to devote each particular feature to the most particularly unpleasant fate that ever unhappy beauty endured. How often do I envy the peaceful state of mind which they who are called “ordinary people,” they who have every thing “in common” are destined to enjoy—they whose noses luxuriate in such an insignificance of snub as never to have excited the impertinent attacks either of admiration or of envy—whose eyes nobody knows the colour of—whose height is five feet something—in short, whose whole personal attributes are framed with such attention to the golden mean as never to have attracted attention. Perhaps my readers may smile at this—they will not understand the nature of my miseries—let them listen.

My infancy was my golden age ; mountains of sugar plums, oceans of jellies, torrents of kisses, were the rewards I received for being born a beauty. Oh, that I could have always continued six years old ! But the scene soon changed, the first hint I received that life was in future to consist of something else than comfits and kisses, was from my father, who told my mother in my presence, that the boy’s pretty face was likely to make him a pretty fool. From that time my fate darkened. I was sent to school, where the boys called me Polly, and the master told me with a jeer, when his infernal cane was on my back, not to spoil my pretty face with crying. Some of the bigger ruffians would absolutely squirt ink on my face, and tell me they were beauty spots ;—a thousand indignities of this sort were my unfortunate lot. When I left school the prospect brightened a little ; I was yet too young to be an object of fear to mammas or curiosity to daughters. My prettiness was as yet thought amusing ; nay, so innocent was its nature at that time, that a maiden lady, verging towards what is emphatically called a certain age, who had taken a fancy to portrait painting, actually desired me to sit to her, my face was so like the Apollo’s. I never sat but once, and after some time I learned that the old cat had remarked, that whatever likeness the rest of my face might bear to the Apollo, my eyes were unquestionably full of the devil ! That remark clung to me for years after. I never got the better of it. For a year or two, however, I may be said to have enjoyed my existence ; but “a change came o’er the spirit of my dream.”

It was discovered that I was vain,—“all handsome people are vain,

* From “Every Man’s Paper Book.”

you know—and then to see how the creature walks, one can tell that he fancies all the world admire him.” It was to no purpose changing my walk; if I walked upright, it was pride—if negligently, it was affectation. I cut my chin unfortunately with a razor, and then—the criticisms that were showered on the unfortunate bit of court plaister, it was necessary to strip off the plaister twenty times a day to satisfy every aunt and cousin and female friend, that it was a real wound, and not intended as a beauty spot. Not a coat could I wear, but it was said to have employed half a dozen men in making, and as many more in altering—a report was spread abroad that a tailor was one whole night and day locked up in my room, and myself with him, altering a coat in which I was to appear at a ball that evening. Then the observations—“It really was ridiculous for a good-looking young man to be so puppyish; it would be excusable in an ugly one.” Any thing to please. I changed my plan and appeared a sloven,—hat unbrushed, clothes awkwardly arranged, neckcloth vilely tied—worse and worse. The battery changed its fire, but was as murderous as ever—“cleanliness and attention to dress are the bounden duty of all young persons, no personal graces can excuse inattention to these essentials,”—that was my old aunt. “Well now really, Harry, this is too bad, *we*, you know, have admired your face long enough, and are not so afraid of its powerful influence as to desire you to disguise yourself in that horrid dress—it is really shocking,”—that was my young cousin. “Have you seen that piece of vanity, Mr —, lately? He imagines because he has the handsomest face of any person we know, he is entitled to be the most vilely dressed—the brute!”—that was every body.

I grew up to man’s estate, the plot against me thickened; the world seemed one great critic, who had nothing to do but to write articles upon beauty and vanity, and *garde-a-vous* young maidens. Mothers now began to gather together their daughters behind the folds of their gigot sleeves, whenever I made my appearance. The society of the young, I was debarred from, and none but the old and ugly were left me. Then—the scandalous reports that were circulated about my habits. One said, he or she (I forget which), had heard that I slept with my whiskers in curl papers, another that I was three hours and twenty-five minutes tying my cravat, and that I spoiled several dozen during the operation; another that I had been heard to say that I would make love to any ten women in one day, and make them promise to marry me the next; “he must be immoral, he is so handsome, and then the women do spoil those *mer creatures* so, when they are at all good-looking; for my part, I *detest men* :” that was Miss Juliana Scraggneck; and she certainly ought to have had good reason for her detestation, for no one ever looked

at me more than herself. The worst of all this was, that the pretty creatures themselves believed all that was told them—"this was the unkindest cut of all." I could have borne all the criticisms and espionage of the antiquated Hecates, and gloried in the idea of revenging myself, by making a conquest of some blooming young creature but this was denied me; I was the object of universal fear. Elder sisters would tell their younger sisters to "keep close," to them, when I entered a room, and would acquire a reputation for courage by venturing to answer my questions. I was peeped at over fans, and viewed through door chinks. I was treated, in fact, as a monster. I verily believe, to have been seen alone with me, would have ruined a girl's reputation; however, they gave me but little chance.

I grew melancholy, misanthropic; I likened myself to the wandering jew, to the last man—life is a burthen to them, beauty to me. I lost my spirits and forsook society,—more libels. "Ah, I knew it would come to this; I said he would repent of his sins at last; well, let him be miserable, it may be some consolation to the many whose hearts he has broken." This was said of me—of me, who never would have dreamed that women had any hearts at all, or if they had, I might have supposed them made of adamant, so little were they ever softened by words or deeds of mine. Have they any hearts? the tigresses. But it was plain that whatever plan I might choose to adopt, I should be subject to the like attacks. It was the fable of the miller and his donkey; nothing would please: but, alas! the likeness reaches no farther,—the miller sold his donkey, my beauty could not be sold.

My friend George Singleton married. Now, thought I, there is a retreat for me, in his domestic circle, there I may be happy; my friend will make one woman reasonable; she will admit me, perhaps even she will induce others of her sex to take pity on me. Vain hopes, foolish anticipations! The very first visit I paid them, George looked uneasy, shifted his chair, made signs to his wife (I saw it all, miserable wretch that I am, suffering has made my senses acute), till at last his wife quitted the presence, under the plea of a violent head-ache (I never saw a woman look better in my life), while he was so confoundedly civil, that I made my retreat, as soon as possible. I saw it all, but it was too good a chance to be given up. I called again—the dose was repeated, and the eternal head-ache again sent her off. I reproached him with want of confidence, and he replied with the most provoking candour, "why, my dear fellow, I really am as proud of your acquaintance as ever, but you see I am married, and you are aware that you—you—" he begun to stammer, but I cut him short, what was the good of listening to what I knew beforehand; he was afraid to trust me with his wife.

One trial more. I softened down all my obnoxious beauties, combed my hair straight, clipped my mustachios, muffled the face as much as possible, corrected every thing that I thought was prominent in my manners, exercised myself in all awkward attitudes; in short, defaced and vulgarized myself as much as possible, to make myself as much like ordinary humanity as lay in my power, and then tried if society would look upon me in my altered shape. The trial partially succeeded, and I was permitted to pay my addresses to a beautiful girl. But here my pen fails me—never shall I have the courage to describe—how I was obliged to hold my handkerchief before my face when her confounded relations were about (she herself was not so particular)—how I was obliged to vary my position, so as to show myself in the worst light in their presence; how it was at last discovered in spite of my attempts at concealment; how my beauty clung to me in spite of all the abominably libellous insinuations from all quarters, that a handsome man admires nothing but himself; how the difficulties were at last got over—ring bought, house furnished, when every thing was overturned by myself. I unfortunately was discovered by my beauty gazing in a looking-glass; and here I solemnly declare, that I was not admiring myself, but merely endeavouring to discover the cause of a violent titillation at the extremity of my nose. I was perceived, I say, by her, and there the affair ended. “She never would marry a man who looked at a looking-glass while she was in the room; her friends had told her it would come to that.”

Think of that!—So now it is all over with me. I see that I am a marked man, and nothing that I can do will ever alter the current of my fate. I have had serious thoughts lately of disfiguring my face with a razor, or some such device, to bring myself down to the standard of ordinary perfection which these despots have established; but after all it might be of little avail; fate is against me. I have calmed myself down to something like content, and am waiting for the period when time will have whitened my hair, pulled out my teeth, bent my body, and made me fit to be seen.

SHIPWRECK.

Hea giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow;
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
 Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are dragged in the brine
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
 Down many a fathom lies.
 Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
 Gleamed softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flash
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down
 To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
 Oh! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death;
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea
 The sailor heard the humming tree
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage-door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed;
 And his wife,—by turns she wept and smiled,
 As she looked on the father of her child
 Returned to her at last,—
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.
 Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye
 But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful!
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILSON.*

* "The Isle of Palms."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.*

THERE WAS once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Granada, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and Salut Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on conditions that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before day-break, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am so well paid."—"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again." He did so, and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words: he followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with

* From "The Alhambra. By Geoffrey Crayon." [Washington Irving.] London 1832.

great labour that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand: "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you:" so saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which, he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep Saints'-days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a griping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."—"There is no denying the fact, Senor,—it speaks for itself."—"I presume then, that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap."—"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada."—"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow con-

tinues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily: "let me live in your house rent-free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbours, and became one of the richest men in Granada: he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed to his son and heir.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purpled coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair hath grown,
On either side her tracéd form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and, amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Gloweth forth each softly shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
 In palace chambers far apart;
 The fragrant tresses are not stirred
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps; on either side up swells
 The gold fringed pillow lightly press'd;
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BEETLE.

POOR hobbling beetle, needst not haste;
 Should traveller traveller thus alarm?
 Pursue thy journey through the waste,
 Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast:
 "Small family"—that have not dined?
 Lodged under pebble, there they fast,
 Till head of house have raised the wind.

Man's bread lies 'mong the feet of men;
 For cark and morn sufficient cause!
 Who cannot sow would reap;—and then
 In Beetledom are no poor-laws.

And if thy wife and thou agree
 But ill, as like when short of victual,
 I swear, the public sympathy
 Thy fortune meriteth, poor beetle.

Alas, and I should do thee skaith,
 To realms of night with heeltap send!
 Who judg'd thee worthy pains of death?
 On earth, save me, without a friend!

Pass on, poor beetle, venerable
 Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
 Thou hast what Bel to Tower of Babel
 Not gave: the chief of wonders—LIFE.

Also of "ancient family,"
 Though small in size, of feature dark!
 What Debrett's peer surpasseth thee?
 Thy ancestor was in Noah's ark.

THE INCOGNITO; OR, COUNT FITZ-HUM.*

THE town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received), which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. "What presumption is this?" exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity: necessity has no law: and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the puffy commissioner, "allow me to take breath:" and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: "Permit me, Mr Pig."—"No!" said Mr Pig: "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honour of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows: "We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible."

* From the German of Schulze.

His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately: he means to preserve the strictest *incognito*; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber, viz., Mr Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau, the body painted dark blue; and for his highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honour of his first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you."

"Doubtless: most important intelligence!" said the chairman—"but who is your correspondent?"—"The old and eminent house of Wassermuller and Co.; and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure: and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest: for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favour. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so, in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "Treason!" was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation,) and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great

solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner: which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner: in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—"and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the——"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear, then, my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before "his passions;" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale: for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child, in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in an

contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, "What! Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of letters believes a word the newspapers say." Agreeably to which he, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each, persisted in siding with the former: peremptorily refusing to be led into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The Leipzig, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle tale of politicians. "Pure hypochondriacal fiction!" says he. "No affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince me by looking at my private letters: they make no allusion to a transaction of that sort, as you will see at once: none whatever." Regarding the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his communication as very questionable and apocryphal; amongst them the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he went over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "as a private individual I am fully satisfied: it is only in my capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, my chest is miserably poor: and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false supposition. Upon my honour, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I withheld the sceptics." The commissioner scarcely gave himself time for accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurdity, for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce, that the duke and the gentleman with the "superb whiskers" had just ridden through the north-gate. Yes: Fitz-Hum and Von von were positively here: not coming, but come; and the profaneest could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the last vestige of infidelity.

It was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-theatre*, on the side of the believers: the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Episcopus* was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in the presentment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not happy; something was still left to desire; something which he felt him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why.

when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon; before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room—before the—” At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door: a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig’s soliloquy: the steps were audibly let down: and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately, in order to do the honours of reception to his illustrious guest.

“No ceremony, I beg,” said the Count Fitz-Hum; “for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!” So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig’s hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance: whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The commissioner was beginning to apologise for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. “Affection to my person,” said he, “unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it.” And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—“Ah! what?” said the count, gaily, “my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these.” Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him: every thing was right and delightful. Down went the little asphæbed in a closet which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o’clock the party sat down to supper,

which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies who sat on his right and left hand, and saying—" *Ou peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*" At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honour and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbree* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears such as tender fathers shed" had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honoured by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately honoured by an interview with Mr Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace; the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city who was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "*Vivat Serenissimus!*" ascended from the mob; amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service;

the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed; being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labour of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—"early promotion," and "order of merit." In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and a deep premeditation were required; a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite *à fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable "balance" of the muskets not quite *à fait* in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. "But in commercial cities," as the good-natured count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast now over; the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council, with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:—"On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure; and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honour and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honour of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed mankind with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of

the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations: a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite: "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases: for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favour.

The corporate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honour of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob, that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length wearied out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and would not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count

Fitz-Hum resorted to a ruse. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad-dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pig-house was raised. Farewell, now, to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grantees of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz., the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connexions; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested, that with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honour was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz., in opposing the wishes of his sovereign; and he joyfully gave his consent: upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honour of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. "A special messenger with despatches, no doubt," said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "*merely petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers,*" he drew out and presented to the count a "*despatch from the privy council.*" The count read it, repentedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no; none of any importance," said the count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion; nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr Pig, loud: "nothing more!" said Mr Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth——"

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion: a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant: and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of ——"

"Oh, my dear sir!" interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gayety, "make yourself easy: nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigour, and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field: so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few moments "the blue landau," and the gentleman with "superb whiskers" had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, "the rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool; but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large de-

spatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax: this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact, they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs; and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote:

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town not a hundred miles from the little river P—. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W— & Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed, that in connexion with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both: in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr Commissioner P., the father of his mistress; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of

her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his serene highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they *would* kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion," (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot among his creditors for seizing his person,) the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately, that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H. had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favour to Von H., could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was, that upon hearing of the total extinction of the "rebellion," he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of — has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered 100 dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to insert in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, that he will not consider himself bound to that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that

rate." With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c., they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.

Knight's Mag.

THE CAMERONIAN BANNER.

O BANNER! fair banner! a century of woe
Has flowed on thy people since thou wert laid low:
Hewn down by the godless, and sullied and shorn,
Defiled with base blood, and all trodden and torn!
Thou wert lost, and John Balfour's bright steel-blade in vain
Shed their best blood as fast as moist April sheds rain—
Young, fierce, gallant Hackatoun, the river in flood
Sent rejoicing to sea with a tribute of blood;
Fair banner! 'gainst thee bloody Claver'se came hewing
His road through our helms, and our glory subduing;
And Nithsdale Dalzell—his fierce deeds to requite,
On his house darkest ruin descended like night—
Came spurring and full on the lap of our war,
Disastrous shot down like an ominous star.
And Allan Dalzell—may his name to all time
Stand accurs'd, and be named with nought nobler than rhyme
Smote thee down, thou fair banner, all rudely, and left
Thee defiled, and the skull of the bannerman cleft.
Fair banner, fair banner! a century of woe
Has flowed on thy people since thou wert laid low.
And now, lovely banner! led captive and placed
'Mid the spoils of the scoffer, and scorned and disgraced,
And hung with the helm and the glaive on the wall,
'Mongst idolatrous figures to wave in the hall,
Where the lips, wet with wine, jested with thee profane,
And the minstrel, more graceless, mixed thee with his strain,
Till the might and the pride of thy conqueror fell,
And the owl sat and wroop'd in the halls of Dalzell.
O thou holy banner! in weeping and wail
Let me mourn thy soiled glory, and finish my tale.
And yet, lovely banner! thus torn from the brave,
And disgraced by the graceless, and sold by the slave,
And hung o'er a hostel, where rich ruddy wine,
And the soul-cheering beverage of barley divine,
Floated glorious, and sent such a smoke—in his flight
The lark stayed in air, and sung, drunk with delight.
Does this lessen thy lustre? or tarnish thy glory?
Diminish thy fame, and traduce thee in story?
Oh, no, beauteous banner! loosed free on the beam,
By the hand of the chosen, long, long shalt thou stream!
And the damsel dark-eyed, and the covenant swain,
Shall bless thee, and talk of dread Bothwell again.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE MINSTREL'S HOUR.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
 And flowers are honey-dew,
 And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
 Along the western blue,
 And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
 Then comes the hour the minstrel loves.

Far in the dimness curtain'd round,
 He hears the echoes all
 Of rosy vale, or grassy mound,
 Or distant waterfall:
 And shapes are on his dreaming sight,
 That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze,
 The forest's deepening shade,
 He hears on Tuscan evening seas
 The silver serenade:
 Or, to the field of battle borne,
 Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star, that peeps the leaves between,
 To him is but the light
 That, from some lady's bower of green,
 Shines to her pilgrim knight;
 Who feels her spell around him twine,
 And hastens home from Palestine.

Or, if some wandering peasant's song
 Come sweeten'd from the vale,
 He hears the stately, mitred throng
 Around the altar's pale;
 Or sees the dark-eyed nuns of Spain,
 Bewitching, blooming, young, in vain.

And thus he thinks the hour away
 In sweet, unworldly folly;
 And loves to see the shades of grey,
 That feed his melancholy:
 Finding sweet speech and thought in all,
 Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall.

REV. G. CROLY.

THE DEMON MUSICIAN.*

“ And a magic voice and verse
 Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
 And a spirit of the air
 Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
 In the wind there is a voice
 Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
 And to thee shall night deny
 All the quiet of her sky ;
 And the day shall have a sun,
 Which shall make thee wish it done.”—*BYRON.*

ON a calm evening, in the spring of the year 18—, a group of peasants were enjoying themselves in a vineyard on the border of the Black Forest. The toils of the day being over, they had assembled to celebrate the marriage of two young villagers who had long been attached, and were now united. The girl was a sparkling brunette, full of life and gayety ; the youth, more sedate, somewhat retired in habits, a great lover of music, and universally considered a most skilful performer. He was an orphan, and derived his chief support from his violin, with which he was wont every night to entertain his neighbours, who, in return, stored his cottage with voluntary contributions ; and many of the damsels envied Madeline for her good fortune in winning such a handsome young husband as Ursenstein, the musician.

At a small distance from the rest sat the bridegroom and his bride ; it might have been thought that they had thus withdrawn to indulge in their new-licensed love, but it was not so ; for though the eyes of the girl were fixed tenderly upon his countenance, he met not their fond expression. He was looking earnestly through the bushes, and listening eagerly for some distant sound. The bride watched him for a time in silence, content with her untold happiness. She was thinking that he was now irrevocably her own, her very own, and that one idea was too exquisite to need the aid of language ; but as his abstraction continued unbroken, his every sense seemingly concentrated upon some unseen object, Madeline began to feel that she was neglected, and timidly inquired what attracted his attention. The bridegroom answered not, but he held his head nearer to the ground, and drew in his breath that he might listen more intently. Madeline put up her pretty red lip poutingly, and pulled, with a sudden twitch, a coral blossom from the loaded branches that drooped around her ; then, with the tenacity of feminine pride, she *stole a cautious glance towards her young friends, as though she*

* From ‘ The Royal Lady’s Magazine.’

feared that they should witness her lover's coldness. A smile almost of triumph met her glance—it was on the face of one whose love she had rejected. She coloured, and endeavoured to seem engaged in affixing the flower tastefully to her girdle, but it *would* not be arranged as she wished, and, with a hand less gentle than usual, she plucked it from her waist, scattering its crimson leaves upon the greensward at her side, and all the while she tried to look as if she were *not* vexed.

“Enchanting! exquisite!” exclaimed Ursestein.

The brilliant eyes of the bride flashed, and a smile mantled over her peachy cheek; but Ursestein was not thinking of her, and he saw not that witching look. Madeline felt that he did not; her glances fell upon the tattered flower, and a pang darted through her heart, for it seemed, in its scattered loveliness, to be an emblem of herself. A sigh struggled from her lips—it waked Ursestein into recollection, for he loved the fond girl dearly.

“Why sighs my Madeline upon her bridal day?” he asked, looking tenderly into her face. With half a tear and half a blush, she answered, “You were not wont, Ursestein, to be so absent.”—“Nor am I absent now, sweetest. But who could listen to sounds so delicious without emotion?”—“Sounds? I heard none!”—“None!”—“No, nor you neither; I do believe that you are dreaming. I ever told you that the violin was my rival, for I have often had cause to be jealous of it; and now see how you behave upon our bridal day. It is not kind, Ursestein, indeed it is not.”—“Be not angry, dearest Madeline,” said Ursestein, putting aside the dark ringlets which played about her brows. “If I love music, I love nothing mortal save myself; and surely my passion for so sweet an art can never interfere with thy happiness.”—“How can I tell that?” retorted the petulant girl. “If on a day like this you give way to such wild fancies, the time may come when music may make thee mad.”—“Fancies! dear one; these were no fancied sounds, or if they were, I would that they might last for ever. Oh, Madeline! what so delicious, when the gentle breath of departing day is kissing its farewell upon thy cheek, to listen to the vesper hymn stealing over the valley. *Then* music is most dearly welcome to the melting heart; even the distant carol of the joyous peasants returning from their daily labour, sounds harmonious then. The evening song of the thankful birds rises sweetly then. But what bliss is it thus to feel thy presence, my own loved Madeline, while listening to such melody as that which even now was issuing from yonder clump of trees.”—“I heard no such sounds,” said Madeline, angrily; “and if such had been, my ear is as open as your own.”—“Not hear it!—why hark!—even now it comes again!—nearer,

yet nearer."—"I hear it not."—"It must be a wandering spirit from that multitudinous choir who are ever warbling, with tuneful voices, 'Glory to God, and to the Redeemer.'"

Suddenly a loud discordant crash was heard; Madeline shrieked, and put her hands to her ears. Ursenstein sprang from the ground, while a dense cloud seemed to fall around the startled peasants. "I heard it then," whispered Madeline, in low fearful tones. "It was indeed no mortal hand that struck that chord! it was too horrible!"—"Hush!" said Ursenstein, in the same low eager tone. "Hark, again! Is it not glorious? Is it not divine?" A strain of delicious melody swelled upon the breeze; all heard, all with mute attention listened. "It can be nothing good, Ursenstein. Let us go," entreated the bride, "for still in every dying fall I hear again that horrid crash. Well do you know that no holy thing has dwelling within the boundaries of that dreadful forest. Come, love," and she tried to drag him away; "it is not good that we should listen to those magic sounds." "Be it angel or devil, I will know what it is!" exclaimed Ursenstein, breaking from her hold, and dashing desperately among the trees. As he ran, the air grew louder and more gay;—then it sank into scarcely breathing modulation. He could have wept to hear its pathetic wailing;—then it was like the chirping of birds, but sweeter than birds ever sang;—now it was louder than a full band—martial—exhilarating—now tender—now festive—now murmuring, with a cry more piteous than the complaining of ever-tortured fiends;—now it was the shriek of the maniac—and now the fervent out-pourings of the one universal passion.

Still Ursenstein went on, until he had left the valley far behind; but he knew not that, for he never once looked back, nor saw the last red gleam of the passing twilight fade in the gloom of the black chasm into which he had penetrated. It was a rugged ravine, hollowed out of the solid rock by the force of the torrent. Above, the larch and mountain fir drooped heavily, making there an overlasting night. Reptiles and unclean birds had refuge there, and as Ursenstein entered, a startled owl hooted, and a bat, frightened from its retreat, swept roughly past his face. He felt it, but he scarcely dashed it aside, for now the sounds quivered and thrilled more harmoniously, falling into a tender cadence, and then all was silence.

"Wondrous divinity! sweet wakener of enraptured wood-nymphs, where art thou? Appear, and let me worship thee!" exclaimed Ursenstein, as impatiently he tried to pierce the dim obscurity of that dismal glen. No answer was returned; nor could his most searching glances discover aught that bore visible form or feature.

A black pool of stagnant water, half mantled over, stopped his further progress; but Ursenstein flinched not, though wider's eyes

re glaring upon him, and serpents were coiling around his feet; idle, ever and anon, the melancholy owl hooted, and the silence was sadder for that fearful interruption.

"Where art thou, great musician?" said he. "Thou player on an instrument unknown to mortal skill! Magician of the air! I pray to thee—see—on the cold and flinty rock, upon which a sun never shines, and the summer breeze never plays—here, among the abject things of the earth, in the humility of my heart, I conjure thee listen to my supplication. If thou art an angel, waft me to Elysium, and bear me on the wings of the clouds where thou dwellest, and whither, so I but learn to create such sweet harmony, and be like thee a prince of thy divine science! 'Twas bliss to hear thee for a moment; 'twill be heaven to listen to thee for ever. But—" and his hands compressed so firmly, that the tightened palms drew blood from under the indenting nails, while cold dew, gathering thickly upon his forehead, streamed slowly over his pale face. "But if thou be a demon, still do I cry to thee. Great ruler! Mighty tempter! King of the human heart! Sovereign of the passions! Hail! all hail! Here, beside the lightning-blasted tree—on the corrupt pond's brink—in thine own dark den—I kneel to greet thee! Here, where the owl's scream mingles with no other human sound but my voice only—where the raven looks down from its leafy car, and the eagle's eye gleams on thy toad-slimed throne—I pray to thee, teach me thine art!"—"Thine art!" the rock repeated. "Teach me thine art," echoed the half-frantic enthusiast. Or at least be visible to thy votary's eyes." He paused—there was a rushing as of wings—and a murmuring like the motion of the waters. "Why bafflest thou thy pupil?" impatiently inquired the student. "Three nights, as I tried to sleep, thou hast visited me, to me only was it given to hear thy strains. To me is it given to admire thy excellence. Come, then, spirit of darkness or of light!—whether thou hidest in the foldings of the rainbow's many-coloured mantle, or ridest upon the red roaring billows, whence arise the flames of vast Vesuvius!—still do I invoke thee, wonderful spirit!—great master—learned teacher—appear, appear!"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, before there was a low humming noise. He bowed his head until his body was prostrate, in a deep reverence. When he looked again, an aged man, clothed in black attire from head to foot, whose long elf-locks protruded partly around and about his head, and partly fell clotted over his shoulders, was seated opposite on a huge block of granite. The hue of his countenance was a greenish yellow. His features famine-struck. His eyes glittered redly a supernatural light, like the spectral sparks that are believed to flash from the bones of the unburied malefactor.

His limbs hung loose and limberly one to the other, as though a touch would displace the unknitted joints; and all his movements were singularly uncouth. In his skeleton fingers he held a violin, which he hugged close to his breast—clawing, and scratching, and tugging the while, as if he were torturing a living creature; and the thing, as he pulled it, sent forth superhuman sounds, now laughing, as with glee; now wailing, as with agony. Ursenstein gazed upon the instrument, and fancied that he saw the sides palpitate with evident pulsation. “Is it a violin, or a creature of life and soul?” gasped Ursenstein. The old man put the instrument into his hands and grinned. Such a grin! “Twelve years have I played the violin,” said the youth, “and I love it so dearly that I have spared no labour to learn it well, but nothing could I conceive like what I now have heard.” Again the old man grinned, but he uttered not a word. “Make me to know thine art, I entreat thee!”—“What wilt thou give me in return?” inquired the old man; for the first time letting his harsh dissonant voice be heard. “Aught that thou canst ask, which I have the power to bestow.” “In truth?”—“In very truth. ‘Twere all too little for such ability as thine.”—“They who seek knowledge must be bold and courageous,” replied the old man, with a sardonic smile. “And lack I either quality?—If you deem so, put me to the proof,” said Ursenstein; expanding his brawny chest, and erecting himself into the attitude of a young Hercules. The old man surveyed him from head to foot and sneered; then he beckoned him nearer and whispered—that whisper, and what more passed was never known. But Ursenstein returned not that night to his young bride—and when at day-break he entered the cottage where the weeping Madeline sat, her companions started at his appearance, for a blight had fallen upon his ripe manhood, and his strong frame was shrunken and withered—he put aside the questioners with a hurried gesture and took Madeline in his arms, but when she looked to recognise the lover of her youth, she recoiled from the glaring of his wild eyes—and when he pressed a kiss upon her lips, she shrieked with terror, for his were cold as ice.

The winter came, the storm descended, and Madeline, now some months a wife, prepared for the period when other duties should claim her attention, and the smiles of her child repay the many anxious hours caused by its wayward parent.—Lonely she sat listening to the beating of the tempest, wishing for him whose absence was too common to excite surprise. The neat supper was prepared, the hearth clean swept, and the lamp fresh trimmed: while the solitary wife plied her needle for the expected stranger, pausing as often as the hollow blast howled through the unhallowed forest, and

whispering a prayer for the wanderer—for still she loved him with all the intensity of woman's enduring affection; and strange as Ursenstein had become, he was not yet undeserving of her love—for though to others moody, he was still kind, save in his wanderings, to her.

Whatever had passed at that awful interview in the demon's glen, it seemed that the price demanded by the old man was too great, for Ursenstein gained no additional skill though he played much, and laboured hard. Once, when he was surrounded by his friends he failed utterly, and though he used his best efforts to please, he produced nothing but false intonations and broken sounds; then the whisper went round that he had lost the memory of his art. Ursenstein heard it, and threw down the violin in disgust, but Madeline, as she strove to encourage him, saw a withered old face sneering over the shoulders of the crowd; the next moment her husband was away into the Black Forest, and the hideous stranger was gone also. From that time, the absence of Ursenstein became more frequent, and of longer continuance, and Madeline saw that day by day he wasted to a mere shadow. The fine contour of his face was gone—his cheeks sank—his visage grew peaked, and if he smiled, it was a smile to chill not cheer the gazer—his heart also seemed gradually to contract—he was becoming hourly more selfish, and less grateful for kindness; but when the storm-cloud burst, and the thunder roared, and the heavy drops pattered against the casement, Madeline, watching for his return, thought only of the lover of her young days, and remembered no fault in him who was her husband.

The twelfth hour had passed, yet still he came not—she laid down her work, now wetted with tears, and crept to the door—she opened it, her hand was lingering on the latch, when she was rudely pushed aside by a man dripping with the rain, he threw himself into a chair and laughed—it was Ursenstein!—"I have it! I have it!" he exclaimed, hugging closely something that he carried under his coat. "What have you got, love?" gently inquired the wife. "That which will make me great! that which will make me rich!—It is here, here!" and he clasped it closer with a maniac ecstasy. "What is it, Ursenstein?"—"See! here! here!" and he drew from his breast the old man's violin. "Is it better than your own?" asked the astonished wife. "Better!" and he shouted still more gleefully, "remember you not the musician of our bridal?" Madeline shuddered, and sighed. "It was his; and now it is mine!—my own!—and I can play upon it as he did."—"Did he sell it you?"—"Ay, I bought it with a price!—a price—shall I tell you what?"—and he grasped both her hands with a frightful energy: Madeline turned pale and trembled, but she tried to smile, murmuring, "Ay, love, what was it?"

The husband's eyes glared wolfishly into those of his wife.—She was fascinated by their horrible expression, and could not withdraw hers. “Shall I tell you?” he roughly asked.—She could not answer, but she screamed when she saw that his face bore no longer the impress of human feeling, but reflected in all, save his age, the image of that hideous stranger whom she had seen for a moment only, yet never could forget—there was the same sardonic sneer, the leaden visage, the same elf-locks—and her hands were grasped by the fingers of a skeleton.

“Ursenstein! husband!” she exclaimed, sinking upon her knees at his feet, “tell, in pity tell me, why this fearful mockery, this terrible change?”—“Change! what change?—am I not thy husband still—there is no change, save that I am now greater than before.”—“Holy Virgin! art thou mad?” exclaimed the distracted woman, clinging to his knees. Art thou ill, my husband?—Is thy brain right?—tell me, dearest, hast thou pain, or ailing?—Dost thou want aught thy faithful wife can give thee?”—“Ay, by the foul fiend do I!—but I am not mad—nor sick—yet I shall be, if— but away, no more!—to bed, woman!—to bed!—keep thyself secure, and safe, d’ye hear! I’ll not have thee frightened—no, no, not for the world!”—“In the name of all that is holy, what mean you?” implored the wife; for she saw *that* in his look, which told a dreadful purpose. He was silent, but his eyes spoke darkly. “If thou hast leagued with the evil one to destroy me!—if my blood be the purchase-money of thine hellish instrument,” exclaimed Madeline, rising in sudden indignation, “why then, may Heaven forgive thy sinful soul, thou wicked man, and receive me also to its mercy.”—“No, no! not *thy* life, not *thine*, Madeline,” replied Ursenstein.—“Not mine!—not mine!—my infant’s then?—my unborn innocent child’s?—oh thou cruel monster!—thou man with a stony heart!—Was it for this thy cruel mercy?—thou wouldst not have *me* terrified, lest my babe should die; and disappoint thee of thy prey! Oh thou inhuman wretch! more savage than the beasts of the forest, for they love their young, protecting, not sacrificing them. Oh God, God forgive thee!”

At the name of the Deity the violin sent forth a dissonant shriek—such as had issued from it on the bridal night. Madeline stopped her ears, when she heard again that frightful discord, and she screamed. “It is a fiend! a living fiend, that thou holdest to thine heart.—I tell thee it is a fiend: in the name of the Virgin strike it down!” But Ursenstein still kept the horrible thing close to his breast, though his wife was writhing in convulsions at his feet.

Before the morning broke a lovely boy was born, whose smiling countenance bore no trace of his mother’s anguish; but it was long

before that miserable woman would look again upon Urseinstein. When he was permitted to approach, he had hiddeu his violin; and when he took the baby in his arms, Madeline kept her breath that she might not shriek: but while he held it she coiled herself into a ball, ready to make a tiger-spring at the first symptom that should betoken harm to that cherub boy. Urseinstein, however, kissed his son; and returned him harmless to the maternal bosom.

The child grew in beauty, and learned to lisp the name of both its parents. Madeline taught him to put up his hands, and cry, "Father, dearest father! do not harm your own boy;" and Urseinstein used to listen to his son. Once a tear fell upon the child's head, as thus he supplicated; and once he pushed aside the urchin's clustering curls, saying that he was like his mother. Then Madeline repented that she had suspected him of a wish to harm her darling, and she loved her husband better than before, because she alone loved him now. The peasants said that nothing human could alter a man as Urseinstein was altered, scrupling not to affirm that he held converse with evil spirits, because he had been heard to utter awful words; and a strange, shrill voice had answered, though none could see a living creature near him. Urseinstein well knew that he was hated; but he smiled scornfully, and still played his wondrous violin, drawing forth such sounds, that travellers hearing them came nearer to his hut, forgetting their purposed journey while they listened; but ever when the strain ceased, they would hurry away, whispering, and name him as they went "The Demon Musician."

At last the neighbours would no longer sell him food, nor hold intercourse of any kind with one whom they considered accursed. His crops withered; his cattle died; and famine fell upon his ruined cottage. Madeline, too, grew faint and sick, with labouring to raise a little corn and fruit to furnish food for her child; but her husband offered no aid; he still kept ever playing on, or whispering to his unearthly instrument. When he ate he greedily watched Madeline and the boy, and seemed as he would tear the morsel from their mouths; and when she told him that their last loaf was eaten, he shouted a loud wild laugh, covered over his violin, and stared hungrily into the face of the child.

Three days of misery had passed—Madeline had begged upon her knees at the thresholds of her former friends; she asked but a crust to save her infant—her dying boy! for she durst not name Urseinstein: but they drove her away with opprobrium, and bade her home to her demon-gifted husband. She came back despairing; the child was crouching among the ashes, digging the dirt from the hearth

and cramming it by handfuls into his mouth. The mother, when she saw his occupation, wept; but the father grimly smiled; that look was worse than the famine, and the miserable woman threw herself upon the bed, hiding her face, that the memory of it might pass away. Presently she heard her boy's convulsive shriek; she started up, the violin was beside him. Then, for that her hours were numbered, her visual organs strengthened, and it was given her to see the past and the present with a clear, true sight. Her husband's rendezvous in the Black Forest appeared before her as in a picture; his unholy compact was revealed: and when, taught by such knowledge, she looked again towards her son, he was struggling with a monster, who tempted him with food, which the famished child no sooner tried to grasp than it was withdrawn; by which torture the victim being sorely vexed, the vile creature mocked him still more—holding large pieces of meat and bunches of luscious fruit close to his lips; but as often as the infant opened his mouth, greedily endeavouring to seize the viands, they melted into air. At length the enraged boy sprang up, caught the monster by the throat, and flung it back; but then, his feeble strength being utterly exhausted, he staggered and fell upon the ground a blackened corpse; upon which the fiend yelled, and jabbered, and clapped its hands, and crowed. The mother, when she beheld that sight, threw up her arms, calling aloud on Heaven for succour; then she lay awhile convulsed, and writhing in terrible agony; but when she heard her husband's horrid laugh, she laid down her head and died, for her heart was broken.

That night a tremendous crash awakened the villagers from their peaceful sleep; upon hearing which they rushed out, half attired, upon the open green. The hut of Urseinstein, the musician, had fallen. A blue flame quivered around and about it; by whose light the crowd saw a dark, imp-like form seated on the summit of the ruins, chumping at a bone, which sometimes it wielded over its head, and sometimes gnawed like a voracious dog. Urseinstein was standing near with folded arms, calmly looking on: nor moved he for the execrations of the mob, who, terrified by the composure of the bereaved man, hastily dispersed to their several homes; the mothers clasping their children, and muttering pious ejaculations; the fathers carefully closing their doors, that the foul fiend might find no entrance.

What became of Urseinstein after that night the peasants never knew. The ruins mouldered untouched over the bodies of the mother and her child; and none dared after nightfall to pass that mournful sepulchre.

.

Suddenly, at the court of Wirtemberg, a rumour arose that a wonderful violinist had arrived, but where he had studied, or whence he came, none knew. His name was Wolstenbach; he proclaimed himself a German by birth, but from what part of the dominions he would not tell. "He was," he said, "a musician; and that was all that was requisite to be known: he was content to submit his claims to a fair judgment."

His terms, however, were so excessive, that the professors of his art ridiculed the presumption of an unknown man; but Wolstenbach only answered that "he knew his power," and still persisted in his demand: so he was rejected. But, soon after, the neighbourhood where he lodged was filled with strange and wonderful stories; for his music was heard in the dead of the night, and crowds congregated in the street, squeezing each other to get near his habitation. It was told that he lived scantily, but ate greedily; that he had no society, and held no converse with his fellow-men; that he looked upon all who approached him with suspicion, and appeared to be a creature apart from human sympathies. His instrument was the sole depository of his thoughts, for he was often heard talking to it, as if it could comprehend his words. Sometimes he would reproach it, calling it hard names and beating it; and when sounds came from it, at each blow, he would exclaim, "Ay, fiend! cry and shriek! I want thee something for thy luxurious feasting." Then would he catch the instrument, playing as in a frenzy, making horrible yellings, and growlings, and shrill shrieks to issue from it, so that those who heard, stopped their ears affrighted. At other times he would volloo with it, making it laugh and giggle like a tickled child; and as hearers could not forbear laughing also, it was so oddly comical; but all men agreed that he was a lunatic. Such rumours reaching the ears of the king, it was commanded that the stranger's terms should be accepted. A night was accordingly fixed for him to play to the public; and when the morning of that day came, the professors formed themselves into groups, and prepared to sneer at his rehearsal; but they were disappointed, for he would not practise with the band as others had done, but obliged them to await the evening for the gratification of their curiosity.

Night came;—the theatre was crowded to the ceiling;—the king and the chief of his nobility were there. The higher order of professors were ranged upon the stage. They were to open with a grand overture, and all the musical talent or judgment that resided within a day's journey round the metropolis, were to be found among the audience of that evening. The overture began; the spectators, for they could scarcely be called listeners, waved to and fro uneasily. The musicians played divinely, for they exerted their

best skill. At length the piece was finished, and a simultaneous movement among the auditors showed that expectation was wound up to the highest pitch. The professors saw this, and, scarcely waiting for their accustomed applause, sidled into the best seats. They formed a sort of semicircle around the spot on which Weistenbach was to stand. Some assumed the gravity of judges; others took snuff and smiled superciliously; while others again, more sanguine in their temperament, chuckled and nodded to their friends. At last, when all were arranged, the violinist appeared; he walked with an indescribably awkward gait, straight down to the foot-lamps, and bowed. The audience rose up as by one effort; there was a stare of wonderment, then a burst of applause, though no one knew why he applauded that strange ungraceful effigy of a man, unless, indeed, his excessive ugliness was merit, in the estimation of the gaping multitude. The musicians bowed, and bowed again, but never smiled. Then he drew his bow across the strings, and music flowed like oil; he played on, and no one remembered that he was not handsome: not a word was spoken, not a movement made: even the professors forgot to be angry, until the charm was dissolved and the melody had ceased. It was then that the applause broke forth louder, longer than before, for now they knew why they were pleased. Weistenbach received these honours without relaxing a muscle—he bowed to the audience, to the professors, lowly, lowly, humbly, but he never once looked up, for the ban was upon him, and he dared not lift his eyes to meet the glance of the bright, and the beautiful; but huddling his instrument under his arm, he shuffled away with his uncouth lanky walk, while a thousand tongues pronounced him an inspired master, an impersonation of musical genius, and there was no more mention of his reputed madness.

Again and again he appeared, each time with added fame; riches poured on him like rain, but he abated nothing of his stern parsimony, nor of his desire for gain, because the vulture of avarice was ever gnawing in his bosom, as the famine had eaten into that of his boy. He travelled far, spreading his name from one kingdom to another; but the thought of his wife and his son never left him: for though he knew that they were to die by his compact, he knew not that they were to die so fearfully. He had not felt sorrow for them then, but it was the only human feeling that clung to him after; for he despised the whole race of mankind, and while he greedily sought their admiration, he looked down upon them from his crime-won pinnacle, and hated them all. The familiar, by whose aid he excelled, and whom he was doomed ever to carry in his bosom, was no less an object of his disgust. He could not forgive the past; and he resented the tauntings which the demon heaped

upon him in private, for it was then that the vile creature had power to torture him. But when the musician's grasp was upon the strings of that magic violin, it became helpless in his hands, and he failed not to wreak upon it the vengeance of his moody humour. In the face of assembled crowds, when the hour of triumph was come, he fretted, and beat, and belaboured the fiend, whose shrieks and cries were but so many subjects of admiration to the wondering auditory.

Thus went Wolstenbach and his grim companion from court to court, every where received as the sovereign of his art;—his super-human appearance every where engendering awful terror;—his ceaseless avarice, disgust;—his unrivalled skill compelling admiration:—envied by professors, protected by princes, lauded and supported by nobles and fair dames, who guessed not whence came the harmony which so much delighted, nor dreamt that they followed as a popular idol—a DEMON MUSICIAN.

TO MONT BLANC.

O HEAVEN and earth! how awful is thy form,
Most mighty Blanc, where nature's hands dispense,
Thou altar of her rude magnificence!
Her elements most pure—off'rings of light and storm.

Altar of nature! comes her glory down
Now on thy head, that scorns, save to aspire
To you red orb, that stains thy snows with fire,
And burns a thousand clouds to glory for thy crown.

When shall yon eagle reach the heaven that fills
With rosy floods the circles of thy head?—
There are thy glaciers, too, where hues are shed,
Like stone-drops of all tints upon the Indian hills.

And every sky with highest figures shines
Round thee: the white unsteady clouds that stream
From off thy forehead most ethereal seem;
And the pale moon that high glazes thy savage pines.

Thine, waters great and small of purest wave;—
From out thy side, the frozen-bearded spring
Looks with clear eye, like hermit's, glittering,
Touch'd by the moon's cold wand: below great torrents rave.

And who shall dare upon thy skirts to tread,
When in the tempest-robe thy form retires,
Wrought with dark thunder and embroider'd fire?
And O star-figur'd night is brightest o'er thy head!

O! not in vain hath God built up thy height,
 Thou type to man of many vision'd forms—
 Abstractions of the mind—shap'd from thy storms,—
 Thy converse with high heaven,—thy hues of changing light.

Lives there the man, might dare unto thy crown
 Of chastest snows, where never sun that shone,
 Hurt the blue chair of winter's icy throne,
 Bear thought impure, as men may dare in thronging town?

His lesson are thy rocks that never blanch :—
 Black horror nods upon thy piny steep :—
 And danger, like a giant half asleep,
 And falling, leans upon thy falling avalanche.—

Yon eagle hath not reach'd thy summit hoar,
 High towering Blanc! with upward steady wing.—
 I leave thy presence, but in wandering,
 I'll see thee oft afar o'er sea and circling shore.

THOMAS AIRD.

IFS.

On! if the winds could whisper what they hear,
 When murmuring round at sunset through the grove :
 If words were written on the streamlet clear;
 So often spoken fearlessly above :
 If tell-tale stars, descending from on high,
 Could image forth the thoughts of all that gaze,
 Entranced upon that deep cerulean sky,
 And count how few think *only* of their rays!

If the lulled heaving ocean could disclose
 All that has passed upon her golden sand,
 When the moon-lighted waves triumphant rose,
 And dashed their spray upon the echoing strand :
 If dews could tell how many tears have mixed
 With the bright gem-like drops that nature weeps ;
 If night could say how many eyes are fixed
 On *her* dark shadows, while creation sleeps!

If echo, rising from her magic throne,
 Repeated with her melody of voice
 Each timid sigh—each whispered word and tone,
 Which made the hearer's listening heart rejoice :
 If nature could, unchecked, repeat aloud
 All she hath heard and seen—must hear and see—
 Where would the whispering, vowing, sighing crowd
 Of lovers, and their blushing partners, be?

HON. MRS NORTON.

"CALAMITY WELCOME IN DEMERARA."*

THERE was every promise of a fine crop this season in Mr Bruce's plantation. The coffee-walks had been refreshed by frequent showers, and were screened from the chill north winds; and the fruit looked so well that, as the owner surveyed his groves the day before the gathering began, he flattered himself with the hopes of a crop so much above the average as might clear off some of the debts which began to press heavily upon him.

His daughters remained at his side during the whole of this cheerful season; for Mary had but a faint remembrance, which she wished to revive, of its customs and festivities. The time of crop is less remarkable and less joyous in a coffee than a sugar plantation; but there is much in both to engage the eye and interest the heart. The sugar crop had been got in three months before, and Mary had then visited the Mitchelsons, and seen how marvellously the appearance of the working population, both man and beast, had improved in a very short time. Horses, oxen, mules, and even pigs, had fattened upon the green tops of the cane and upon the scum from the boiling-house; while the meagre and sickly among the slaves recovered their looks rapidly while they had free access to the nourishing juice which oozed from the mill. The abundance of food more than made up for the increase of labour; and the slaves, while more hardly worked than ever, seemed to mind it less, and to wear a look of cheerfulness sufficiently rare at other seasons.

There was less apparent enjoyment to all parties at the time of gathering in the coffee, though it was a sight not to be missed by a stranger. The slaves could not grow fat upon the fruit of the coffee-tree as upon the juice of the cane; but as there was an extra allowance of food in consideration of the extra labour, the slaves went through it with some degree of willingness. The weather was oppressively hot, too; but Mary found it as tolerable in the shade of the walks as in the house. She sat there for hours, under a large umbrella, watching the slaves, as each slowly filled the canvass bag hung round his neck, and kept open by a hoop. She followed them with her eyes when they sauntered from the trees to the baskets to empty their pouches, and then back again to the trees; and listened to the rebukes of the overseer when he found unripe fruit among the ripe.

"I am sure," said she to her father one day, "I should come in for many a scolding if I had to pick coffee to-day. If the heat makes

* From "Illustrations of Political Economy, No. IV. Demerara; A Tale. By Harriet Martineau." London, 1832.

us faint as we lie in the shade, what must it be to those who stand in the sun from morning till night! I could not lift a hand, or see the difference between one berry and another.”—“Blacks bear the heat better than we do,” observed Mr Bruce. “However, it is really dreadfully sultry to-day. I have seldom felt it so much myself, and I believe the slaves will be as glad as we when night comes.”—“The little puffs of air that leave a dead calm,” said Mary, “only provoke one to remember the steady breeze we did not know how to value when we had it. I should not care for a thunder-storm if it would bring coolness.”—“Would not you? You little know what thunder-storms are here.”—“You forget how many we had in the spring.”—“Those were no more like what we shall have soon, than a June night-breeze in England is like a January frost-wind. You may soon know, however, what a Demerara thunder-storm is like.”

Mary looked about her as her father pointed, and saw that the face of nature was indeed changed. She had mentioned a thunder-storm, because she had heard the overseer predict the approach of one. There was a mass of clouds towering in a distant quarter of the heavens, not like a pile of snowy peaks, but now rent apart and now tumbled together, and bathed in a dull, red light. The sun, too, looked large and red, while the objects on the summits of the hills wore a bluish cast, and looked larger and nearer than usual. There was a dead calm. The pigeon had ceased her cooing; no parrots were showing off their gaudy plumage in the sunlight, and not even the hum of the enamelled beetle was heard.

“What is the moon’s age?” asked Mr Bruce of the overseer. “She is full to-night, sir, and a stormy night it will be, I fear.” He held up his finger and listened. “Hark!” said Mary, “there is the thunder already.”—“It is not thunder, my dear.”—“It is the sea,” said Louisa. “I never heard it here but once before; but I am sure it is the same sound.”—“The sea at this distance!” cried Mary. Her father shook his head, muttering, “God help all who are in harbour, and give them a breeze to carry them out far enough. The shore will be strewed with wrecks by the morning. Come, my dears, let us go home before yonder clouds climb higher.”

The whites have not yet become as weather-wise, between the tropics, as the negroes; and both fall short of the foresight which might be attained, and which was actually possessed by the original inhabitants of these countries. A negro cannot, like them, predict a storm twelve days beforehand; but he is generally aware of its approach some hours sooner than his master. It depends upon the terms he happens to be on with the whites, whether or not he gives them the advantage of his observations.

Old Mark sent his daughter Becky to Mr Bruce’s house to deliver

his opinion on the subject; but all were prepared. No such friendly warning was given to the Mitchelsons, who, overcome with the heat, were, from the eldest to the youngest, lying on couches, too languid to lift up their heads or think of what might be passing out of doors. Cassius, meanwhile, was leaning over the gate of his provision ground watching the moon as she rose, crimson as blood, behind his little plantain grove. Every star looked crimson too, and had its halo like the moon. It was as if a bloody steam had gone up from the earth. Not a breath of air could yet be felt; yet here and there a cedar, taller than the rest, stooped and shivered on the summits of the hills: and the clouds, now rushing, now poised motionless, indicated a capricious commotion in the upper air. Cassius was watching with much interest these signs of an approaching tempest, when he felt himself pulled by the jacket. "May I stay with you?" asked poor Hester. "My master and mistress dare not keep at home because our roof is almost off already, and they think the wind will carry it quite away to-night."—"Where are they gone?"—"To find somebody to take them in; but they say there will be no room for me."—"Stay with me then; but nobody will be safe under a roof to-night, I think."—"Where shall we stay then?"—"Here, unless God calls us away. Many may be called before morning."

The little girl stood trembling, afraid of she scarcely knew what, till a tremendous clap of thunder burst near, and then she clung to Cassius, and hid her face. In a few moments the gong was heard, sounding in the hurried irregular manner which betokens an alarm. "Aha!" cried Cassius. "The white man's house shakes and he is afraid." "What does he call us for?" said the terrified child. "We can do him no good."—"No; but his house is stronger than ours; and if his shakes, ours may tumble down, and then he would lose his slaves and their houses too. So let us go into the field where we are called, and then we shall see how pale white men can look."

All the way as they went, Hester held one hand before her eyes, for the lightning flashes came thick and fast. Still there was neither wind nor rain; but the roar of the distant sea rose louder in the intervals of the thunder. Cassius suddenly stopt short, and pulled the little girl's hand from before her face, crying, "Look, look, there is a sight!" Hester shrieked when she saw a whole field of sugar-canes whirled in the air. Before they had time to fall, the loftiest trees of the forest were carried up in like manner. The mill disappeared, a hundred huts were levelled; there was a stunning roar, a rumbling beneath, a rushing above. The hurricane was upon them in all its fury.

Cassius clasped the child round the waist, and carried rather than led her at his utmost speed beyond the verge of the groves, lest they

also should be borne down and crush all beneath them. When he had arrived with his charge in the field whither the gong had summoned him, slaves were arriving from all parts of the plantation to seek safety in an open place. Their black forms flitting in the mixed light,—now in the glare of the lightning, and now in the rapid gleams which the full moon cast as the clouds were swept away for a moment, might have seemed to a stranger like imps of the storm collecting to give tidings of its ravages. Like such imps they spoke and acted. “The mill is down!” cried one. “No crop next year, for the canes are blown away!” shouted another. “The hills are bare as a rock,—no coffee, no spice, no cotton! Hurra!”—“But our huts are gone: our plantation grounds are buried,” cried the wailing voice of a woman. “Hurra! for the white man’s are gone too!” answered many mingled tones. Just then a burst of moonlight showed to each the exulting countenances of the rest, and there went up a shout, louder than the thunder, “Hurra! hurra! how ugly is the land!”

The sound was hushed, and the warring lights were quenched for a time by the deluge which poured down from the clouds. The slaves crouched together in the middle of the field, supporting one another as well as they could against the fury of the gusts which still blew, and of the tropical rains. An inquiry now went round,—where was Horner? It was his duty to be in the field as soon as the gong had sounded, but no one had seen him. There was a stern hope in every heart that his roof had fallen in and buried him and his whip together. It was not so, however.

After a while, the roaring of water was heard very near, and some of the blacks separated from the rest to see in what direction the irregular torrents which usually attend a hurricane were taking their course. There was a strip of low ground between the sloping field where the negroes were collected and the opposite hill, and through the middle of this ground a river rushed along where a river had never been seen before. A tree was still standing here and there in the midst of the foaming waters, and what had a few minutes ago been a hillock with a few shrubs growing out of it, was now an island. The negroes thought they heard a shout from this island, and then supposed it must be fancy; but when the cloudy rack was swept away and allowed the moon to look down for a moment, they saw that some one was certainly there, clinging to the shrubs, and in imminent peril of being carried away if the stream should continue to rise. It was Horner, who was making his way to the field when the waters overtook him in the low ground, and drove him to the hillock to seek a safety which was likely to be *short enough*. The waters rose every moment: and though the dis-

stance was not above thirty feet from the hillock to the sloping bank on which the negroes had now ranged themselves to watch his fate, the waves dashed through in so furious a current that he did not dare to commit himself to them. He called, he shouted, he screamed for help, his agony growing more intense, as inch after inch, foot after foot, of his little shore disappeared. The negroes answered his shouts very punctually; but whether the impatience of peril prompted the thought, or an evil conscience, or whether it were really so, the shouts seemed to him to have more of triumph than sympathy in them; and cruel as would have been his situation had all the world been looking on with a desire to help, it was dreadfully aggravated by the belief that the wretches whom he had so utterly despised were watching his struggles, and standing with folded arms to see how he would help himself when there was none to help him. He turned and looked to the other shore; but it was far too distant to be reached. If he was to be saved, it must be by crossing the narrower gully: and, at last, a means of doing so seemed to offer. Several trees had been carried past by the current; but they were all borne on headlong, and he had no means of arresting their course; but one came at length, a trunk of the largest growth, and therefore making its way more slowly than the rest. It tilted from time to time against the bank, and when it reached the island, fairly stuck at the very point where the stream was narrowest. With intense gratitude,—gratitude which two hours before he would have denied could ever be felt towards slaves,—Horner saw the negroes cluster about the root of the tree to hold it firm in its position. Its branchy head seemed to him to be secure, and the only question now was, whether he could keep his hold on this bridge, while the torrent rose over it, as if in fury at having its course delayed. He could but try, for it was his only chance. The beginning of his adventure would be the most perilous, on account of the boughs over and through which he must make his way. Slowly, fearfully, but firmly he accomplished this, and the next glimpse of moonlight showed him astride on the bare trunk, clinging with knees and arms, and creeping forward as he battled with the spray. The slaves were no less intent. Not a word was spoken, not one let go, and even the women would have a hold. A black cloud hid the moon just when Horner seemed within reach of the bank; and what happened in that dark moment,—whether it was the force of the stream, or the strength of the temptation,—no lips were ever known to utter; but the event was, that the massy trunk heaved once over, the unhappy wretch lost his grasp, and was carried down at the instant he thought himself secure. Horrid yells once more arose, from the perishing man, and from the blacks now dispersed along the bank to see the last of him. “He is

not gone yet," was the cry of one; "he climbed yon tree as if he had been a water-rat."—"There let him sit if the wind will let him," cried another. "That he should have been carried straight to a tree after all!"—"Stand fast! here comes the gale again!" shouted a third.

The gale came. The tree in which Horner had found refuge bowed, cracked,—but before it fell, the wretch was blown from it like a flake of foam, and swallowed up finally in the surge beneath. This was clearly seen by a passing gleam. "Hurra! hurra!" was the cry once more, "God sent the wind. It was God that murdered him, not we."

THE HOURI.

A PERSIAN SONG.

SWEET Spirit! ne'er did I behold
Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold;
Or gaze into thy full dark eye,
Or on thy snowy bosom lie;
Or take in mine thy small white hand,
Or bask beneath thy smiling bland;
Or walk, enraptured, by the side
Of thee, my own immortal bride.

I see thee not—yet oft I hear
Thy soft voice whispering in my ear;
And when the evening breeze I seek,
I feel thy kiss upon my cheek;
And when the moonbeams softly fall
On mead and tower, and flower-crowned wall,
Methinks the patriarch's dream I see—
The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
The voiceless harp-strings of the wind;
And on my ear their soft tones fell
Sweet as the voice of Israfel! *
I've seen thee, in the lightning's sheen,
Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
And give one glimpse, one transient glare
Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft, 'midst my wanderings wild and wide,
I know that thou art by my side;
For flowers breathe sweeter 'neath thy tread,
And suns burn brighter o'er thy head;
And though thy steps so noiseless steal,
And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,

* Israfel, the angel of music.

My throbbing heart and pulses high
Tell me, sweet spirit, thou art nigh.

O for the hour, the happy hour,
When Azrael's * wings shall to thy bower
Bear my enfranchised soul away,
Unfettered with these chains of clay !
For what is he whom men so fear—
Azrael ! the solemn and severe—
What but the white-robed priest is he,
Who weds my happy soul to thee.

Then shall we rest in bowers that bloom
With more than Araby's perfume,
And list to many a lovelier note
Than swells th' enamoured bulbul's † throat ;
And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
Thought never soared so proud a height,—
And one melodious ziralet ‡
Through heaven's unending year repeat.

HENRY NEELE.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See, how slowly the streamlet glides ;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides ;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one ;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily fieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy ; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud ;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

MRS GILMAN.

* *azel*, the angel of death. † *Bulbul*, the nightingale. ‡ *Ziralet*, a song of rejoicing.

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF, *

OR A SCENE AT GIBRALTAR.

The mists boil up around me, and the clouds
 Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
 Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.

* * * *

I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
 I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
 Spinning around me—I grow blind—what art thou?

BYRON.

THE first time I ever saw the famous rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage. We had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet, from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old sea-dog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water. When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our topgallant poles were under the boom cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "All hands to house topgallant masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land, the gale continued to rage with unintermitted violence; to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance

* From "the New York Mirror."

of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most saturnine reader. I must own I did not much relish the humour of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea sick myself; but

Quod fuit durum pati—meminisse dulce eat;

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold mid watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of our grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last for ever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpeter for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to, it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out, and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying pins of the main fife-rail (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard), and looking I suppose as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretop-sail-yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins. "Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the look out, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach. I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirsty tar, the dinner bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-bye of a country cousin, the song of the Signorina, and Paganini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves *landed*, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain

our whereabouts, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely land-locked by the "steepy shore," where

Europe and Afric on each other gaze,

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky Moor," had enough of something in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the rock by the same sort of zig-zag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore, let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and fortified rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates. The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the main land, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while, the spectator gazed on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it is surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass, are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives: or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard houses of the garrison, be

fore which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then, the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange, and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyre-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side. At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark coloured houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order: the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear: and the high massive walks which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick planted with cannon, seemed formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structures the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as gazing upon the defences which every where meet his eye, he remembers, that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the rock is the chief feature of interest in the bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the superadded charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations. the picturesque towns of St Roque and Algesiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests in the back ground—the dimly-seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes-hill can divest of all its interest at one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increases the picturesqueness of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a numerous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and colour. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again; in another—on the high latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance, excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks in their national and beautiful costume, smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter in which their lives depended. Besides them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious, slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore: and every now and then, a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards, and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the garrison.

I have mentioned that it was on a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea, and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taunt fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-taunto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying,

and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure, than on that noble vessel. The hustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well disciplined crew, but of brief duration. In a very few minutes, every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taught and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate its recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright surface, as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boatswain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unsated eyes, on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance, which invests every scene with the colours of the imagination; and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odour of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings as I leaned over the taffarel, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain: and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time by the officer of the deck.

“Mr Transom!” cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, “are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the commodore waiting all day for you, sir?”

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

“Shove off, sir,” said he.

“Let fall! give way!” cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes, we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the

principal and strongly fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore, as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff" (the name of the other landing-place), "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the draw-bridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat was lying, is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison, or national vessels in the harbour, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches, the activity and confusion increases. Crowds of people of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine, glide with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white berboose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamour of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame, and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face, the dark sunburnt hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connexion of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended: and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay: but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed towards me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavouring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude, when my attention was drawn in another direction by a loud long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others, took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls, and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew. As soon as the quay became entirely deserted, the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock—the drawbridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous

linges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port, I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay, I sprung ashore, and walking to a favourable position, endeavoured to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct: a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigour was exhausted. I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep, flinty sides, and dreadful precipices, with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones, which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full rein to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in opening manhood, I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and avowed the

bitterest enmity against me:—and from him, my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy: and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eye-lids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency, that I saw an object before me, the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise. The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance, had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message, he turned away, and walked towards the garrison. Shall I own it, gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some officer or family where the commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that were I to neglect obeying the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel, if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed towards the gate. The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock; but, on reaching the foot of the spiral

staircase, I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortifications; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path which seemed to ascend towards the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned towards me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us. The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at every foot-step, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below. I could not conjecture whither the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a pathway. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

I glanced my eyes round, and shuddering withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from the edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head, and approaching close to me, "Look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke, with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round my body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then darting towards me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over the dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's length above the dread abyss. The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second, could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle, I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. That moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an *inhuman laugh*, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon.

as down—down—down I fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream !

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and “ deep-down gulfs.” The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me ; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers ; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her ; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer ;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of his early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer ;—for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest :
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :

O, hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows ;—
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
 Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through him who died.
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
 O, what is earth and its pleasures now !
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith.
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends :
 There is peace in his eye that upwards bends ;
 There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where he shall reign,
 Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
 The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

A wake, awake, and gird up thy strength
 To join that holy band at length.
 To him who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

HENRY WARR.

THE COBBLER OF MESSINA.

THERE is a sort of enthusiasm in public spirit, which renders it politically prudent in corrupt statesmen to encourage it ; and yet there is something so great and so divine in this enthusiasm, that statesmen of a better turn, though they dare not encourage, yet cannot but admire it. We have a shining and surprising example of this in the Cobbler of Messina, which happened in the last century, and is at once a proof that public spirit is the growth of every degree : and, which is a point that our great men ought to consider with attention, that wherever corruption becomes flagrant and universal, this heroic lunacy of public spirit is most likely to appear.

This cobbler was an honest man, and, I was going to say, poor ; but when I consider that he maintained his family, and was above dependence, I cannot prevail upon myself to make use of the expression. He was also a man of reflection ; he saw the corruption, luxury, and oppression ; the private frauds, the public robberies, the enormous violation of justice, under which his country laboured. He saw rapes unpunished, adulteries unproved, barbarous murders either screened by corrupt senators, or atoned for by money ; in a word, he saw a universal degeneracy of manners prevail, partly from the want of will, partly from the want of power in the government to chastise offenders. In this situation he resolved to undertake the arduous task of reforming these disorders, and thought it both lawful and expedient to assume the authority of avenger of the innocent, and the terror of the guilty.

Full of this romantic resolution, he provided himself with a short gun, which he carried under his cloak, and equipped with a powder pouch on one thigh, and a bag of bullets on the other, he sallied out in the evenings, and, as proper opportunities offered, despatched such as he knew to be incorrigible offenders, to that tribunal, where he was sensible they could not elude justice ; and then returned home, full of that satisfaction which is the sole reward of public spirit. As there were in Messina a great number of these overgrown criminals, the cobbler, in the space of a few weeks, did very great execution. The sun never rose without discovering fresh marks of his justice ; here lay a usurer, who had ruined hundreds ; there, an unjust magistrate, who had been the curse of thousands ; in one corner, a nobleman who had debauched his friend's wife ; in another, a man of the same rank, who, through avarice and ambition, had prostituted his own ; but as the bodies were all untouched, with all their ornaments about them, and very often with considerable sums in their pockets, it was visible they were not despatched for the sake of money ; and their

numbers made it as evident, that they did not fall victims to private revenge.

It is not in the power of words to describe the astonishment of the whole city; things came at last to such a pass, that not a rogue of any rank durst walk the streets; complaint upon complaint was carried to the viceroy; and magistrates, guards, spies, and every other engine of power were employed to no manner of purpose. At last, when no less than fifty of the examples had been made, the viceroy took a serious resolution of putting a stop to such mischiefs, by the only method that seemed capable of reaching the evil; he caused public proclamation to be made, that he would give the sum of 2000 crowns to any person who should discover the author or authors of these murders; promising, at the same time, the like reward, with an absolute indemnity, to the person who had done them, if he would discover himself; and as a pledge of his sincerity, he went to the cathedral, and took the sacrament, that he would punctually perform every tittle of his proclamation.

The cobbler, having either satisfied his zeal for justice, or being now in a temper to secure his own safety, after having, in his own opinion, done so much service to the state, went directly to the palace, and demanded an audience of the viceroy; to whom, upon his declaring that he had something of great importance to communicate, he was admitted alone. He began with putting his excellency in mind of his oath, who assured him he meant to keep it religiously. The cobbler then proceeded to the following harangue: "I, sir, have been alone that instrument of justice, who despatched in so short a time, so many criminals. In doing this, sir, I have done no more than what was your duty to do. You, sir, who, in reality, are guilty of all the offences which these wretches have committed, deserved the same chastisement, and had met with it too, had I not respected the representative of my prince, who, I know, is accountable to God alone." He then entered into an exact detail of all the murders he had done, and the motives upon which he proceeded. The viceroy, who was thoroughly convinced that he told him no more than the truth, repeated his assurances of safety, and thanked him very affectionately for the tenderness he had shown him, adding, after all, he was ready to pay him the 2000 crowns.

Our cobbler returned the viceroy his compliments in his rough way; but told him, after what had passed, he believed it would be but prudent in him to make choice of some other city for his habitation, and that, too, in some corner of Italy, not under the jurisdiction of his Catholic majesty. The viceroy though his reasons had weight, *and therefore, after thanking him in the most gracious terms, for supplying that power which the government wanted, he ordered a*

tartane to transport him, his family, his effects, and 200 crowns to one of the ports in the territory of Genoa ; where this extraordinary person passed the remainder of his days in ease and quiet : and the city of Messina felt, for a long time after, the happy effects of his enthusiastic zeal for the public good, and for the strict execution of justice, without respect to persons.

This story, however strange, is exactly true ; and, as Philip of Macedon kept a page, who, to moderate his ambition, and to put him in mind of his duty as a prince, was wont to awake him in the morning with this salutation, " Remember, Philip, that thou art a man ;" so, I think, it would be happy for ministers, who are either entrusted by their masters, or acquire themselves a boundless authority, supported by boundless influence ; if they would write in a table-book, and refresh their memories frequently with this sentence : " What if the cobbler of Messina should revive ?"

MEKANA'S DEATH-SONG.

THE lone leaves whirl in quiet hours
 From off the trembling tree,
 Like spirit steps among the bowers
 Their whispers visit me :—
 Mekana is a lonely leaf,
 That shivers on life's spray,
 And wearies for the storm of grief,
 To carry her away.
 The moon is on the rattling rill,
 The sounds of men are dumb ;
 I hear a voice from yonder hill—
 " Come, my Mekana ! come !"

My hunter-boy is gone to sleep,
 He hears no voice at all,
 He sees no dark eye o'er him weep,
 No tear of duty fall ;—
 He does not drink the showers
 Of music in the spring,
 Nor see the glades of flowers,
 Nor feel the bliss they bring ;—
 Behold ! he beckons me away
 Unto the spirit-home—
 " Haste ! my Mekana, do not stay ;
 Come, my Mekana ! come !"

He lies beside yon cocoa-tree
 Among the warrior forms,
 Sent by the Lord of life to see
 The fearful feast of worms :—

And there with him I sit, and speak
 In melancholy tones ;
 The vulture dares not whet his beak
 On my beloved's bones ;—
 He says, " Peace feeds her flocks afar,
 Beside the spirits' home ;
 They never join the dance of war—
 Come, my Mekana ! come !"

O ! here like any mateless bird,
 My mournful bowers I make ;—
 What care I for the serpent heard
 A-stirring in the brake ?
 It is the only rosy ground
 In this sad world I know,
 The only oasis I found
 In all life's waste of woe.
 My hunter beckons me in dreams
 The flower-clad vales to roam :—
 To chase the fawn by forest streams—
 I come, my love, I come !

J. B. T.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

SEEK not crowded streets or halls :
 There are eyes of lustrous beauty—
 Eyes, whose magic glance enthral
 The hapless wight on whom it falls.
 Oh ! beware the dazzling throng
 Where ladies young and fair assemble ;
 You—a simple son of song—
 Dare not hope, and must dissemble ;
 And a smile, that comes your way,
 May make you sad for many a day.

II.

I have wreck'd my heedless heart
 On a strand far off and hopeless :
 She, the cause of all my smart,
 Never can relief impart.
 High above my humble lot,
 Wherefore do I not forget her ?
 Durst I speak—she knows me not,—
 Nor can I wish she knew me better ;
 For would come the cruel truth,
 That I am but a peasant youth.

THE YOUNG MAN OF NINETY.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

"He is a citizen," thought I, "who, now, in the seventh day and sabbath of his old age,—wisely forsaking the mart, the 'change, and the populous paths surrounding the temple of all-worshipped Mammon—nestles here in this quiet village,

The town forgetting, by the town forgot."

It was an old gentleman, who had, a few moments before, entered the cozy, and cleanly parlour of "mine inn," and was now engaged in sipping his sherry and glancing through the paper, who had given birth to these reflections. He was, as I afterwards ascertained, ninety years old, though looking less than sixty—hearty and active—short, well set, and with legs that might make an Irish pavior mis-give his own: these were handsomely clad in black silk stockings; and legs which would stand by a man in the handsome way which his had done, were worthy of the honour. A pair of buckles conferred additional brilliancy on the "brilliant Warren" of his shoes; and a smaller pair gave compactness to their knees. His coat was of the old-school cut, lengthy and capacious, ample in pocket and flap—in short, a reminiscence of the coat of "other days," ere tailors turned out that

Starveling in a scanty vest,

called an Exquisite. His hat was partly hat and partly umbrella, for it was wide enough in the brim to shelter his shoulders in a shower. His face was of a healthy hue: though there were as many lines in it as in Denner's master-piece. His features had somewhat of the Scottish character, and were what some physiognomists would call hard: but their severity was softened off by a frequent smile, full of good-nature, which gave a general expression of mildness and benevolence to his countenance,—such as a face with more pretensions to comeliness would perhaps have wanted.

There may be many human sights more glorious to behold, but I do not know one more interesting—I would almost say, more holy—than an old man, who has passed his active days amidst the stir and strife of the great Habel, and in the evening of his life sinks quietly and placidly back into the arms of nature,—a man in experience of the world—a child in the mildness and meekness of that knowledge.

I have sketched the old man; I must now describe his companion, for he had one—a dog of the large spaniel breed, who seemed to have seen as much of the busy world as his master. We were very soon inti-

mate, for Prince (that was the worthy four legged fellow's name) appeared to be of that amiable class of dogs, who, by a handsome person and winning manners, recommend themselves immediately to one's good opinion. His master apologized for his familiarities, and in mild terms expostulated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. "You are too dirty, Prince—do you hear, sir? you are too dirty." The conscientious beast seemed to be immediately made sensible that he was, and, taking the reproof in good part, very quietly laid himself down at the feet of his ancient friend. Prince, I suspected, had a great partiality to duck-ponds, for the weeds of those aquatic paradises still hung about him, and decorated him almost to the beatitude of a Sadler's Wells Neptune. To encourage him in decent behaviour, the old gentleman began rumaging his pockets; and the result was, the production of two nicely-packed papers of biscuits, which, first having swept clean a spot on the sanded floor, he deposited there for honest Master Prince's refection; and then the old gentleman resumed the newspaper. The luncheon was soon over; and the *gaiete de cœur* of Prince returned, but he as speedily resumed the proper degree of respect for self and company, and straightway wore as much gravity in his looks, as if he had, in his better days, held the onerous office of deputy of the dogs of Downgate. I noticed that Prince had a trick of tucking up one leg, and running about on the other three, and this brought up a story from the old gentleman, which I shall relate, as it was short, and had some point.

"My dog, sir," said he, "often reminds me of my old acquaintance Jack Simpson. It was said of Jack Simpson,—but stay, I had better first relate how what was said of him came to be said; it is not a bad joke, sir. Jack, when I first knew him—let me see, that was in seventeen-sixty, not a yesterday recollection, sir!"

I stared at the antiquity of the reminiscence.

"Yes, it was in seventeen-sixty. Jack Simpson was then a blood of the first pretensions, as far as broad skirts and breeding went—the 'Ladies' Man' at the Hackney Assembly, a fashionable thing, sir, in that day; first butterfly at Tunbridge Wells, and second only at Bath; an undisputed man of pleasure and of the world; gay, full of unfeigned good humour, having wit enough for men, address and a handsome person for women, and spirit sufficient for all occasions. His fortune was but small, and this gay life of his, you may be sure, made it less. In no long time he began to find out that a spendthrift's purse does not always keep pace with the demands on it; and so he took dinners instead of giving them, and became of Sheridan's opinion, 'that the best wine is certainly our friend's.' Now what, in heaven's name, sir, had a man of Jack's fortune and folly to do

with avarice? It was one of those contradictions in his character, which I could never understand, and which must have been a riddle to himself. Sir, it must have been born in him—an innate quality—a genius for avarice; and all his brilliant exterior, which pleased the popular eye, like the wretched finery and foppery of a May-day sweep, only disguised but did not conceal the dirt and degradation underneath. He confessed to me that he felt the first gripings of that heart-hardening vice coming upon him at that time, while still whirling round in the vortex of fashion. His fingers began to clutch closer, and his whole hand held faster what it held. As if fortune had become disgusted with his growing meanness, she sent him a thumping legacy of thirty thousand pounds, the hard scrapings of a miserly relation—it ran in the blood of the Simpsons, sir. One would have thought that this sudden accession would have confirmed him in his sordidness—it had an effect directly the reverse! Off he went again on the old road to ruin, with a renewed speed, gained from loitering so leisurely along it as he had lately done. Open house—card tables and faro banks—wine, women, and assemblies—routs, Ranelagh, Pump-room, sedans here, and coaches there—flirtations with Lady A., an alderman's young widow, and the lovely Miss B.—and follies of all sorts, which were nothing if not expensive, made his thirty thousand pounds fly thirty thousand ways; and in three years Jack stood with his hands in two empty pockets—his good constitution gone with his gold, forsaken of his frivolous friends, his flirtation with Lady A. *off*, as the phrase is, and his calculations of the money and matrimonial inclinations of Miss B. wrong in the items, and the whole bill disputed. But a well selected vice never leaves its victim—it is sometimes more faithful than a virtue, and sticks, where it has once fastened, tenaciously to the last. Though run out of ready money, Jack was above want. His estate was even now a clear thousand a year,—quite enough to begin with when you intend to be pennyless all the rest of your life. He was seen no more in his old haunts: and Fashion lost one of her favourite fools. He disappeared, and no one knew when or where. He was known to be alive, for his rents were punctually demanded—but not by him, and his agent kept his secret. Seven years passed away, and he was almost forgotten, when suddenly he re-appeared,—grey, pinched, miserable, stooping, and unnaturally old—the very phantom of avarice. The generous few pitied him, the unfeeling many laughed at him, the perplexed thought he was deranged, and the positive said he was. It might perhaps amuse you to relate some instances of his *sordid passion*; but there is more melancholy than mirth in looking at human nature at a discount, and I would rather forget them. In *brief*, sir, he ended by starving himself to death through fear of

want; a good estate and forty thousand pounds in funded money fell into the coffers of the crown, in lack of an heir-at-law; and the only pleasant fact connected with the memory of Jack Simpson is this waggish remark on his begrudging habits, by one who knew him well,—that if he had been born with four legs, he would have run about on three to save one!”

The old gentleman smiled good-humouredly over this portion of his reminiscence; Prince,—who must have heard the story before, for he walked to the door as soon as “legs” were mentioned,—stood ready and willing to start; his master bowed, said I was a good listener, a great accomplishment, and bade me good morning.

Athenæum.

TO MY BED.

BLESS'D tenement, on which are spent
The dark and silent hours of time;
Who many a time and oft hast lent
Repose to this sick heart of mine:
Accept the tribute of my lays!—
A poet's only gift is praise.

To thy soft breast fatigue may fly,
And sickness, ennui, and grief,—
And aching head, and drowsy eye,
In thee can find a sweet relief:
The rich and poor, the young and old,
Alike are fain to seek thy fold.

Husband of sleep, and downy chain
That links dull night with joyous day—
That bears us through the gloomy reign
Of midnight to the sun's bright sway—
And makes the dark and dreary hours
The sweetest in this life of ours.

This world—this noisy world—hath still
A balm for its distractions here—
A quiet spot, whereon, at will,
We rest the burdens that we bear,
And calm our feelings, harsh and rude,
In thee, soft twin of Solitude!

Knit to the sordid things of day—
Busied in fleeting phantoms:—here
Crouching for wealth, like beasts for prey,
Submitting to the great man's sneer—
There, following objects low and vain,
With eager, selfish, grovelling aim;—

O God! how truly cursed my life,
 How abject, wretched would it be,
 If this heart-withering scene of strife
 Were but to last continually!—
 If nought of rest—of quiet nought—
 Were mingled with the bitter draught!
 My bed! my bed! to thee I steal,
 Thou simple, unpretending spot—
 Where men their greatest pleasures feel,
 Or where their sorrows are forgot.
 Thou art the fane where all do fly—
 “In thee we’re born, in thee we die!”

TO THE STARS.

Ye beautiful and bright
 Lamps of the regal night,
 That wreath with light the shadowy vault on high,
 What wake ye in the soul,
 As on your course ye roll,
 In the gay midnight of a summer sky?

Ye wake in fitful gleams,
 Beneath your trembling beams,
 Far through the gloom of interposing years,—
 The hopes of other days—
 Affection’s dawning rays,
 That shone ere youth’s bright sky was dewed with tears:—

Each wild imagining
 That faded with life’s spring—
 Bright dreams, that never knew reality,
 And vows of early love,
 Whispered in moonlit grove
 When trembling lips were breathing sweet reply.

And evenings when we strayed
 By brook and forest-glade,
 With those we ne’er may meet on earth again;
 And hours of vanish’d mirth,
 When feelings had their birth,
 Which our fond hearts have cherished—all in vain.

And each awakening thought,
 From memory’s labyrinth brought,
 Yields to the heart a rapture all its own—
 Soft as the breath of flowers,
 In summer’s sunniest hours,
 And soothing as the flute’s low plaintive tone.

A MASQUERADE AT BERLIN.

It was one of those wet, disagreeable days which precede the breaking up of winter in northern countries, that I entered Berlin. In order to see this capital from the distance, I slept at the last relay, to arrive by daylight. I might have saved myself that trouble, for the rain fell in torrents, the day was close, cloudy, and disagreeable, and we splashed through the half-thawed streets to the dismay of some fair maidens of that elegant capital, and the no small amusement of the gentlemen at the windows, who, having begun a fourteenth pipe, were only roused from their torpid state by the infernal noise of the postillion's horn.

I had been recommended to Jagor's, a restaurateur on the Linden, a comfortable abode for single men, where dinner can be had *à la minute*, and every luxury of life within reach, and within doors. The Lord protect the traveller who confides his body to the care of the landlord of the Stadt Rome! Never was there, for a great inn, in a great capital, such a vile, dirty, stinking abode, where it requires more interest to get a dinner for which you pay roundly, than in other countries to get a dinner for which you are not required to pay at all. Our windows at Jagor's overlooked the splendid line of trees commencing from the private palace to the Brandenburg gate: on the summit of the latter, the car of victory is drawn at a jog trot; while in Petersburg, emblematic of the Russian late advances, the horses are at a full gallop, and guided by the emperor. It is a splendid street (if street it can be called), the Linden; the long line of the Frederic and the Charlotten Strasse crossing it at right angles, the chateau, opera, palace, academy of arts and sciences, college, and arsenal, rendering it perhaps the finest sight in the whole world; gay, animated, and lively, the silent sledge, saving the bell, rushing with uncommon rapidity over the snow-covered streets, the driver fantastically dressed, the numbers of officers in their neat uniforms, the apparent content of all classes, made our abode so pleasant, that I inhabited it much longer than I originally intended.

What is a stranger in a foreign land without a lackey *de place*?—Nothing. Let his head be one Babylonian jumble of all languages, he still wants the guide to direct his steps; he wants the different arrangement of his sight-seeing days, which can only be procured from one who is intimately acquainted with the *locale*. Of course I had one, and a good one he was.

It was the carnival time—balls, routs, plays, operas, punch, masquerades, &c. were the nightly amusements; the king and the princes not unfrequently attended the different places, and the former was

sure to be seen at two, if not three, theatres every night. In the grand opera, where the royal box occupied half the tier, the prince-royal with his wife, and the present queen, with a crowd of starred nobles, were sometimes seen; but the king, that great amateur of scenic amusements, appeared in his military great coat, in a small side-box, and only known to the foreigners, by the attendant always standing. I confess I like to see a king live amongst his people. I hate the secluded grandeur which throws away hundreds of thousands in private entertainments and nocturnal riot, only seen by a few, or known through a newspaper. It is the public manner in which the king of Prussia lives,—his confidence in his subjects,—his attending early and late to public business and national improvement,—his anxiety for the well-being and justice of his subjects, which makes the eye of a Prussian sparkle with sincere gratification, as he points to a stranger the sovereign and the father of his people.

It was nine o'clock when I entered the theatre; Spontini's opera had given way, for the night, to the mixed merriment of a masquerade. The theatre was boarded over; a brilliant band attended; and I found myself in one moment after entering the house, in the midst of harlequins and columbines, dancing bears, Cossacks, play-actors, monkeys, devils, and angels. I had hardly planted my foot on the public arena, when a harlequin endeavoured to make me active by his wand, and the clown jumped over my head. I came for amusement, intending to remain until eleven, and then walk quietly, cocked hat, domino and all, to Jagor's, and wash the cobwebs from my throat with some excellent marcobrunner, and then to dream of past delights.

I found myself twirling round in a waltz with a Russian bear, and the next moment impelled along by a Spaniard in a gallopade. At last out of the round of riot, I began to view the company. Here and there police officers, in their uniforms, were stationed. If any one forgot what was due to the company, he was marched out in a moment. Here was no roaring, shouting, impertinent questions, or unhandsome remarks: every thing was orderly; and if you chose to dance with a bear, why the bear would dance with you, and his keeper would join and make a third—all was good-humour and liveliness. It was while gazing at the tototum twirlers that my eyes suddenly caught the light eye of a beautifully-formed flower-girl. "Inshallah," said I, for I once lived in Persia, "this must be one of the houris, only the houris, have black eyes, and, no doubt, wings. I looked at the light hair which peeped from beneath the hat—I admired the small waist and delicate frame—and when, by accident no doubt, my eye looked at her feet, I thought I saw all the beauty that

nature could bestow, and very true I felt the remark of Byron, that makes one "wish to see the whole of the fine form which terminates so well." I was not a little pleased to observe that my dark eyes, sparkling no doubt with wine and animation, mixed up with a little inquisitorial brilliancy, seemed to have fascinated hers: we looked at each other, then away, I blushing deep scarlet, and distinctly seeing that my fair unknown was blushing, as the sailors say, "up to her eyes."

I must, however, introduce my companion to my readers before I continue my own adventures. My travelling companion was a young man, on the passport passing for twenty-five, but from some deep furrows on the cheek, some wrinkles under the eyes, and an occasional haggard look, might very well have passed, without suspicion for a man of thirty-five, who had seen his best days. He had travelled over a large portion of Europe; walked through the Palais Royal; stopped at 154; dived down to the bottom of the Sala silver mine in Sweden; and lost his way, by no means an uncommon accident with him, in the largest and the straightest street in Moscow. He was a man much admired by the women for his discreet and steady behaviour: his was no babbler's tongue, and the secret once confided was well and cautiously guarded by my wizened-face travelling companion.

The flower-girl was hanging on the arm of a tall man in domino, and on his other arm reclined another little nymph, who had fixed her love-darting look on the now animated glance of my companion. They measured each other; the nymph then looked at her companion, then whispered, then observed me, and then said in a beautifully sweet voice, "Charlotte, 'tis them." Now I must here take leave to say, that many travellers have spoken lightly of the virtue and the morality of the German nation, some going so far as to mix all up in one immense cauldron of hot flesh and loose habits; some telling odd stories of intrigues, assignations, elopements, and other conjugal infelicities, nearly as common in our own as in any other country. What we wish we are always ready to believe; and on this occasion, as we both wished for an adventure, we, I am sorrow to say, both gave implicit, credit to the rhodomontade anecdotes of former visitors of Berlin. If it was possible to look love, confidence, and admiration, we both did it; my eyes began to ache, and my heart to palpitate. We walked round the fair objects of our attachment apparently unobserved, by the man, or, if observed, never noticed: this we placed to the right account of stolid indifference in a lazy pipe-smoking German husband. The waltz was now in its highest twirl; the couples passed us with rapid steps and long strides, and whenever I met the eye of the object of my affection, I read distinctly in her altered looks, "Why don't you ask me to dance?"—thinks I, I will. I advanced

some few steps, then called a halt to take counsel, then consulted on the probability of being able to kick the husband, and then determined to make a joint attack upon his two wives, or two daughters, and commence an adventure. In Germany, if a lady is dancing with a gentleman, it is by no means reckoned impolite, but rather the contrary, to ask the gentleman to allow the lady to dance one or two rounds with you; and it is a rule that, at the expiration of the said round, the lady is returned to her original partner. Knowing these German regulations, whereby ball-room society becomes doubly pleasant, comparatively speaking, with our own, and where, when the eye is struck by the angelic appearance of some earthly sylph, it is permitted to mortals to approach the lovely fair uninterrupted by the cold freezing glance of formal presentation, or the more elegant refinement of positive acquaintance, I advanced, and with the firm eye of confidence looked at the long husband, or father, and stammered out, "Elaubensi mir." In the meantime my companion made an approach to the object of his affections, and the kind and considerate father relinquished his two blushing daughters, becoming like the balance of scales without the appendages; and in two minutes we were twisting round like spinning-jennies, or galloping like long-legged racers.

As I gazed on the animated eye of my partner, and encircled her taper waist, thoughts, poetic thoughts, no doubt, entered my imagination. I was within the grasp of what I most solicited; it was decidedly the commencement of a most romantic intrigue. I formed plans of elopement, thought of retiring to the magnificent banks of the Elbe, and then looked with an eye of despair on the dark black thick crape which fell from the nose of the mask, and which, when fluttered by the passing air, as we twirled in giddy rapidity, showed a nicely rounded chin, and lips, such lips as would entice the most Attic of bees to settle thereon, and to gain more honey from their fragrant sweetness than from half the miserable flowers in the creation. The music suddenly stopped, and with it all the tetotums stopped; there, there was the long-legged monster of a father, cocked-hat and all, within a foot of us. I felt I must relinquish the object of so much solicitude, and began the usual roundabout complimentary nothing—the pleasure I had received—her father waiting—future hopes of renewed acquaintance—extravagant wish to see her beloved countenance—and—"Let us seek my sister," she said.

My companion had evidently been in the paradise of hope and imagination. The two sisters commenced a conversation with a volubility which precluded the possibility of understanding one word, especially as they took good care to be in the *sotto voce*, as much as to approximate a whisper. My friend was resolved to follow it up. Never was there such a light airy figure; never woman had so deli-

cate a form, or so sweet a voice. Both becoming of the same opinion, for I allowed my morality for once to be overruled, but resolved to make ample amends by a speedy reformation after this last transgression, I proposed to take our partners to the supper-room, and there to try the effects of champagne, as a prelude to further discoveries. O wine! glorious, excellent wine! how often hast thou inspired me with eloquence, relieved me from the trammels of fancied imprisonment, given new life, new hope, new existence to my weather-beaten frame, and to my palled imagination!—to thee, O Bacchus! I am indebted for many a social hour, many a lively thought, many an excellent companion, which, without thy influence on my uncultivated brain, would have been a tedious time, a homely expression, or a milk-and-water associate!—to thee again I must resort, and hence the future gleams of happiness in this life.

Our principal object, as my reader would suppose, was to remove the masks, and thus unriddle the subject. Here were two females, apparently of good society, to us perfect strangers, but with us intimately acquainted; they knew even our names, remarked our carriage and our suite, complimented us on our acquaintance with the grand chamberlain, our apparent knowledge of different persons; even our walks in the morning, our visits to Charlottenburg, our rambles round the town,—all seemed to them familiar; but as to ourselves, even in collecting our senses and recollections, we were certain, certain beyond contradiction, that we had not broken our English silence to one female German, or one female of any description, since we entered Berlin—which to be sure was only thirty hours past,—and which I here publicly acknowledge to be a most glaring piece of ungallant neglect, and which shall never happen again to me (an opportunity offering), this I swear.

In vain we offered the wine to forward our view—our views being more extensive, of course, was an after-consideration. Each lady, on receiving the glass, merely lifted up the smallest possible part of the above-mentioned veil; and to be sure, for ladies, I will admit they got rid of the wine as expeditiously as one of the late members for York. We were four,—two known knights, who drank after and to their mistresses; and they, dear souls! equally enraptured with our society, disdained the mawkish, spiritless, refusal of our young ladies in England to renew the glass: they drank,—to put it into plain intelligible English, which no blockhead could misunderstand,—they drank their respective shares of the contents of the bottle, now and then relieving the palate by some *bouillons*, and now and then tasting a little Rhine wine, which long custom had placed upon a level with our water drinking. They took champagne for pleasure, Rhine wine as water, and ice to cool them; supper they ate with a degree of girlish modesty

which captivated us; and once, when, as if to replace some of the wandering curls which floated in auburn luxuriance over the shoulder, the glove of one was on the point of being removed, a sudden sharp intonation from the other reminded her of the impropriety, and the glove was hastily replaced, as if she fancied showing her hands an indelicacy equal to what a Spanish lady is guilty of when she shows her legs. It instantly occurred to me that they were married women, and afraid of betraying the secret by the discovery of the ring. I was determined to be satisfied on this point, which I thought, notwithstanding the remonstrance, was within my power to effect.

The dance was again at its highest, and away we went, every now and then, thanks to the powerful influence of the wine, upsetting a bear, or making a harlequin spring about two feet higher than usual; and when I thought that favouring Bacchus had done his duty, by the wild brightened eye of my partner, I walked into a recess, and, taking her hand, endeavoured to remove the glove.—We all know, ladies like those innocent liberties which are easily excused, and, in point of fact, not indelicate. I felt as under the direction of Ovid, who recommends tearing the bracelet from the lady's arm, and I considered that what the great master of love proposed might be safely practised. Every footman knows the rule by which he acts; and when the elderly mother lifts her ponderous self into her carriage, to the great danger of the springs, John allows her silk dress to come in rude contact with the wheel; but see the difference, when the lovely daughter of seventeen, looking as Nature's fairest production—John well knows her lovely-formed limbs should not meet the curious eye of strangers, and carefully presses her dress against the limbs he modestly pretends to hide.

I felt a ring—by Allah, I felt a ring—without doubt a ring! It was then certain she was another's wife, and all the danger of meeting my long friend with the cocked-hat came upon me like a flash of lightning; and just at that moment, by way of confirming the reality, in came the gentleman. There was I, her hand in mine, all alone, eyes red with hope, taken (as the sailors say in the Straits of *Rabel-mandel*) "all aback, with no room to brace the yards round,"—meaning, I suppose, running, being tipsy, into a sentry-box, and not being able to find one's way out again. A murmuring conversation took place, not altogether as unruffled as the ocean during the halcyon days. I wished myself snug enough in the mines in Siberia, or under the protection (a comfortable name for confinement) of the *Russian police*. Words waxed higher and higher, when the lady, suddenly rising, took my arm, and went in search of her sister, the long gentleman leaving behind him a look much longer than his sword, and which seemed to say, "It will be my fault if I do not revenge my-

self upon you, my young traveller." By this time I had recovered myself, and thought as little of him as Barbarossa did of the pope: I looked unutterable defiance, and left him to return, as the Persians say, "with a white face," the best way he could.

In spite of all anxieties, I danced with the same partner until three o'clock in the morning, at which hour I was quite as ignorant of who she might be as I was at the commencement of the evening. We now resolved to retire homeward, and at the conclusion of a dance I ventured to tell my partner that I should be happy to renew the acquaintance on the morrow, and see her own and not her varnished face. "But," said I at the conclusion, "my carriage is here, and is at your disposal." She answered, that she lived in the same direction as we did, and that herself and companion would accompany us, and feel obliged for the accommodation.

Every thing assumed a heavy appearance; the musicians, poor souls! played with less spirits; the ebullitions of youth were only manifested in languid kicks; the bear was nearly melted in one corner; and harlequin, like the Sleeping Beauty in the woods, curled up in another.

I called the carriage, and had already handed one of the ladies into the vehicle, when I heard the cursed noise of the long gentleman: he looked at the scene with perfect nonchalance, and even told the coachman to go home. In vain I would here paint the raptures of that short interview, the fondness with which we shook hands, or rather held them in lover-like warmth. And here I must mention that I withdrew the glove, and rifled from off the finger of my beloved a ring; the treasure was conveyed, unseen by my companion, to my own hand, and I ardently wished to gaze upon the prize. The coach arrived at its destination; the bell rang, and the door opened. I offered the carriage to convey my love to her residence, which she declined, alighting without assistance, and, entering the house, walked up stairs. I flew to the lamp on the staircase, and examined my prize; it was a hair ring, with the words "Gieb mir ein kus," on white silk, thereon. I followed with great astonishment and speed to my own room, and, on entering, saw I was attended by the long gentleman. The scene was fast drawing towards a close. I asked with violence what he meant by the intrusion; when, unmasking, I discovered my own valet-de-place, who wished to know at what hour I wanted the carriage the next day—and the ladies, eternal curses on all masquerades! were the two house-maids belonging to the establishment of Mynheer Jagor, the *hof-restaurateur* on the Linden!

INVOCATION TO THE HARP.*

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
 On the witch elm that shades St Fillan's spring,
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
 O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep !
 'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their alliance keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep !

Not thus in ancient days of Caledon,
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony, sublime and high !
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
 For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
 O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay ;
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
 Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

FAREWELL.

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending,
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
 Resume thy wizard-elm ! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;
 Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp !
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,

* From the " Lady of the Lake."

And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.
 Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
 Some Spirit of the air has waked thy string !
 'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell—
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
 And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.*

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand ;
 It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.
 Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love and native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.
 I turn'd me right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e my bridle-reins a shake,
 With ' Adieu for evermore, my dear,'
 With ' Adieu for evermore.'
 The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.
 When day is gane an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound in sleep,
 O think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, an' weep.

The author of this ballad is said to be Captain Ogilvie of the house of Inverquharry,
 accompanied the deposed Jas. II. to Ireland and France.

MELROSE ABBEY.

OUR readers have here a view of Melrose Abbey, as restored by Mr Kemp, from authentic data.* We subjoin an account of this interesting place from Mr Chambers' Picture of Scotland.

Upon the southern bank of the Tweed, stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Melrose, surrounded by the little village of the same name. The ruins of this ancient monastery, or rather of the church connected with it, (for the domestic buildings are entirely gone,) afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture of which this country can boast. By singular good fortune, Melrose is also one of the most entire, as it is the most beautiful, of all the ecclesiastical ruins scattered throughout this reformed land. To say that it is beautiful, is to say nothing. It is exquisitely—splendidly lovely. It is an object possessed of infinite grace and unmeasurable charm; it is fine in its general aspect and in its minutest details; it is a study—a glory. The beauty of Melrose, however, is not a healthful ordinary beauty:

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
It is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.

It is not the beauty of summer, but the melancholy grace of autumn; not the beauty of a blooming bride, but that of a pining and death-stricken maiden. It is not that this is a thing of perfect splen-

* "In attempting a restored view of Melrose Abbey," says Mr Kemp, "my aim has been to adhere strictly to the original details, as far as I could trace them out. Of all the windows seen in the view, the tracery is either entire, or in such a state of preservation, that a slight acquaintance with Gothic architecture renders it an easy task to make out the original design. A small portion of the parapet above the east window is still complete, and a few of the niches are still enriched with their original statues. The staircase on the north corner of the north transept is much destroyed, but I have finished it with a turret resembling the one on the west side of the south transept, which is still entire. One side of the centre tower still remains. The ornamented turrets, furnished with crocketed pinnacles, which enrich its parapet, are the only example of the kind I have seen. Two of the turrets still remain on the west corners of the tower, and one of the pinnacles lies in a garden adjoining the abbey. The west tower, slightly seen in the distance, and part of the spire, are the only parts for which I have not sufficient data; but they are compositions from the details of the building which appear most prominent in the view."



Drawn by G.M. Kemp.

Engraved by James Johnstone.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REFORMATION

1

Printed by Wm. L. & Son, Glasgow.

1

.

1

1

dour that we admire it, but because it is a fragment which only represents or shadows forth a matchless whole which *has been*, and whose merits we are, from this shattered specimen, completely disposed to allow.

Melrose Abbey was first built by David I. in the year 1136, dedicated to St Mary, and devoted to the use of a body of Cistercian monks. The church, which alone remains, measures 287 feet in length, and 157 at the greatest breadth. It is built in the most ornate style of the Gothic architecture, and therefore decorated with an infinite variety of sculptures, most of which are exquisitely fine. While the western extremity of the building is entirely ruined and removed, the eastern and more important parts are fortunately in a state of tolerable preservation: in particular, the oriel window, and that which surmounts the south door, both alike admirable, are almost entire. It is also matter of great thankfulness, that a good many of the shapely pillars for the support of the roof are still extant. It is to these objects that the attention of travellers is chiefly directed.

It is not to the zeal of reformers alone that the desecration of our best old religious buildings is to be attributed. The enthusiasm of individuals in more recent times has sometimes done that which the reformers left undone; as is testified by a notorious circumstance told by the person who shows Melrose. On the eastern window of the church, there were formerly thirteen effigies, supposed to represent our Saviour and his apostles.* These, harmless and beautiful as they were, happened to provoke the wrath of a praying weaver in Gattonside, who, in a moment of inspired zeal, went up one night by means of a ladder, and with a hammer and chisel, knocked off the heads and limbs of the figures. Next morning he made no scruple to publish the transaction, observing with a great deal of exultation, to every person whom he met, that he had "fairly stumpet thae vile paipist dirt nou!" The people sometimes catch up a remarkable word when uttered on a remarkable occasion by one of their number, and turn the utterer into ridicule, by attaching it to him as a nickname; and it is some consolation to think that this monster was therefore treated with the sobriquet of "Stumpie," and of course carried it about with him to his grave.

It would require a distinct volume to do justice to the infinite details of Melrose Abbey; for the whole is built in a style of such elaborate ornament, that almost every foot-breadth has its beauty, and every beauty is worthy of notice. I shall content myself with merely

* In the drawing of Melrose Abbey in Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ*, the niches are all filled with statues. Slezer took his drawings early in the reign of king William.

adding the description which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are dark in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

* * * *

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, light, and small ;
The key-stone, that look'd each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille ;
The corbells* were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
With base and capital furnish'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

* * * *

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined ;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.

At the time of the Reformation the inmates of this abbey ~~sh~~ in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity thrown u the Romish churchmen, as is testified by a ballad then popu which contained the following verse :

The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays, when they fasted ;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
As lang as their ueighbours' lasted.

* Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic form, or

Whatever might be the sensuality of the monks of Melrose, it is not that some of their power was sometimes matter of real inconvenience to the public. The abbot had such an extensive jurisdiction, the privileges of girth and sanctuary interfered so much with execution of justice, that James V. is said to have once acted as baillie, in order to punish those malefactors in the character of abbot's deputy, whom his own sovereign power, and that of the laws, were unable to reach otherwise. But, whatever may be thought of there can be no doubt that the protection extended to criminals as religious was a true blessing in the main, at a time when the world could neither inflict punishment, nor protect a criminal from the unmeasured retribution of those whom he had offended. After the Reformation, a brother of the earl of Morton became commendator of the abbey, and out of the ruins built himself a house, which may still be seen about fifty yards to the north-east of the church. The regality soon after passed into the hands of lord Binning, an eminent lawyer, ancestor to the earl of Haddington: and a century ago, the whole became the property of the Buccleuch family.

MIDNIGHT REVIEW OF NAPOLEON'S SHADE *

At midnight, from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And, beating loud the drum,
Forth on his round he goes.

Stirr'd by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks patly fall ;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillè, and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round,
Old soldiers in their graves
Start to life at the sound ;

Both they in farthest north,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who too warm repose
Beneath Italian clay,

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand ;

Various versions have been given of this striking piece, in different languages. The original is probably French. The present English version is the best which we have seen, and it appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Their burial place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight, from his grave
The trumpeter arose :
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud shrill blast he blows.

On aery coursers then
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons erst renown'd,
Gory and gash'd, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanched skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long sharp swords they bear.

And at midnight, from his tomb
THE CHIEF awoke and rose ;
And, followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms,
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon
A paly lustre threw ;
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep roll the drums the while ;
Recovering then, the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round
In circle form'd appear ;
The Chief to the first a word
Then whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the Seine ;
That word they give is *France !*
The answer—*Sainte Helene !*

'Tis there, at midnight hour
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held
In the Champs-Élysées.

OSWALD THE BLIGHTED.

A TALE OF AYRESHIRE.*

IN my early manhood I am led to note the most remarkable passages of my life. My age little exceeds twenty-three years, yet already have I a strong sense of the flight and the ravages of dark-handed time. The revolutions wrought in my own estate and condition, even within the lapse of these few late years, are marvellous to myself. I am not what I was. Not less altered is the current of my every-day conduct and manners from that of my early youth, than are the lineaments of my countenance, or the contour of my frame.—But to my story:—

My father died when I was five years old; and therefore of him I can have little to tell from my own recollections. One particular transaction descriptive of his behaviour to me, that greatly endears his memory in my heart, is, however, freshly and minutely remembered; nor shall it ever depart but with my reason or my life. A few days before his last illness, which was short, he took me into the garden after a heavy shower of snow, and there, in the strength of his love, playfully tempted me to a mimic fight with snow-balls. Oh! soft were those he threw; most careful and gentle the blows. Then the loud laugh he set up, to see me waxing hot in the encounter, was a hearty delightful utterance of over-flowing joy. At length he allowed me to become victor; but as I closed upon him, still in battle, he took me up into his arms, and almost smothered me with caresses, his eyes filling with parental tears, which in his exultation he could not stem.

On my father's death, Learigg, one of the richest farms in my native parish, descended to me. But my mother, who long survived him, was a far more valuable residue and inheritance. It would be tiresome to a stranger, were I to tell all that I feel is due to her excellencies. Suffice it to say, that to a judgment originally firm, and affections intensely tender, she possessed the best habits assiduously studied and cherished. The character of her mind was forcibly indicated by the style of her sway over her dependants, which was gained entirely by the dignity of kindness. I often observed that it was by striving to deserve her approbation that they earned their own.

But it was towards me, her fatherless boy, that the power of her nature and character had full display. Who could compute the amount of her parental love—that inextinguishable triumphant love? It was deep and pure and sacred as that of a seraph. Endless were the expedients, infinite the modes, by which it wrought. She cares.

* Abridged from "The Metropolitan."

sed, it seemed to me, as none ever could do. She was my first and best, and most enduring friend. There was no falsehood, no treachery, in her love. And was she not my earliest instructor?—I cannot tell when or how—yet surely none but she taught me the amazing truth, “There is a God!”

How oft by the ingle, at the woodbined window, or on the green footpath by a pretty flower-bed, when, with my hands upon her lap, I knelt beside her, has she declared the things of highest moment to man! She would tell, in mellow accents not unmingled with sighs, —(for a subdued melancholy, ever after my father’s death, dwelt with her, that sent home to my heart the inculcated truths with double emphasis,)—that all must die, and live again;—that at the last day, my father, and she herself, and I, in spite of my fancies about hiding me at that dread period, should have to come forth from our graves at the summons of the trump;—that those who did evil, and died impenitent, should be wicked and miserable for ever and ever; but that those that were good and pious should, to all eternity, be growing greater, happier, and more glorious.

Thrice blessed may she be!—Immortal happiness to my mother! who told me of the angels, whose youth fadeth not; who are the heralds of God; with whom the good are for ever to dwell and to be likened. More illustrious glory and joy be to her, who first told me of him who died that sinners might live! What themes are these!—Does their mighty and melting power not come best from a mother’s lips?—Yes; and if ever a parent hung over a child with looks of yearning love, it was mine, at these seasons; and if ever a child watched and greedily treasured a parent’s every expression, with eyes fixed and full of glistening earnestness, it was the writer of these lines, when in the hallowed presence of his mother’s priesthood. It seemed that at those times I mysteriously gained a closer union with the fountain of my blood; I followed all her gestures with a corresponding exactness; all her emphases with an echoing precision. Oh! how she would exclaim, “My child! my child!—of such is the kingdom of heaven; and holy mothers shall join them there, never to be separated.”

At no time was I a very intractable child; nor particularly refractory: yet a heavy load of painful remembrances presses me, of offences committed directly against my mother, from my earliest years downwards. Alas! how many have slipped from that record! At present, however, I shall not waste words by attempting any general description of my natural character, of my innate and original predominating propensities; but at once proceed to give facts, and describe events which will more clearly exhibit the truth, than any laboured description. Nor need I descend to any late period of my history, when searching for an index with which to decipher me.

In my tenth year, my mother forbade me, with more than her usual peremptoriness, going near a deep pool of water where I wished to plant some fishing-lines. The authority appeared to me to be unnecessarily exerted, and I was determined to disobey it. She had ordered me to my lesson, and was keeping a watch over me. At the same time, though I held my face to my book, I preserved silence; I was sulky, and studying to retaliate evil. Thus employed, the very wicked thought was suggested, that my most complete revenge would be satisfied, could I make her believe I was lost or drowned by the first opportunity that occurred for an escape from her thralldom. But it was of a piece with my purpose, that I planned how to drop a hint, which would, as soon as I was missed, direct her mind to the worst conjectures; therefore, at length, I announced, and, as I persuaded myself, it was with magnanimity, "Ye'll rue this afore the morn, and seek me at the deep pool." How very faulty, it may be said, must my training have been ere I durst utter such a threat in the hearing of my parent! But this was the first instance of such rebellion; therefore she arose and left me in disorder, no doubt to gather composure, after such an alarming disclosure of temper, and to consider what was best to be done.

Now, as soon as left, I very cunningly managed to conceal myself under her bed. Nor was it long ere she sought for me throughout the house; but she found me not; and then she cried to the servants to help her in her search. Wild hurry immediately commenced as they ran to and fro, as between life and death; some to the pond, others to fearful precipices, which abound in the neighbourhood. Again and again my mother returned with such a frail hope as was sickening, to search the house, or to see if I had chanced to cast up, whilst it was deserted by all. I marked her groans as she passed me in my hiding place. I could have touched the hem of her garment; yet all the while my vile heart stood out, and would not allow me but to utter, "I am here!" Matchless villany!—The same spirit in manhood would fly out into conspiracies and covert assassinations. I was in a cowardly manner deliberately and perseveringly, with unprovoked wantonness, breaking my mother's heart. Her bitter wail of "Oh, my child! my son!" was heard by me with an adder ear; for I spoke not, I stirred not, to loosen her from her despair.

Four long hours did I thus wring my parent's bosom with ruffian grasp. But I was not at ease in my revenge. I felt that a frightful power bound me down: my heart was conscious of being in league with Satan against the life of my mother. I was full of horrors; and remorse stung me deeper every moment as the fiendish spirit held on. Nevertheless I stood out: I would not yield either to save her, or to *unfetter my own soul*.

Who knows how hard the obduracy of my heart might have grown, had not a signal expression of Heaven's displeasure been an overmatch for my revenge! It was as the domestics had all given up their search, to attend my mother, who was in fits, in the very apartment where I was concealed, that a piercing pain shot thrice through my frame, which made me cry and scream for that very being to help me, whom I had been so cruelly destroying. This brought her instantly to herself; anger, pity, and love filled her breast; her face reddened, then grew pale: she rung her hands woefully; and at last, when seeing me well and in some one's keeping, said, "I do this day know that I am a widow."

Very shortly before this I had recovered from a protracted illness, during which she had been my unwearied nurse. None could lay my troubled head upon that bed under which I had hidden myself so softly as she; no hand thrill me, amid my raving, with intelligence, but her's; no other voice still my clamour. All this, instead of exhausting her patient love, only bound me more endearingly to her heart. Yet after all this, and against that very mother, I levelled a deadly and malignant blow.

It must have been from an overpowering conviction that after this event she often said—"So long as he was an infant, my griefs and fears were light on his account; but now I see him hastening on by plain steps to something greater,—to whatever is to be good or evil in his doom; and now I can in part understand what a parent feels, when it has to be said of a son, "I wish he never had been born." The dark omen found in the principles of my rebellion, together with extreme anxiety for my dearest interests, and the pensive melancholy that was habitual to her, worked so upon her imagination, as frequently to give her up to a foreboding spirit and visions where gloom and disaster prevailed. Was her foresight of my doom on earth wise, or only guided by an erring and over-sensitive nature? Let the story I am now telling present the answer. It is by this time an ascertained point: the clue has been unrolled that bound up my doom while here below.

But was my mother's heart alienated from me because of vile behaviour towards her? It is not wise to presume so. The occasions of sorrow and joy between parent and child are so interwoven as to afford the most affecting views of their reciprocal love. One can easily conceive how a short-lived estrangement of devoted hearts may be followed by an attachment of redoubled power, and by a reconciliation cemented by finer materials, than could have cause or scope under an unruffled and uniform course of sentiments: like bodies that naturally adhere, sunder them for a moment, and next they come together with greater force, and cling closer than before they were sundered.

Under my parent's tuition I made at an early age considerable progress as a scholar. She had time, taste, and capacity for the office of teacher. I learned quickly to read the simpler narratives of the Bible, and to understand them as I read. As my years increased, so did my learning. Amongst my mother's favourite books were Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Wodrow's *History of the Kirk of Scotland*, and *Robinson Crusoe*; on all of which I was in the habit of pondering. Controversial works on knotty points of religious faith she sedulously kept from me during my unripe years; often however giving me an outline of what she herself knew of them, closing the glance with a statement of her own persuasions, which on all important matters were agreeable to the standard of the national church. On these occasions I was an apt, because an eager, scholar; and my enjoyment was also great, for I felt myself to be gathering that which was worthy the capacity of the human mind.

My mother had a taste for whatever was elegant or noble. Persons of her order do not deal in bombastic description when they speak of their finest and highest emotions, but abide by plain and sententious words. Though therefore she seldom expatiated over her delights, when beholding, for instance, the beauties of external nature, I know that her eye and her heart were intensely alive to them. Often have I seen her enraptured by the splendours of scenery, and carried away by the beauties of pastoral poetry. It was a favourite exercise with her in kindly weather and at soft hours, to traverse the wide fields, generally alone, or only accompanied by old Trusty, who in his advanced years failed not to frolic with the skirts of her dress in the simplicity of his good will.

But of all seasons she gloried chiefly in the Sabbath-day. It was not a weariness to her, but a day of elevated devotion and commemoration. I shall not take it upon me to speak of the principal duties of this solemn portion of the week; but I may declare that her soul oft soared to the Mount with the same emotions as did that of the sweet singer of Israel, when he sung;—as she walked by the blooming hedge of hawthorn, on a pasture of gowans, of a summer Sabbath morn;—when the larks were springing to heaven, all the while pouring forth with redundant richness their stirring notes; when the sun was gloriously bright, and all proclaiming it to be the bridal of the earth and sky;—when the chime of the distant village bell led the heart to hink of the day's coming solemnities. Nor less at eventide after the services of the temple had closed, was she wont to worship in silence and alone in the fields, when disturbed by no ruder visitant than the falling dew, the humming bee, or some peaceful creature repairing to its rest. These indeed are the seasons for the close intercourse of

spirits; and so long as they are held sacred in Scotland, shall that land be a chosen heritage.

After my father's death our farm was managed, under the superintendence of my mother, by an experienced and steady servant, Robin Turner. When he entered upon this office he was past the age for trifling or folly; yet he was a man of no uncommon talents, unless his own estimate of himself as a ploughman be excepted, and a style of drollery in his manners and conversation, which I cannot well describe: it was such however as to make him an entertaining companion. I have often supposed that Robin's peculiar humour was most palpable when he was least studious of it; and that his knack lay in the unusual position or use of a familiar word. Sometimes indeed the contortions of his visage were all the comedy; and sometimes it was merely the discordant pitch of his voice as respected the key maintained by those with whom he conversed, or in the inequality and irregularity of his own articulation and emphasis. After all, perhaps, the thing was chiefly, that no one could anticipate the effect produced could come from such a quarter.

Robin was one of those rare men that would rather wrong themselves than their employers. He there got good wages, yet he ever had been and would be a poor man: for he could not contrive to keep his "sair won fee" from his needy and rapacious relatives, who were numerous and thriftless. They beset him like harpies, whenever his wages were drawing near to be due, or, as he termed the period, "when the cow was about to ca'." No advice given by his real friends, no previous ill usage from his connexions, could steel his heart to their appeal. To every remonstrance from the one class or application from the other, his uniform answer was, "Wi' deed—nae doubt—what can a body do?—bluid is thicker than water."

Robin was to me a true friend, and most indulgent. It was on his knee that in the long winter nights, when I was a boy, I was rocked asleep. Throughout the day he was my principal associate. My early pastimes and employments were working along with him, when I used such puny instruments as suited my strength, being always in imitation of his tools and implements. Gaudy toys are not called for to engage children; if pains be taken to employ them in a manner commensurate with their capabilities, their health and taste may be more successfully cultivated by expedients that encourage useful exercise than by unmeaning trifles. I delighted more in what I could do with my little spade in the field, than I could have done in the most costly gewgaws on the richest carpet. To my post along with Robin I would repair; I would hurry when he was in haste, and relax when he breathed: therefore often receiving his hearty commanda-

tion that I was cut out for a tiller of the ground, and would yet be a famous husbandman.

Robin no doubt had his weak points. When speaking of any operation about the farm, he would put himself forward as the head-piece, uniformly giving much pith to the sound of the pronoun I, to denote his eminency; or, if he deigned at all to take in a coadjutor, he preferred my mother, and would say, "Me and the gude-wife." He therefore very early earned the title of the "Learigg Factor;" and though applied sarcastically, he was ever flattered by the sound of it. On the whole, however, he bore his dignity very meekly, and there was something touching in his importance, when it came to be understood that he never expected nor meant to have another home:—"Me and our gude-wife do fu' weel thegither, and she wunna do without me."

The factor's most troublesome peculiarity was a pertinacious adherence to old-fashioned ways, however absurd or unprofitable. If the matter in hand had only been treated after a particular style when he was young, that was the same thing as perfection in his sight. He would not flatly contradict higher authority; but after all, he would either take his own way, or give himself vast inconvenience attempting to accommodate discordant systems. His implements and his seasons for particular things were antiquated. Talk to him for instance of a two-horse plough, and he would provoke an earnest and enlightened farmer. "Your twa horse anes! feckless things! let me atwisch queen Anne's stilts (so he termed the unwieldy wooden machine he patronized), wi' auld Nancy afore and twa Lanrick cows in the trees, an' ye'll hear how we gang thro' spritty furs, stanes, and bent, snoring. I'll uphaud wi' sic like to turn ower the Trongate o' Glasgow frae ae end till the tither, as clean as ony clay rigg. And then the corn that comes after is corn, strang and lang, like what grew in my young days. Our Scottish worthies kent o' nought better than a unicorn teem, as the auld sang tells:—

I saw three patricks in a plough,
Sae weel as they seem'd to draw, man!
Robin-red-breast, he bore the gaud,
And of him they stood in great awe, man."

When describing such an important person as Robert Turner was on our establishment, old Nancy the mare must not be forgotten. She was the first steed I ever rode, the mother of several gallant ones, the actor of all work, and at length aged in our service; but it is as our factor's associate and friend that she should be commemorated. She followed him and loved him as a dog may be seen to do its master. When in the cart her relative position to him was to keep close behind, where without a halter she doucelly conducted herself, stepping,

with her nose at each advance popping as it were into his coat-pocket. He would say, as they proceeded thus, "Nansock, is thou coming?" and she would push forward and show herself, which was as much as answering, "I am aside you, Robin;" then he would approvingly add, "Weel, weel, Nancy, lass, thou's a clever hizzy;" and thus a very kindly dialogue would be carried on. When she was unyoked and at greater freedom, something more comical still would be enacted by them. He would "chick—chick," give an untoward leap, and utter an uncouth sound, merely to tempt her to similar exploits, which indeed for a mare she excelled at; for even in her grey old age, she would take up the frolic, snort, kick, and give various other intimations of merriment as if to outdo Robin. But at his words again,— "There now, Nancy, poor brute beast!" she would compose herself, and take her fitting place.

It pleases me to linger over the character and doings even of Nancy the mare; for on one occasion, very memorable with me, she was the means of saving my life, and this by the exercise of what had the appearance of wonderful sagacity. It was during the busy season of spring, just when our ploughing was finished, and all in readiness for seed-sowing, at mid-day, and one of the most genial, our expectations were on tiptoe, all within and without exhilarating. Robin in particular was exalted in spirit, and with linen sheet artfully knotted, so as to form a capacious bag, boasting to be secure without the aid of needle and thread, was holding anxious consultation with my mother regarding the necessary operations about to be entered on; and, as he was wont to do, was repeating some sage maxims of old standing. He declared, "Wi' deed we maun just do, as aforetime we hae done: this is the auld folks' earliest tid for sawing, after a', the ordained season for the same."

During this discourse he was striding back and forward somewhat ostentatiously, as if to prove how his armour sat, delighted greatly no doubt to find himself once again decked with the snow-white robe that was consecrated to this single office, and which no one but he had of late years worn. The bright and dazzling sun lent the fair linen a sort of glory, which Robin could not but partly appropriate to himself. In homely phrase he gave utterance to his manly feelings thus:—"I care na for mason parades and mason aprons: but I tak' delight in observing the husbandman wi' his big belly o' corn, pacing soberly along his ain riggs, serious, thoughtfu', and happy; casting frae him, in a manner that teaches hope and trust, the seed that is to set forth in due season food for man and for beast. This is nae bairn's work, but manfu' doing: its nae foolish occupation, that a man of years and sense can be ashamed o' next morning, and fear to ask a blessing on; but it is in a religious way serving him who bath

promised the harvest as surely as the seed-time." But by the close of such generalities, dismay and disaster were within a hair-breadth of us; for as one person was throwing a sackful of seed-corn over staid Nancy's back, the other pair of steeds stood at the stable-door, coupled and ready to be put to the torturing harrow; and I adventuring to hold them, next proceeded to mount the hand horse. Boys would be men, but in nothing are more forward than in the managing of horses. The animal is so noble, that there is pride to be gratified in governing him, pleasure in associating with him.

Alas! I mounted, but at the same moment both of the horses started as if with one accord, affrighted by the unusual attire and parade of the sower; betaking themselves at the instant to a gallop, which became more furious as the white-robed champion sprang forward to overtake and arrest them. There was a small inclosure before them, for which they made, whilst I held with all my might by collar and by mane. At first I was not indeed put quite to my wit's end: but when they suddenly turned a corner to enter the inclosure, almost floundering themselves in the hasty wheel, I had one glance of the fearful predicament in which I was, and remember to this hour my exclamation to have been, "I shall fall, I shall be killed!" and fall I did: horrible to think! I fell between the yoked horses, that even grew more furious in their self-affright; and there I hung, entangled among the coupling harness, without the power or the will to extricate myself, for I was soon senseless.

Twice around the small field they galloped madly, my mother and the servants being the petrified spectators of the whole affair; getting glimpses of me as of a bundle of rags, dangling between the annoyed brutes. Once my mother, I have been told, ran frantically to catch the horses, crying, "I hope he is not in torture, but clean dead." And one brought from the house a loaded gun, with the intent of shooting them; but as he was taking his aim, she turned and wrested it from him violently, uttering, as with a last effort, "Ye'll kill him, and miss them." Robin about the same moment said, "I see him fa'in' piece by piece; let us hide ourselves, and leave all to God." At that instant too, Nancy, that had hitherto kept her position, as if unconscious of what was passing, turned her eye to the dreadful scene, then neighed repeatedly and loudly, which brought the infuriated animals to her side, by an irresistible authority. There they halted, all blown, and bearing me still between them, though apparently lifeless. I was extricated, however, and carried within, wounded and broken dreadfully; but after several weeks of dangerous illness I began to recover, and at length grew strong.

What a scene of horrors had I passed through! and to no one surely ought it to have appeared more appalling than to me; nor ought my

(escape to have called forth the wondering gratitude of any one half so much as mine. Sometimes, indeed, long after my recovery, have I had very vivid conceptions of what I owed to Heaven for my preservation; but it was my mother who took up, with something like adequate impressions, the lessons enforced by the frightful catastrophe. Perhaps the ordinary course of twenty years had not before this so deeply wrought on her heart the apprehension of Heaven's mercy; but henceforward that divine attribute became the theme of her profoundest contemplation and most earnest homage. Some have erected pillars of stone to commemorate their wonderful escapes by flood and field; but I never could cease to look upon her as a nobler and richer monument recording my deliverance.

* * * * *

There is a mediate space about our sixteenth and eighteenth years for transformation of mind and transition of pursuits. We are passing from puerility to manhood; it may be called the neutral ground between the heedlessness of children and the thoughtfulness of men. The green and soft seedling has changed to grow a stately and hardened tree that must stand many a shock. It was in my sixteenth year that for the first time I left my home, or had ever been one night from under my paternal roof. My mother wished that I should pursue my education at college, and accordingly to Glasgow I was sent. It is presumed that her heart was set on having me educated for the church, and trained to habits of thinking, and among the good and venerable men that such a profession would necessarily connect me with. Her judgment however is to be questioned, when she confided in the presumptions now given; for she should have borne in mind that I was too much subject to momentary impulses to enable any one to calculate upon what I would or would not do in any circumstances. But it is needless to say more on this matter, for I went to college only one session. I was in that short time satisfied that it is of such young men cities generally make victims; and I take credit to myself for having determined never again to encounter the temptations and the vices that stalk in broad daylight within every large town.

Mary was a tradesman's daughter I often met at my landlady's, of virgin seventeen, of surpassing——. Tush! Why should I rave about beauty and virtues?—The evening I confessed to her my ardent love preceded immediately and exactly my birthday, which was in genial spring. That birthday was also my seventeenth: and as the weather was fine, and the session at college nearly closed, my *classmates* Home and Barclay were to join me in an excursion down the gallant Clyde; for we were excellent fresh-water sailors. I knew they were to have their sweethearts with them; and I meant to im-

vite my Mary, with her mother's leave. But first I resolved to declare my love, for that was the principal matter.

Just as I had settled on all this, Mary gave my landlady a hasty call, and I escorted her home. I shall never forget that beautiful evening of inspiring spring. George Square was almost deserted; the timid doves had possession of the streets, unscared; the warbling of the mavis in the enclosed shrubbery was as clear and undisturbed as in a sequestered grove; the blaze of the sun, about to stoop behind the highland hills, pierced and threw back the gathering fogs that congregated around his disk, turning them into mighty folds of glorious drapery: he for a few minutes saluted the stately walls, that faced him, with an unparalleled magnificence, such as might be supposed to be shed abroad by a sea of molten or burnished gold. It was now that I told my love, it was now that I looked it; and it was now that Mary confessed her's to me. But when I invited her to join in the celebration of my birthday on the morrow, she said, Nay!—for her mother was a widow, and had given her consent to a worthy man of affluence, for him to woo her, and he bargained that she should never keep company or walk with me. “Nonsense!” quoth I; “Mary, you will keep my company, and walk with me;—and I shall walk with none but you;—what say you, Mary?”—“I shall say as you say, if it will please, Oswald,” was her guileless and maidenly reply. “And you'll go with us to-morrow, my Mary?” said I again; and she blessed me anew with these short words, “I will, Oswald.”

Our party of tripled pairs was astir and away by an early hour in the morning;—that is the time for lively joy. The weather had been remarkably fine, and the day promised to be sultry; but at that prime hour the fresh-scented grass and bracing breeze put mettle in the rowers, and we skimmed the Clyde at a fine rate. By-and-bye, as the business of men called, the river came to be spotted with ferry-boats and small craft. We moored our skiff: we sprang into the labyrinth woods; we scampered and huzzaed to tempt Echo from her hiding-place; we strove at doggerel rhymes. Nor were the expectancies of that long and lovely day unfulfilled, as we basked in the sun and told of our boundless purposes of generous love.

Ere the curtains of eve closed around us, and while yet the sun was dancing his millions of rays on the bosom of the majestic Clyde, we returned to our boat again, to take advantage of the flow of the tide. Songs and glees were now our business, and never did voices harmonize better than Barclay's and Home's in “All's Well!” Their music stole along the rippling waters, till coy Echo sent back the notes from either shore with redoubled tenderness, that swelled the bosom with rapture. They sang with a freedom and confidence,

as if feeling that none but spirits heard. The helm had been entrusted to my care ; but, lost in delight, I steered unskilfully against a much larger bark. There was alarm in our boat, and a rush made to one side, that made it tumble us into the merciless current. Then there was shriek upon shriek, and yells, and bubbling cries ; but all were rescued, save my Mary ; her feeble strength was nothing against the swallowing deep, that in a few minutes smoothed the trouble of its waters over her, and rolled on as before. Once more I saw her lovely and delicate body when she was picked up, but it was not Mary : the spirit had fled.—Mary was not there. True, when buried, I took, as it were, a never-to-be-withdrawn gaze at the spot where again she shall come forth alive. Her grave is within the shadow of St Mungo's Cathedral : " But," said I, " at the last day, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the works of man shall dissolve ; then Mary shall live for evermore."

* * * * *

TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wilder'd scene,
 As twilight from her vaults so blue
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
 To sleep embalm'd in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky !
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,
 Dread traveller of immensity !

Stranger of Heaven ! I bid thee hail !
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,
 That flashest in celestial gale,
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
 From angel's ensign-staff unfurl'd ?
 Art thou the standard of his wrath
 Waved o'er a sordid sinful world ?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
 No latent evil we can deem,
 Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale,—
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
 Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail !

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

Where hast thou roam'd these thousand years !

Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'st the milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue !

O ! on thy rapid prow to glide !
To sail the boundless skies with thee !
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea.

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole ;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of Heaven ! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn ;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn !

JAMES HOGG.

TIME.

" Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away ?"—

" Know'st thou not me ?" the deep voice cried ;
" So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused ?

" Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away ;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

" Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever !"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

* From "The Antiquary."

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

THERE appeared at Spa, in the year 1720, a young gentleman, whose fine figure and good equipage created what is now called a great sensation. He had all the wit and learning of that day; talked to the ladies of the plurality of worlds in the style of a junior Fontenelle, and quoted Montesquieu to the gentlemen. He dropped one day from his pocket an extract from Voiture's correspondence, which furnished half the *petit-maitres* of Spa with pretty billets during the season. Then he affected great knowledge of state-mysteries; shook his head when prince Eugene was named; hinted at queen Anne's love for her brother; and said something strange about the French lady whose accouchement took place in king James's palace, and was foster-mother to his heir apparent. As there is remarkable sympathy between similar characters, the chevalier Valamour, as he chose to call himself, became very intimate with an obscure watchmaker in the suburbs of Aix-la-Chapelle. If this recluse had been the emperor Charles V. in his watch-making frolic, he could not have known more of men and manners. He had also a surprising familiarity with the names of learned physicians, and now and then dropped mystic phrases of cabalistical import. He had a daughter whom he secreted in a corner of his miserable house, and guarded with the most anxious care. Our chevalier was duly fascinated with her beauty, and took all the pains required in the beginning of the eighteenth century to recommend himself. Not that he fully understood his own meaning, for he had a most religious horror of a woman's tongue, especially a wife's. Linnæus himself, whom he partly resembled in genius, was not more unfortunate in a shrewish mother than he had been. His father's lady had compelled him to sweep his own room, prepare his own breakfast, and, perhaps, to hem his cambric ruffles. Certainly this woman's violence of power had contributed to excite and fix his imagination on the idea of a placid beauty as the most perfect; and as he probably did not find one exactly realized in the common world, he read romances, and especially the "Count de Gabalis," till he conceived something of the kind might be found elsewhere. Ariette was more like the charming creature detained in the palace of silence by the king of the fishes than any human female he had ever seen. She seemed to have chosen madame Dacier's motto, "Silence is the ornament of women;" if indeed she had a choice, which certain mysterious motions of the father's head rendered doubtful. One thing was remarkable:—he never could prevail on her to show herself by moonlight, nor to lift her veil when he had spoken to her half an hour.

At the expiration of that time, she always dropped the light and elegant screen of black silk net which was constantly attached to her fine hair. This and the marble paleness of Ariette's countenance, gave something of poetic sanctity to her character, which her profound modesty and secluded mode of life completed. He was often tempted to propose himself to the ancient watchmaker as a son-in-law, but his reverence for him as a man of science was not quite enough to subdue the pride of birth, and some hereditary fears of a wife's dominion. At length fear and pride gave ground, and the chevalier made a suitable speech in the artist's study. To his great surprise, the offer was rejected, but with an air more in sorrow than in anger. He repeated it, and was promised a month's consideration. Before the end of that time, he was informed the watchmaker had suffered an apoplectic stroke, and lay at the point of death. He ran to him—the old man was expiring, and had only strength to put a small ring on his finger before he breathed his last. The room was silent—there was no spectator but himself, and a crowd of alembics, phials, and chemical preparations, lay in one corner. The suspicion he had always entertained, that the deceased artist studied alchymy, and had probably discovered the long sought secret of creating gold, induced our chevalier to search into the heap under which rested a little iron box. He soon perceived that the ring put on his finger by the dying man was contrived to act as a key, and it readily unlocked the coffer. There were in it only a few mysterious calculations, and one on which a horoscope was constructed. Underneath it, in Romaic characters, he decyphered words to this import.

“ My art informs me you will find this parchment on which your nativity is accurately traced. Ariette is not of my nature, nor have I power to bestow her. What her veil conceals I never knew, nor can I recollect any change in her aspect, though she has dwelt here many years; but I am at no loss to guess her purpose. Sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, are incapable of enjoying eternity, unless by marriage with a Christian. They have then the power of sharing earthly happiness, and their partners, if they choose, may share with them that intellectual soul which is the spirit of eternal life. Or if they so please, these husbands may content themselves with their society during the short period which the order of their nature permits them to exist in human shape—Ariette is, as I humbly guess, a sylph or spirit of the purest element. For she has no interest in the world's wealth, no delight in its tumults, no capacity for ardent, jealous, or hostile feelings. She thinks, she acts, and she speaks, by the rule of reason;—but——”

The manuscript broke off, as if a sudden sickness had arrested the writer's hand. To whom this could be addressed, unless to him, was

not to be conjectured, and Valamour went home in great agitation. The very few neighbours who had seen Ariette celebrated her domestic virtues, her charities, and unimpeachable prudence, during her residence of ten years' length among them. He could judge for himself of her grace and beauty; what could he risk by marrying her? If the Romaic manuscript was a fable, it could no way harm him—if it stated truths, it increased his chance of happiness. Valamour's heart was better than his head;—it prevailed, and he married Ariette.

On his marriage day, the bride's conduct gave some countenance to the dead cabalist's assertion; for instead of the grateful tenderness which might have been expected to touch an orphan raised from poverty to a noble rank, Ariette showed a reserved, calm, and gentle demeanour, which expressed more good sense than sensibility. Valamour, however, was delighted with his prospect of escaping all the turmoils caused by an impatient spirit, and enjoying perpetual serenity with a wife altogether *reasonable*. On the third day after their nuptials, the chevalier conducted her to a carriage without saying a word of its destination, which she never inquired, and the next morning brought them to a charming villa in the midst of a rich Provencal valley. It was late in spring, but few flowers had made their appearance, except in a little recess near the Garonne, where a perfect bower of roses was spread. "These," said he, "are all the offspring of a sprig planted by my mother, who won in her youth the crown of roses given as a trophy of merit by the owner of the Chateau de Salency. You must have heard of that affecting ceremony, and I hold these rose-trees as the best part of my patrimony.—"There is no *reason* for it," she answered coldly;—"these roses are no way conscious of their origin, nor a part of your mother's merit—if they were, you have no right to it.—If, indeed, they had been reared and nursed for you by your grateful peasants, like the roses of M. de Malesherbes, you would have *reason* to be pleased with them."—Valamour was piqued at this reply, and obliquely reproached her with a want of that feeling which in such cases is more delightful than reason.—"It is not my fault," she returned, with the same coldness—"it would be as wise to quarrel with these flowers because they have not the waving branches of the willow, as to be angry with me because I cannot feel like you. And if you are angry, that is no reason why I should be displeased with you, because you do not feel that you are unreasonable."—Valamour was highly displeased; but after recollecting himself awhile, he began to consider that his anger was useless, and might be absurd. If her supposed father's words were true, Ariette had no power to understand *his feelings*, unless he could infuse into her that human and tender

spirit which her nature had denied her. There was something pleasant to his vanity in believing that this fair creature depended on him, as the cabalist said, for the gift of a soul, and for the length of her existence. He returned into her presence, determined to excuse the defects of her imperfect frame, and to remedy them if he could by kindness.

These defects were by no means so easy to endure as he had expected. The eternal level on which an ill-natured fairy condemned her victim to walk for thirty years under an unchanging blue sky, was an Eden compared to the dead calm of Ariette's temper. And the most provoking part of this calmness was, that it showed itself most when he was in a rage. If he hunted, and returned in all the glee of a successful sportsman, she wanted to know the *reason* of his delight. If his friends or vassals fêted, or congratulated him, she analyzed their compliments, and could not find them reasonable. If he brought her a bouquet, or a gallant madrigal on her beauty, she laid the one aside as useless, and burned the other when she had read it, "because," said she, "that is all that can be done with it." What a mortification for a poet! Valamour actually looked again into the cabalist's fragment, to read the words which hinted she could not live for ever.

It would have been well for Valamour, however, if all his wit had been as little regarded. But certain persons at Aix-la-Chapelle had paid more attention to his *jeux-d'esprit*, and some rumours of the sagacious guesses he had made on political matters found their way to Versailles. The consequence was a domiciliary visit to search for treasonous papers: seals of office were put on the doors of his villa, and a mandate was presented to him, requiring his attendance at the secretary of state's bureau, under an exempt's escort. He never doubted the willing attendance of his wife, and was confounded at her refusal. "There can be no use in my stay with you in prison," she said, "therefore you ought not to be so unreasonable as to require it."—"What, madam! you feel no necessity to prove your duty and attachment to me?"—"None at all, monsieur, unless you can prove that I have failed in either. I should only add to your distresses in Paris, and you to mine—I may be as well employed here, and shall stay where I am."—"There wanted only this to convince me the cabalist spoke the truth," said the angry husband, and departed alone, satisfied that she neither had a soul, nor ever could have one; and he comforted himself again by remembering her term was short.

Our chevalier was accused of having asserted, that the celebrated prisoner in the iron mask was the last born twin-brother of Louis XIV.; and his impertinent conjecture was punished by a confisca-

tion of his estate, and a decree of banishment. Permission, however, was granted him to sell the furniture and heir-looms of his patrimonial villa, and to visit it for ten days without official superintendence. He returned to the Provencal valley in extreme ill-humour; and much as he had been chagrined by his wife's coldness, he was glad to find some one forced to listen to his tale of grievances. She heard the sentence of exile and deprivation with admirable fortitude, but her husband would have been more pleased if she had raved at his enemies and deplored her ill-fortune. He wanted a pretext to scold and lament, and was angry that she seemed wiser than himself. He walked out to his favourite recess in the valley, and found the sacred rose-bushes torn up by the roots, the gates of his gardens broken, and all the outrages of petty and vulgar malice committed by the peasantry, now no longer his vassals.—“And why,” said Ariette, who walked by his side, “are you heart-struck by this?—Of what use to you were these men's acts of false servility, and what harm is there in their open hatred? Let them show it as often as they will by such acts—they are only ills because you think them such.—Feel them no longer, and you disappoint your enemies. They have had more trouble in pulling up these paltry thickets of roses than you had reason to value them.”—“But my mother!—was it nothing to see a memorial of her goodness?—I need it, madam, I assure you, to prevent me from growing ferocious.”—“Very well, chevalier! and if you had no better reason for your goodness than the sight of a few rose-buds growing where your mother's died twenty years ago, your ferocity will be more honest and more natural.”

Valamour's fury rose beyond his power of self-command, and he uttered all the bitter upbraidings his wit could devise; for anger and despair are oftener witty than love. They lasted half an hour without provoking a single retort from Ariette; but as her watch, on which she looked with vexatious calmness, indicated the thirtieth minute, she dropped her veil, and turned to leave him. This act recalled to his mind the custom she had religiously observed before her marriage—he had never held her in passionate discourse so long after, and it cooled his emotion by reminding him of the strange circumstances connected with her character. While he hesitated, and thought of snatching off the mysterious veil, she retired in silence, sighing deeply.—“How intolerable is all this meekness!” said poor Valamour to himself—“if she would be angry sometimes, I could be angry myself at my ease.”

At the supper-hour he found her sitting alone near a table, dressed with the graceful order of happier times. They were to depart to-morrow; and this parlour—this hearth which his childhood had endeared to him, the portrait of his father, the grave of both his

parents seen in the soft moonlight, recalled all that was kind and good in Valamour's temper. Ariette lifted up her veil, and seated herself at the head of the table, lighted only by the beams of the summer-moon. It touched her countenance with singular beauty, not rendered less affecting to her husband's eye by novelty, for this was the first time she had ever permitted herself to be seen by him in the moon's light.—“To-night,” she began, breaking a long silence, “is the anniversary of our marriage, and the seventeenth since—but it is not yet time to speak of that.—You were displeased with me for paying but little attention to the rose-trees you respected—I planted another during your absence at Paris, and these are its first productions—perhaps they will not displease you, for they must die to-night.” And smiling sorrowfully, but with great sweetness, she placed on the centre of the table a basket of white roses, and retired. Valamour was surprised and touched by her last words, and still more when, by drawing out a branch of the flowers, he discovered a large quantity of gold coin and several jewels beneath them. A leaf of ivory in a corner of the basket offered itself next to his notice, but the words pencilled on it made him forget every other part of the gift.

“You have often asked me why I refused before our marriage to be seen by you in the moon's light. A follower of the Cabalist's Red Cross would tell you that souls are aptest to be communicated in her presence, therefore I declined the hazard then—and since our marriage you have not seemed disposed to give me any part of yours.—A veil must cover the remainder of my few days, for you have not wished to prolong them: but though I cannot give you life, I leave you the means of living nobly till your term is ended.”

Valamour made but one step to his wife's apartment, and found it vacant. He was, as all perplexed men are, extremely angry that he had not foreseen this event. Then he wondered at his own ill-temper and impatience; and though he had almost begun to hate his wife, was heartily chagrined at her sudden and final departure; for with all her provoking calmness, she had been a convenient and patient subject of complaints and murmurs, when it suited him, as it sometimes suits every man, to find a passage for his spleen. In a few hours, all that was beautiful and uncommon in Ariette came thronging on his fancy: the last words of his letter began to alarm him, and he looked at his horoscope once more. By long and anxious references to the astrological books of her reputed father, he had discovered signs and combinations which informed him that his line of life was threatened on the day that deprived him of his wife. Our chevalier became dull, dejected, and sickened as if he had eaten of the *Obi-poison*. In two or three months he was pronounced in a

confirmed decline, and the best physicians attended him in vain. One of great eminence at Aix-la-Chapelle offered his services, and came with due ceremony into the sick man's room. When alone with him, he said, "If you were a common hypochondriac, Valamour, I would force you to laugh by compounding certain medicines in your presence, and inducing those grave men, your other physicians, to taste them. But I shall try plain truth. Who am I?"

"Erasmus Haller, a most learned and benevolent practitioner—the friend of sick and dying men."

"I am also, or I was, the friend of your dead father-in-law, and have some interest in the French court, which I have used to obtain a revocation of your sentence. This is my first medicine—my next is, to translate your horoscope truly. He who drew it was a sufficient cabalist, for he knew human nature wants no help from other elements. He saw you had been made afraid of ordinary women by a fierce stepmother, and tempted to look for extraordinary ones by old romances. So he devised this scheme of your nativity to ensure a good husband for his daughter. He told you, if she was a sylph or spirit, she had but a short term of certain life, and he thought,—how true and beautiful was that thought!—that you could not fail to treat her gently while you remembered she might die in another moment. Who could be harsh or unjust to another, if that remembrance was always present, as it ought, to all of us?—He thought her quiet character would suit yours, and perhaps be animated by it, as he chose to hint in a poetic way, which gave you, no doubt, much comfort and encouragement. At least, like a wise father, he ensured your care of her by knitting your line of life with hers. Come, forgive the cabalism, and be content with a mere woman, composed, as all the sex are, of both sylph and salamander. If she refused to go with you to Paris, it was because she could serve you better by coming to beg my help, and by selling her jewels to buy the court's pardon. And now she comes to beg, not to buy, yours."

Ariette came in, covered with her veil, and stood at a timid distance, though beckoned forwards.

"Do you not see," said the good physician, "the moon is waning, and this is the moment when a gentle soul may be communicated!"

"I give her mine fully and for ever," said her husband, "if she drops that mysterious and catalistic veil."

"Ah!" she replied, "be prepared to see me with a different face—I wore it only when I felt my aspect changing to one which might displease you."—And after a little pause she threw off her veil, and discovered eyes full of laughing brightness, and cheeks which betrayed, notwithstanding the tears that still glistened on them, a few dimples ready to express some merry malice.

"Be a shrew sometimes, but a tender-hearted woman always!"
 d Valamour, throwing the horoscope into the fire; and Ariette,
 o never wore the veil again, except when his peevishness required
 ' silence, preserved no other secret of cabalism.

European Magazine.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

FAIR fancied picture!—worthy of thy theme!
 Our hearts go to thee, and we sit us down
 'Mong the high-shadowing trees, on turf o'ergrown
 With flowers, and mark the lake's transparent gleam—
 The dark and sunny mountains, and the sky
 So softly delicate; and list the voices
 Of those primeval beings, joyously
 Spending the time where all around rejoices.
 Our hearts go to thee; thou hast fill'd up our dream
 Of a long lost felicity, which made
 The youth of this grey world. We love thy theme,
 For man too has his youth, which, when decay'd
 He wanders feebly on his pilgrimage—
 Seems to his fancy still THE GOLDEN AGE.

ROVER'S GLEE.

HURRAH!—my bark—my ocean bird!—
 The sun's broad rays are flung
 Across the cliff's majestic brow,
 Where eagles oft have swung,—
 Spread thy light pinions to the gale,
 Dash thro' the foaming spray
 That sparkles with a thousand hues—
 My bark! away, away!
 Hurrah!—the monarch of the wild
 May climb the mountain side,
 And gaze upon his forest-home
 With freedom's conscious pride:
 But liberty upon the waste
 Of waters seems more free;
 Strike, strike thy deep-toned harp again,
 Thou bright and glorious sea!
 Hurrah!—again with joy I hear
 The dashing of the wave,—
 Sound that is welcome to my ear
 As victory to the brave.
 Oh! when my life's last pulse is gone,
 I ask no more than this—
 My requiem be the light sea-breeze!
 My grave, the blue abyss!

H.

EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FULLER'S WRITINGS,

OF JESTING.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The earl of Leicester, knowing that queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of king Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not

gild the credit of thy friend ; and make not jests so long as till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off ; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, " At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii* ; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

OF SELF-PRAISING.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert : whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites, that want company, may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It sheweth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind ; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again ; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them ; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent,) whom all know far their inferior in that faculty ; or, lastly, (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise,) when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence ; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he came far behind him. " It is true," said the other ; " for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil ; yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the isle of Soma-

barre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sin never committed is a double devil. Let them be well whipped for their lying, and, as they like that, let them come afterwards, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

OF TRAVELLING.

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is grafted, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad :

Travel not early before thy judgment be risen, lest thou observest rather shows than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, &c.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object not that the French tongue learned in England must be unlearned again in France ; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. It is a tale what Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria, the one of brick, fire-proof, the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters to perpetuate learning in defiance of time. But it is truly moralized in our universities, Cambridge (of brick), and Oxford (of stone), wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sight-worthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home rarities ; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontainebleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Annas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither, and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable ; yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal, and want not their remarkables.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the low countries. Hol-

land is all Europe in an Amsterdam print; for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury—learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? “Oh,” said he, “the king was excellently well trimmed.” Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges, and marts; soldiers note forts, armouries, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distill and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. But (as it was said of one who, with more industry than judgment, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that he weeded the library,) many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond the sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return, as some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. It is but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum*, to make a dictionary of their friends’ names: but a selected familiar in every country is useful: betwixt you there may be a letter of exchange. But be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkables of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn than willingly flow from thee, that thou mayest not seem weak to hold, or desirous to vent news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgments, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful foels,) and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries, herein showing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

ON THE WANT OF MONEY.

It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams), and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, “the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man,” to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and butterman have refused to give any farther credit. This is *taking* one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source—the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into

the very mire of humiliati and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the trades people ; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent ; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank-note in your breeches pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap ! Vain hope ! Unfounded illusion ! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket, not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank-paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender on the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing before this time. But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account ? Is there not an old family-watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket that one could part with ? nothing belonging to one's-self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up ? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like an intended insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glanced furtively at an old hat or a great coat, hung up behind a closet-door. Humiliating contemplations ! Miserable uncertainty ! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by ; for without one's breakfast, one has not the resolution to do any thing ! The late Mr Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament. Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself ; but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said that Mrs Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for a couple of hours, while they had to hunt through the neighbourhood, and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner ; for so sharp-set were they, that to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot : the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it out again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of *THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL*, to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day. There was one

comfort, however, that poor Sheridan had: he did not foresee that Mr Moore would write his Life! *

* Taylor, of the Opera-House, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds) in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two post-chaises and four; he in one, and his son Tom following in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. "Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr Sheridan: who sent out a Mr Grimm (one of his jackalls) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank-note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for farther instructions: who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this, Mrs B. said, she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message, she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after, Sheridan came out in high good-humour, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pounds. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home, and write it upon *parchment*!" He once mounted a horse which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St James's street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and, in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the

The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really "blights the tender blossom and promise of the day." With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's self and look about one—to "screw one's courage to the sticking-place," to graduate the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper-time. You gain time, and time in this weather-cock world is every thing. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the meanwhile receive an invitation

astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favourite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again: but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr Sheridan had been in the meantime, and had carried off all the money in the till. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane to broil a beef-steak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, "What signified the concerns of a private individual, compared to the good of the state?" When he got to Covent-Garden, he went into the Piazza coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. Here he was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—"Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching: this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil: this I have also felt, and I know it to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that" (laying his hand upon his heart,) "but that, thank God, I have never felt!" I have been told that these were nearly the very words, except that he appealed to the *mens conscia recti* very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr Matthews the player, who was on the spot at the time, a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character his friends only are acquainted. Sheridan's reply to the watchman who had picked him up in the street, and who wanted to know who he was, "I am Mr Wilberforce!"—is well known, and shows that, however frequently he might be at a loss for money, he never wanted wit!

to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch of venison or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

“As kind as kings upon their coronation-day;”

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts.* Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city (London), time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for tenpence, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton-chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner-hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want of a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?—See *English Malibus* and *Scottish Macculloch*)—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who had died worth a plumb. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, “of formal cut,” to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of *Gil Blas*, containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-pate, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word

* In Scotland, it seems, the draught of ale or whiskey with which you commence the day, is emphatically called “taking your morning.”

luxury, better than I did at that moment! If the want of money has its drawbacks and disadvantages, it is not without its contrasts and counterbalancing effects, for which I fear nothing else can make us amends. Amelia's *hashed mutton* is immortal; and there is something amusing, though carried to excess and caricature (which is very unusual with the author) in the contrivances of old Caleb, in "The Bride of Lammermuir," for raising the wind at breakfast, dinner, and supper-time. I recollect a ludicrous instance of a disappointment in a dinner which happened to a person of my acquaintance some years ago. He was not only poor, but a very poor creature as will be imagined. His wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some errand, she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. On this occasion a witty friend quoted the lines from Milton:

" And ever against eating cares,
Wrap me in soft Lydian airs!"

DEFOR, in his *Life of Colonel Jack*, gives a striking picture of his young beggarly hero sitting with his companion for the first time in his life at a three-penny ordinary, and the delight with which he relished the hot smoking soup, and the airs with which he called about him—"and every time," he says, "we called for bread, or beer, or whatever it might be, the waiter answered, 'coming, gentlemen, coming;' and this delighted me more than all the rest!" It was about this time, as the same pithy author expresses it, "the colonel took upon him to wear a shirt!" Nothing can be finer than the whole of the feeling conveyed in the commencement of this novel, about wealth and finery from the immediate contrast of privation and poverty. One would think it a labour, like the Tower of Babel, to build up a beau and a fine gentleman about town. The little vagabond's admiration of the old man at the banking-house, who sits surrounded by heaps of gold as if it were a dream of poetic vision, and his own eager anxious visits, day by day, to the hoard he had deposited in the hollow tree, are in the very foremost style of truth and nature. See the same intense feeling expressed in Luke's address to his riches in the *City Madam*, and in the extraordinary raptures of the "Spanish Rogue" in contemplating and hugging his ingots of pure gold and Spanish pieces of eight: to which Mr Lamb has referred in excuse for the rhapsodies of some of our elder poets on this subject, which to our present more refined and tamer apprehensions sound like blasphemy.* In earlier times, before the

* Shylock's lamentation over the loss of "his daughter and his ducats," is another case in point

diffusion of luxury, of knowledge, and other sources of enjoyment had become common, and acted as a diversion to the cravings of avarice, the passionate admiration, the idolatry, the hunger and thirst of wealth and all its precious symbols, was a kind of madness or hallucination, and Mammon was truly worshipped as a god!

It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at an inn—or, if you have just enough to do that, to have nothing left for the waiter;—to be stopped at a turn-pike gate, and forced to turn back;—not to venture to call a hackney-coach in a shower of rain—(when you have only one shilling left yourself, it is a *bore* to have it taken out of your pocket by a friend, who comes into your house eating peaches in a hot summer's-day, and desiring you to pay for the coach in which he visits you);—not to be able to purchase a lottery-ticket by which you might make your fortune, and get out of all your difficulties;—or to find a letter lying for you at a country post-office, and not to have money in your pocket to free it, and be obliged to return for it the next day. The letter so unseasonably withheld may be supposed to contain money, and in this case there is a foretaste, a sort of actual possession taken through the thin folds of the paper and the wax, which in some measure indemnifies us for the delay: the bank-note, the post-bill seems to smile upon us, and shake hands through its prison bars;—or it may be a love-letter, and then the tantalization is at its height; to be deprived in this manner of the only consolation that can make us amends for the want of money, by this very want—to fancy you can see the name—to try to get a peep at the hand-writing—to touch the seal, and yet not dare to break it open—is provoking indeed—the climax of amorous and gentlemanly distress. Players are sometimes reduced to great extremity, by the seizure of their scenes and dresses, or (what is called) *the property of the theatre*, which hinders them from acting; as authors are prevented from finishing a work, for want of money to buy the books necessary to be consulted on some material point or circumstance, in the progress of it. There is a set of poor devils, who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half-a-crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug back-

lors and retired old-maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that effects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal, formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your Literary Funds, and Funds for Decayed Artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled “by their so potent art” to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theatrical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock-dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shows the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gayety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragements; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. “We know what we are,” as Ophelia says, “but we know not what we shall be.” A workhouse seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish-pewper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—“within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us.” I heard not long ago of a poor man, who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed, and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses, and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake, and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in a humble way, and still begins his letters to an old-maid (his former flame), who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, “MY DEAR MISS NANCY!”

Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a *dun* at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the

uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor ; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter ; the disposition to bully ; the fear of irritating ; the real and the sham excuses ; the submission to impertinence ; the assurances of a speedy supply ; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself ; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh ! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it ; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you ; to forfeit your credit ; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity ; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool ; and to have no way left to escape contempt, but by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend, who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard-run, as to be induced to request the repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands ; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's gripe—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from theirs. If any thing can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an Exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison-scene in Hogarth's *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the Manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—"Your play has been read, and won't do." * To feel poverty is bad ; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. My friend, Mr Leigh Hunt (no one is better qualified than he to judge) thinks, that the most

* It is provoking enough, and makes one look like a fool, to receive a printed notice of a blank in the last lottery, with a postscript hoping for your future favours.

pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in gaol, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims in extenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, " Ah! he was a fine fellow once!"

It is justly remarked by the poet, that poverty has no greater inconvenience attached to it than that of making men ridiculous. It not only has this disadvantage with respect to ourselves, but it often shows us others in a very contemptible point of view. People are not soured by misfortune, but by the reception they meet with in it. When we do not want assistance, every one is ready to obtrude it on us, as if it were advice. If we do, they shun us instantly. They anticipate the increased demand on their sympathy or bounty, and escape from it as from a falling-house. It is a mistake, however, that we court the society of the rich and prosperous, merely with a view to what we can get from them. We do so, because there is something in external rank and splendour that gratifies and imposes on the imagination; just as we prefer the company of those who are in good health and spirits to that of the sickly and hypochondriacal, or as we would rather converse with a beautiful woman than with an ugly one. I never knew but one man who would lend his money freely and fearlessly in spite of circumstances (if you were likely to pay him, he grew peevish, and would pick a quarrel with you). I can only account for this from a certain sanguine buoyancy and magnificence of spirit, not deterred by distant consequences, or damped by untoward appearances. I have been told by those, who shared of the same bounty, that it was not owing to generosity, but ostentation—if so, he kept his ostentation a secret from me, for I never received a hint or a look from which I could infer that I was not the lender, and he the person obliged. Neither was I expected to keep in the back-ground or play an under-part. On the contrary, I was encouraged to do my best; my dormant faculties roused, the ease of my circumstances was on condition of the freedom and independence of my mind, my lucky hits were applauded, and I was paid to shine. I am not ashamed of such patronage as this, nor do I regret any circumstance relating to it but its termination. People endure existence even in Paris: the rows of chairs on the Boulevards are gay with smiles and dress: the saloons, they say, are brilliant; at the theatre there is Mademoiselle Mars—what is all this to me? After a certain period, we live only in the past. Give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before Bonaparte was yet beaten, " with wine of attic taste," when wit, beauty, friendship presided at the board! Oh no! Neither the time nor friends that are fled, can be recalled!—Poverty is the test of sincerity; the touchstone of civility. Even abroad, they treat you

scurvily if your remittances do not arrive regularly, and though you have hitherto lived like a *Milord Anglais*. The want of money loses us friends not worth the keeping, mistresses who are naturally jilts or coquettes; it cuts us out of society, to which dress and equipage are the only introduction; and deprives us of a number of luxuries and advantages of which the only good is, that they can only belong to the possessors of a large fortune. Many people are wretched because they have not money to buy a fine horse, or to hire a fine house, or to keep a carriage, or to purchase a diamond necklace, or to go to a race-ball, or to give their servants new liveries. I cannot myself enter into all this. If I can *live to think, and think to live*, I am satisfied. Some want to possess pictures, others to collect libraries. All I wish is, sometimes to see the one and read the other. Gray was mortified because he had not a hundred pounds to bid for a curious library; and the Duchess of —— has immortalized herself by her liberality on that occasion, and by the handsome compliment she addressed to the poet, that “if it afforded him any satisfaction, she had been more than paid, by her pleasure in reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*.”

Literally and truly, one cannot get on well in the world without money. To be in want of money, is to pass through life with little credit or pleasure; it is to live out of the world, or to be despised if you come into it; it is not to be sent for to court, or asked out to dinner, or noticed in the street; it is not to have your opinion consulted or else rejected with contempt, to have your acquirements carped at and doubted, your good things disparaged, and at last to lose the wit and the spirit to say them: it is to be scrutinized by strangers, and neglected by friends; it is to be a thrall to circumstances, an exile in a foreign land; to forego leisure, freedom, ease of body and mind, to be dependent on the good-will and caprice of others, or earn a precarious and irksome livelihood by some laborious employment: it is to be compelled to stand behind a counter, or to sit at a desk in some public office, or to marry your landlady, or not the person you would wish; or to go out to the East or West Indies, or to get a situation as judge abroad, and return home with a liver-complaint; or to be a law-stationer, or a scrivener or scavenger, or newspaper reporter; or to read law and sit in court without a brief, or be deprived of the use of your fingers by transcribing Greek manuscripts, or to be a seal engraver and pore yourself blind; or to go upon the stage, or try some of the Fine Arts; with all your pains, anxiety, and hopes, most probably to fail; or, if you succeed, after the exertions of years, and undergoing constant distress of mind and fortune, to be assailed on every side with envy, back-biting, and falsehood, or to be a favourite with the public for a while, and

then thrown into the back-ground—or a jail, by the fickleness of taste and some new favourite; to be full of enthusiasm and extravagance in youth, of chagrin and disappointment in after-life; to be jostled by the rabble because you do not ride in your coach, or avoided by those who know your worth and shrink from it as a claim on their respect or their purse; to be a burden to your relations, or unable to do any thing for them; to be ashamed to venture into crowds; to have cold comfort at home; to lose by degrees your confidence and any talent you might possess; to grow crabbed, morose, and querulous, dissatisfied with every one, but most so with yourself; and plagued out of your life, to look about for a place to die in, and quit the world without any one's asking after your will. The *wiseacres* will possibly, however, crowd round your coffin, and raise a monument at a considerable expense, and after a lapse of time, to commemorate your genius and your misfortunes!

The only reason why I am disposed to envy the professions of the church or army is, that men can afford to be poor in them without being subjected to insult. A girl with a handsome fortune in a country town may marry a poor lieutenant without degrading herself. An officer is always a gentleman; a clergyman is something more. Echard's book *On the Contempt of the Clergy* is unfounded. It is surely sufficient for any set of individuals, raised above actual want, that their characters are not merely respectable, but sacred. Poverty, when it is voluntary, is never despicable, but takes an heroic aspect. What are the begging friars? Have they not put their base feet upon the necks of princes? Money as a luxury is valuable only as a passport to respect. It is one instrument of power. Where there are other admitted and ostensible claims to this, it becomes superfluous, and the neglect of it is even admired and looked up to as a mark of superiority over it. Even a strolling beggar is a popular character, who makes an open profession of his craft and calling, and who is neither worth a doit nor in want of one. The Scots are proverbially poor and proud: we know they can remedy their poverty when they set about it. No one is sorry for them. The French emigrants were formerly peculiarly situated in England. The priests were obnoxious to the common people on account of their religion; both they and the nobles, for their politics. Their poverty and dirt subjected them to many rebuffs; but their privations being voluntarily incurred, and also borne with the characteristic patience and good-humour of the nation, screened them from contempt. I little thought, when I used to meet them walking out in the summer evenings at Somers' Town, in their long great-coats, their beards covered with snuff, and their eyes gleaming with mingled hope and regret in the rays of the setting sun, and

regarded them with pity bordering on respect, as the last filmy vestige of the ancient regime, as shadows of loyalty and superstition still flitting about the earth and shortly to disappear from it for ever, that they would one day return over the bleeding corpse of their country, and sit like harpies, a polluted triumph, over the tomb of human liberty! To be a lord, a papist, and poor, is perhaps to some temperaments a consummation devoutly to be wished. There is all the subdued splendour of external rank, the pride of self-opinion, irritated and goaded on by petty privations and vulgar obloquy to a degree of morbid acuteness. Private and public annoyances must perpetually remind him of what he is, of what his ancestors were (a circumstance which might otherwise be forgotten); must narrow the circle of conscious dignity more and more, and the sense of personal worth and pretension must be exalted by habit and contrast into a refined abstraction—"pure in the last recesses of the mind"—unmixed with, or unalloyed by "baser matter!"—It was an hypothesis of the late Mr Thomas Wedgewood, that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all situations, and by which the absence of any thing only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forwards to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save it from perishing; that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that "we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus"—but this hypothesis, though ingenious and to a certain point true, is to be admitted only in a limited and qualified sense.

There are two classes of people that I have observed who are not so distinct as might be imagined—those who cannot keep their own money in their hands, and those who cannot keep their hands from other people's. The first are always in want of money, though they do not know what they do with it. They *muddle* it away, without method or object, and without having any thing to show for it. They have not, for instance, a fine house, but they hire two houses at a time; they have not a hot-house in their garden, but a shrubbery within doors; they do not gamble, but they purchase a library, and dispose of it when they move house. A princely benefactor provides them with lodgings, where, for a time, you are sure to find them at home: and they furnish them in a handsome style for those who are to come after them. With all this sieve-like economy, they can only afford a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, and are glad to get a lift in a common stage; whereas with a little management and the same disbursements, they might entertain a round of company.

and drive a smart tilbury. But they set no value upon money, and throw it away on any object or in any manner that first presents itself, merely to have it off their hands, so that you wonder what has become of it. The second class above spoken of not only make away with what belongs to themselves, but you cannot keep anything you have from their rapacious grasp. If you refuse to lend them what you want, they insist that you *must*; if you let them have any thing to take charge of for a time (a print or a bust) they swear that you have given it them, and that they have too great a regard for the donor ever to part with it. You express surprise at their having run so largely in debt; but where is the singularity while others continue to lend? And how is this to be helped, when the manner of these sturdy beggars amounts to dragooning you out of your money, and they will not go away without your purse, any more than if they came with a pistol in their hand? If a person has no delicacy, he has you in his power, for you necessarily feel some towards him; and since he will take no denial, you must comply with his peremptory demands, or send for a constable, which out of respect for his character you will not do. These persons are also poor—*light come, light go*—and the bubble bursts at last. Yet if they had employed the same time and pains in any laudable art or study that they have in raising a surreptitious livelihood, they would have been respectable, if not rich. It is their facility in borrowing money that has ruined them. No one will set heartily to work, who has the face to enter a strange house, ask the master of it for a considerable loan, on some plausible and pompous pretext, and walk off with it in his pocket. You might as well suspect a highwayman of addicting himself to hard study in the intervals of his profession.

There is only one other class of persons I can think of, in connexion with the subject of this essay—those who are always in want of money from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are perhaps more to be pitied than all the rest. They live in want, in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say that their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs or a morsel to eat, are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives, and are not sorry, when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram :

“ Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges !”

WM. HAZLITT.

WYOMING.

BY AN AMERICAN POET.

"Dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St Preux, mais ne les y cherchez pas."

THOU com'st, in beauty, on my gaze at last,
 "On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming!"
 Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
 When life was in its bud and blossoming,
 And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
 Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
 As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
 I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
 The Summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed :—thou art before me now,
 In life,—a vision of the brain no more.
 I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
 That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er :
 And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
 Within a bower of sycamores am laid ;
 And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
 The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
 Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
 Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured : he
 Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
 Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
 With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
 Known like old friends and greeted from afar :
 And there are tales of sad reality,
 In the dark legends of thy border war,
 With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
 The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
 Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned—
 Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave—where are they ?
 We need not ask. The people of to-day
 Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
 And hospitable too—for ready pay,
 With manners, like their roads, a little rough,
 And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, though tough.

Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate,
 And the town records, is the Albert now
 Of Wyoming ; like him, in church and state,
 Her Doric column ; and upon his brow

The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
 Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 'twere in vain
 To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow
 That stands full-uniformed upon the plain,
 To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll
 In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish plume,"
 And be the wonder of each Christian soul,
 As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom.
 But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
 Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
 In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
 Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
 To be o'er-praised even by her worshipper—Poesy.

There's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—
 Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born
 In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
 "Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,"
 Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn.
 Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wanders there,
 With Shakspeare's volume in her bosom borne,
 I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player
 The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
 Who tells you where the foot of Battle stepped
 Upon their day of massacre. She told
 Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
 Whereon her father and five brothers slept
 Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
 When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
 And there, wild laurels, planted on the grave
 By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
 Are marks where time-worn battlements have been;
 And in the tall grass traces linger still
 Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
 Five hundred of her brave that valley green
 Trode on the morn in soldier-spirit gay:
 But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene—
 And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
 Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle day?

F. G. HALLECK.

JACK WHITE'S GIBBET.

BY GEORGE C. DYKE.

—— “ On the common, hard by,
His gibbet was once to be seen.”—SOUTHEY.

NEAR the south-eastern extremity of the beautiful and fertile county of Somerset, stands the small, but ancient market-town of Castle-Cary, deriving its name from a *castle*, which was for some centuries the property and the residence of the noble family of Carey or Cary, earls of Monmouth, and lords of the manor on which the town stands. It is difficult to discover the precise period at which it was relinquished by its noble occupants; but thus much is certain, that it was a place of no small importance in the wars of the Roses, and that, during the troubled reign of the first Charles, it was garrisoned for that monarch by a party of Sir Bevil Granville's cavaliers; in consequence of which, it was completely dismantled by Colonel Weldon, the parliamentary commander, who passed through the town on his way to Taunton; and thus, after being the scene of many a splendid pageant, in which the “gentil knight and fayre ladye” of the olden time displayed their prowess and their beauty, it has undergone the fate of all sublunary things, and its mouldering and ruined walls are now used as a granary for the principal inn in the town. The spacious court, erewhile the theatre on which the steel-clad heroes of a former age exhibited their skill and courage, in the pompous and spirit-stirring tilt and tournament, and gained from applauding beauty the reward of successful valour, has now degenerated into an inn-yard, and the castle-moat administers to the comfort of the equestrian lieges in the shape of a horse-pond. Leaving to the curious in antiquarian research, who delight in dragging from their time-worn sepulchres the musty relics of antiquity, and who wade, with laborious and unwearied zeal, through the obscure records of by-gone centuries, to demonstrate the etymology of a name, the task of deciphering the rude, and almost obliterated inscription which adorns the massy portal of the ancient edifice, I shall, *sans* farther introduction, proceed to state, that the town of Castle-Cary, like most country towns of a similar size, consists of one long street, which extends nearly a mile in an irregular line from north-east to south-west; and, from a narrow entrance at either end, descends by a very gradual declivity to the centre, where it expands into an area of considerable size, from whence a branch diverging takes a circuit of a few hundred yards, and again merges in the main street. The street at

its greatest width, is denominated the market-place, in the centre of which stood formerly a stone cross, of elaborate and costly workmanship. Among the modern structures which surrounded it, and with which it had no sympathy, if we may so speak, the ancient column reared its venerable head, and seemed as much out of place as the gigantic John of Gaunt, in his mailed habiliments, would appear in an assembly of the starched and perfumed military dandies of the present day. A few years since, however, this vestige of popery—a monument at once of the genius and the superstition of our ancestors—was removed to facilitate the approach and departure of the increasing number of stage-coaches to and from the principal inn. This structure, which stands directly opposite to the site of the cross, was then, and is still, known by the name of “The George;” and the warlike saint himself, in close combat with his formidable enemy the dragon, rudely carved in stone, formerly adorned the key-stone of the spacious gateway which led to the interior of the inn. But, alas! for human vanity, however potent the doughty St George might have been in defending himself from the assaults of the poisonous monster, all his prowess was found insufficient to resist the silent and insidious attacks of time. The pride of a modern occupier aspired to decorate the building with a new front. Dragon, and steed, and hero, were taken down a few years ago, in a dilapidated state; and, like the cross, its contemporary, administered to the comfort of passengers by repairing the rutted street in front of the inn; but, in order that the fame of the champion might not be involved in the same ruin with his effigy, the zeal of the landlord and the pencil of a country artist have perpetuated the memory of the famous triumph of the saint over his scaly adversary, by rearing in the market-place, on the summit of a lofty pole, a painted resemblance of the stone figures which formerly announced to the weary traveller the welcome vicinity of “The George”—the modern sign being rendered still more attractive by the gaudy colours in which the florid fancy of the rural Rubens has exhibited it; to which might be added another advantage it has over its predecessor, in the gift it possesses of luring the benighted and way-worn passenger by the monotonous creaking of its rusty iron hinges; but which, for the hungry and tired pedestrian, has more charms than the sweetest note ever extracted from the “light guitar” by the skilful fingers of the Venetian serenaders, when seeking to gain the applause of his lovely mistress. At the time of which I am now about to speak, the year 1727, St George reigned in all his glory over the principal entrance to the chief inn in the town of Castle-Cary; and one evening, in the end of the month of October in that year, a tall, swarthy-looking man, habited in a sailor’s garb, sought the hospitable shelter of that establishment to avoid a passing shower which

arrested him in his progress through the town. The elasticity of his step, and the vigorous appearance of his frame, seemed to bespeak a man still in the prime of life, though the ruggedness of his iron features, and his grisly matted locks, told a tale of toil and suffering, borne for years with patient endurance in the scorching atmosphere of a tropic clime; while the boldness of his bearing, and the careless indifference of his manner, indicated one accustomed to command, and familiar with danger. "Zarvant, zur," said the landlord, whose portly rotundity of figure augured a greater propensity on his part to enjoy the good things of this life, than to pry into the hidden mysteries of futurity—"What'll your honour please to have?" demanded he, as he ushered his guest into the capacious chimney-corner (still the most honourable seat in a west of England inn) in the principal apartment of "The George." "Let's have something to eat and drink as soon as possible," replied the guest, "for night's coming on, and I've no time to lose." "Be your honour gwain much vurder to night?" continued the host, as he entered with a quart of strong beer and a round of beef, which the hungry traveller soon attacked with an avidity which at once evinced a good appetite and a long fast, and prevented him from answering the question of his inquisitive host. Observing the cravings of his stomach to be somewhat satisfied, that personage repeated the question of "Be gwain much vurder to-night, zur?"—"Why, yes," said his guest, looking out of the window, and observing the rain to be somewhat abated, "I think to push on as far as Wincanton before I sleep." "Be your honour one o' Wincanton?" inquired the innkeeper. "Why, no—not exactly so," replied the stranger, in a hesitating tone; "but I have a particular reason for wishing to reach that town to-night. Are there any families of note residing in Wincanton at present?" continued he, after a short pause. "Why, ees, ees, there's Squire Gapper of 'Tout Hill, and Counsellor Gapper of Bolsom, and Squire Webb upon Batch, and woold Ireson o' Windmill Hill, and Laayer King, and woold Mog at the Dogs, but he bean't much o' a veller he." At the mention of the last name, the stranger started; but recovering himself, was about to interrogate the loquacious landlord still further, when the arrival of a post-chaise drew the attention of the latter to the outside of the house. The words of the innkeeper seemed to make an unaccountable impression upon the stranger, who displayed considerable agitation during his absence, and his wish to proceed on his journey appeared to be increased by something that had fallen from the voluble landlord; and taking a huge leathern purse from his pocket, he began to explore its interior in quest of a piece of money to satisfy the demands of that worthy; during which operation he unconsciously exhibited to the surrounding town's-people, who had begun to

gather to their usual place of resort in "The George, to discuss the news of the day, and steep their sage brains in the exhalations of strong beer, and the fumes of tobacco, the uncommon sight of a number of doubloons, whose foreign appearance excited their amazement and curiosity. Among the foremost of those whose attention was attracted by the glittering hoard, was a stout square-built man, of a dogged and surly aspect, whose appearance bespoke either extreme poverty or neglect, or both combined; his countenance might have been considered rather handsome than otherwise, were it not for a certain stupid and besotted, and at the same time malignant and ferocious expression, which glared from beneath his shaggy eye-brows, and lurked about the corners of his mouth. He was roused from the intensity of admiration with which he seemed to regard the golden treasure, by the voice of the landlord, who just then returned; and calling to him, said, "Why, Jack, now don't thee stand geaking and stearing there all day like a wild cat in a strange garret, run away and harness a pear o' vresh hosses, and put into thick poost-chaise at the door; the volk do zine to be in a grit hurry, vor the' wont get out, nor have nothin' to eat and drink." Awakened from his reverie, the dogged hostler (for such he appeared to be,) reluctantly obeyed; and the stranger, turning to the landlord, said, "Here, landlord, I've been looking for an *English* coin, but find I have not one left, so you must change a Spanish doubloon for me, though I suppose you're are not over and above fond of them." "Fond o' them!" said he of 'The George;' "Lord love'e! I only wishes I had as many o'em as I could carr, tho' be daan'd to kent if I do think I've zeed one o'em zunce woold Captain Harris was at Plymouth in the Rover, and that's nineteen years ago come the vifteenth o' next Yipril."—"Were you aboard the Rover at that time?" inquired the traveller, with some earnestness. "Aboord o' her! I believe I wur too," said mine host; "I wur a gwain to zail out to the West Indies wi' her, qooner if 'thad'nt been ver my poor woold mother, poor woold zoul! she would'nt let I goo: well, well, it's aal vor the best; I dearsay, there's poor Will White, my woold schoolfellow, he never comed back again, poor veller! tho' a used to zay, he'd come whoom as rich as a Jew some day or nother." During this speech the attention of the speaker was more fixed upon the doubloon which he held in his hand than on the countenance of his guest, which alone prevented him from remarking the agitation which his rhapsody had thrown him into. Recovering his self possession, however, before the innkeeper had observed his confusion, the traveller rejoined, "Aye, aye, I daresay your companion, poor Will White, as you call him, has been hung long before this, landlord."—"Hung!" said the choleric publican, "no, no, measter, Will win none o' the hanging zoort, I can tell'e; and if I had as

much wild blood in I now as I had when I parted with he last, I would'nt stand to hear a better man than ever stood in your shoes run un down in thick way; I'd a' knock'd thee down just as zure's my name's Dick Palmer: but there, there, thee didstn't know poor Will; and zov we'll forget and forgive, and drink his health, zur; and I can only zay, that if aal the family had been like he, 'thad been better for 'em, that's aal." So saying, he took a hearty pull at the contents of a huge flagon which he held in his hand; and then turning the handle towards his guest, he motioned him to follow his example. The stranger took the proffered can, and said, "Come, landlord, here's to the health of your friend, poor Will White, and if he's no worse than I wish him, neither he nor you will have any reason to complain; but, however that may be, your defence of him is highly creditable to your feelings, and I'll gladly stand another pot to our better acquaintance."—"With all my heart," said the publican, "but I shouldn't a' thought o' meaking you pay vor't, tho." So saying, the good-natured innkeeper disappeared, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a brown jug, which foamed with good ale, for which he obstinately persisted in refusing payment. Having again seated himself, he proceeded in his interrogatories, by saying, "What peart o' the wordll be you come vrom, if I meak so boold as to ax, zur?" "Why, I came last from the Spanish Main, Master Palmer," said the stranger. "Oh aye, I s'poose you be one o' Admiral Hozier's crew, beant'e? That's been a 'nation bad job that; they do zay the poor woold admiral have a broke his heart over thick bissiness; the moore's the shame to they government men that kept zoo many breave fellers a shilly shallying up and down afore Peter Bellor, and didn't let em do neither one thing nor nother, till the yella faver took off all the men, and then the poor woold admiral died for sheame, they do zay," said an elderly personage, whose features were completely obscured by the volumes of smoke which he emitted at solemn intervals from his capacious mouth. "Ees, ees," said the landlord, "there's been a 'nation girt vaat somewhere or nother, that's zartain. Wur you," said he, addressing the stranger, "in admiral Hozier's vleet, zur?" "No, no! Master Palmer," said the traveller, "that sort o' thing wouldn't do for me! I was in a free bottom. We didn't cruize up and down in a roadstead, waiting for the Dons to throw themselves into our teeth; we ran ourselves ashore, went into their towns, ransacked their popish churches, and stripped their monasteries, drank our grog in golden chalices, dined off the communion plate, made sacks of the bishop's surplice and the monk's gown, and filled them full of pieces of eight, doubloons, and dollars, and every trip made us a few hundreds the richer; and now, my lad," said he, tossing up his bag of doubloons, and catching them in

his hand again, "I've returned to enrich old England with the Spanish gold, and so let's have another pot, my old Trojan (slapping him on the shoulder), and here's old England for ever, and confusion to all her enemies." The frequent visitations which he made to the flagon, and the potency of the west of England strong beer, which is still celebrated among all who "abhor thin potations," began to make a visible impression on the brain of the speaker, which the landlord perceiving, pressed him to stop all night at "The George," assuring him, "he should have a bed that the king hisself needn't be ashamed to lie in;" and urged his stay by saying, "he was afraid they should have a 'nation wet night o't." But the sailor resolutely persisted in his determination to proceed, alleging, that "he had sworn not to sleep till he had reached Wincanton;" and added, that "he had been too long accustomed to hurricanes, to be put out of his way by a drop of rain;" and so taking up his portmanteau, he shook hands with honest Dick Palmer, whom he promised to visit again shortly, when he hoped to introduce an old friend to his notice; and then bidding him good-bye, he was soon out of sight of Castle-Cary, and on the road to Wincanton. Leaving him to his solitary journey, we must beg our readers to accompany us while we anticipate him in his arrival at that place.

Entering the town of Wincanton by the lower or western end, you pass through a small suburb, consisting of thirty or forty scattered houses, to which the inhabitants give the name of *Tethern* (a corruption of *tything*); from whence you ascend by a gentle acclivity into the town itself. At the top of this ascent, which bears the name of Tout Hill, stands an old mansion-house, forming, with its two wings, the three sides of a square, and leaving a spacious court-yard open to the front. The main entrance to this building is by a huge iron gate of antique and fantastic manufacture; on either side of this gate stands a stone post of large dimensions and massy strength; each post is surmounted by a stone mastiff, of colossal size, the crest of the family of *White*, to whom the mansion and its adjoining demesnes formerly belonged, and which, from its formidable canine guardians, took the name of "The Dogs." The family of *White*, to whom the domain appertained for some centuries, boasted of their high antiquity, and not without reason; for upon turning over the "Doomsday Book" (a survey of the whole country, with a view to ascertain the extent of every estate in the kingdom of England, made by order of the Norman Conqueror, for the purpose of distributing them among his followers), we find the name of Sir Reginald Le Blanc, or Reginald Des Les Chiens, mentioned among the most distinguished of the adventurers who followed the banner of that successful invader. From whence he derived the names of "*Le Blanc*," and "*Des Les*

Chiens," it is impossible to ascertain with any degree of certainty; but the most probable conjecture is, that the one was conferred on him from the colour of his armour, and the other from his skill in the chase, and his consequent fondness for the animals, employed in that healthy exercise. Be that as it may, we find the family retaining the name of "Le Blanc" till somewhere about the year 1642, when Sir John Le Blanc, its then representative, having joined the sect of the independents, and the party of the parliament, changed that foreign-sounding appellation for the synonymous and more English one of White. At the Restoration, imprisonment and confiscation became the reward of the zeal and activity which he had displayed on the republican side, and he died shortly after, despoiled of all his property, save the old mansion-house and a few surrounding acres, which the intercession of some friendly cavalier had obtained for him. John White (for he indignantly refused to resume the *title* without the *estate*), the only son of this gentleman, who was in his infancy at the time of his father's death, joined in the ill-fated enterprize of the Duke of Monmouth, and commanded a troop of horse at the fatal battle of Sedgemoor where he was wounded; but the ignorance of the court with regard to the share he had taken in that unfortunate and ill-concerted expedition—the insignificance of his despoiled possessions—the embarrassment in which the detestable tyrant who then filled the throne shortly after found himself—or the good offices of some friend of the family, prevented any inquiry into his conduct in that affair, and he was permitted to retain possession of his meagre inheritance. When the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, he was among the first to welcome his arrival; and in his progress through the western counties to the metropolis, William honoured the mansion of "The Dogs" with his presence; on which occasion its ancient dining-hall became the scene of a grand entertainment, given by its owner to the neighbouring gentry and the suite of the aspiring Dutchman, to congratulate him on his arrival; but this was the last blaze of its expiring greatness. The expense which he had incurred in his previous campaign under Monmouth, and the effort to entertain his princely guest in a manner suited to the ancient dignity of the "Le Blancs," had compelled John White to mortgage the property to an extent far beyond its real value, and the consequent embarrassment which it entailed on him was the means of shortening his life. William had, indeed, in the first effusion of his gratitude, promised him the restoration of all the property of which his father had been deprived, but the various hands it had passed through since the date of its confiscation, and the multitude of conflicting interests to be considered and reconciled in consequence, made its restitution a matter of considerable difficulty, which the poverty of the new mon-

arch's exchequer, and the natural coldness and apathy of his disposition, contributed in no small degree to augment; and thus, after dancing attendance day after day, and feeling in its keenest force that "sickness of the heart" which arises from "hope deferred," the unfortunate descendent of the renowned "Le Blancs" died of a broken heart, leaving a widow and two sons, John and William, to inherit his poverty and despair. His widow, who was the daughter of a wealthy attorney of Wincanton, whom with the other members of her family, she had offended by her marriage with the portionless possessor of "The Dogs," supported herself on a scanty pittance, extorted from the pride, rather than the generosity of her brother; her slender income was rendered still more so by the grovelling and indolent disposition of her eldest son John, who chose rather to exist in this state of miserable dependence on the precarious bounty of his purse-proud uncle, cherishing the fallacious expectation of gaining possession of the estate of his ancestors, which all the exertions of his father had been unable to obtain, than to seek in some honourable employment a way to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he was involved. His younger brother, William, a spirited youth, who was born but a short time before the death of his father, whose ill-requited enthusiasm had bestowed on him the name of William, in honour of the reigning monarch, disdaining the servile condition in which he saw himself placed, entered, at the age of sixteen, on board the Rover privateer, than fitting out at Plymouth for service against the Spaniards in the West Indies, as we have already learnt from "mine host" of "The George." Since that time every attempt to gain intelligence respecting his fate had proved unavailing, and it was concluded he had fallen a victim to the climate, or to the chances of the dangerous employment which he had embraced. Shortly after his departure, "The Dogs" became the property of an old usurer of the name of Mogg, to whom it had been mortgaged by the deceased John White, on the express condition of becoming his property, if not redeemed within a certain number of years; which term having elapsed, the grasping mortgagee proceeded to eject the unfortunate widow, who, driven from home, soon became a victim to the melancholy and despair to which her ruined fortunes, the neglect of her family, the degradation of one son, and the mysterious fate of the other, on whom she doated, had reduced her. The pitiful allowance which her necessities had wrung from her unfeeling brother ceased at her death; and the contemptible and spiritless heir of "The Dogs," the lineal descendent of the proud "Le Blancs," was contented to drag out a miserable existence on the few pence obtained from occasional passengers whom he assisted in entering or dismounting from the stage coach to and from its way to London, through that



town where his haughty ancestors had formerly reigned in the almost regal splendour of feudal dominion. After continuing some years in this degraded condition, the kindness of Richard Palmer (who had recently become the occupier of "The George," in the neighbouring town of Castle-Cary,) and the respect he felt for the memory of his lost schoolfellow William, induced him to prefer the wretched John, or as he was then universally called *Jack White*, to the rather more respectable, and at all events less precarious situation of ostler to the inn; but the habits of dissipation in which he indulged, rendered him unfit even for this occupation, and the good-natured landlord tolerated him solely from the lingering affection which he felt for the memory of his brother; and our readers will doubtless have already recognised him in the suspicious-looking individual whom the display of the stranger's treasure in the hall of "The George" had so strongly attracted.

In all the county of Somerset there is not a more flourishing town than Wincanton is at the present moment, to which the goodly number of handsome inns, which adorn the principal or high street, bear unequivocal testimony. Situate on the slope of a hill, that street runs in a gradual descent of about half a mile, and in nearly a straight line to the market-house and place, from whence it strikes off in three branches, forming a figure somewhat resembling a trident; of these the left branch is denominated "South Street," at the bottom of which stands the already-described mansion of "The Dogs;" the right leads by a very rapid descent to the mill and dam, and from that circumstance has obtained the name of "Mill Street;" and the middle division, or "Church Street," leads by a less abrupt declivity to the building whose name it bears. Of that structure it is now my business to speak.

The church of Wincanton is a plain specimen of that kind of Gothic style which universally prevailed in the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages; it is surrounded by a spacious burying-ground, which on the day following that on which we have introduced to our readers the landlord of "The George" and his guests, was occupied by an immense number of the towns-people, who were all eagerly pressing, with one accord, towards the principal porch or entrance to the church. The cause of all this stir soon became apparent. A man, whose dress denoted his profession to be that of a sailor, had been found lying bereft of life, on the road between Castle-Cary and Wincanton, and from the wounds he had received it was very naturally concluded that he had met with a violent death; the persons by whom he had been discovered were in the act of placing the body, according to custom, in the church porch, for the purpose of establishing, if possible, his identity. The superstition of the times

exacted from every one who wished to purge themselves of the suspicion of murder, a declaration of innocence, made with the right hand resting on the breast of the corpse, under the expectation that the insensate clay would be permitted by Providence to proclaim the presence of the murderer by some miraculous sign of recognition; and, however the philosopher may be disposed to rejoice in the dissipation of that superstition, which at once degraded the purest feelings and cramped the noblest energies of human nature, the philanthropist and the patriot will be compelled to regret the decay with it, of much of that horror and detestation with which crime was formerly regarded, by the illiterate and unsophisticated rustic; and the Christian cannot but deplore the extinction of that feeling, and of that salutary awe, by which the murderer and the ruffian, after indulging in the contemplation of a guilty deed, was often deterred from its commission, by the fear that the finger of Providence would thus be specially exerted to point out its discovery. The customary presence of the clergyman and the magistrate, who dictated the adjuration, added to the solemnity of the proceeding, and strengthened the impression which the awful ceremony was so well calculated to convey to the minds of the vulgar; and although education had placed these officials above the influence of its terrors, they gladly availed themselves of the popular prejudices, to assist them in discovering the unknown perpetrator of the deed of darkness. On the present occasion the venerable rector, Mr Plucknett, reverend alike from age and office, and who was at once both minister of religion and secular magistrate, presided at this tribunal, which the undisturbed prescription of ages had established.

The report of the commission of a crime of such magnitude, and which at that time was happily of very rare occurrence, soon drew crowds from the neighbouring towns and villages, who flocked together, partly from curiosity, and partly from the more laudable desire of establishing their innocence by undergoing the customary ordeal. Among the rest came Richard Palmer, and several of his fellow townsmen, the usual frequenters of "The George." The arrival of Palmer was hastened by the misgivings which he felt, on account of the reported resemblance which the murdered man bore to the stranger, who so shortly before had quitted his hospitable hearth. A moment's glance served to convince him that his fears were but too well founded. There indeed lay the unfortunate traveller, whom he had seen but a few hours before, in all the pride of health and strength, rejoicing in the termination of years of toil, and looking forward to the enjoyment of his hard-earned wealth in the peaceful bosom of his native country. Among those who attended the inn-keeper on this occasion was his ostler, Jack White, whom he

had with great difficulty prevailed on to accompany him. The reluctance which White had manifested excited no suspicion against him in the minds of Palmer and his companions, who attributed it to the natural sluggishness and inertness of his disposition; but the resolution with which he expressed his determination not to touch the corpse, prejudiced the bystanders so much against him, that they universally regarded him as the murderer. On the whole the scene was well calculated to shake the self-possession of a man, even though supported by the consciousness of innocence. There stood the aged priest, his long gray locks, and the unsullied whiteness of his canonicals (for he was arrayed in his surplice), no unfit representation of the holiness and purity of the Deity, whose accredited servant he was; while the keen and searching look with which he regarded the countenance of each individual, as he successively approached the corpse, impressed on his mind the omniscience of the Almighty Being whom he represented. Before him lay the unconscious victim, whose blood-stained and disfigured features appeared to cry aloud for vengeance on his murderer; and there was something so peculiarly humbling and distressing in the spectacle which the body of the unfortunate stranger (who had escaped all the chances of war and climate, and the many vicissitudes of a dangerous profession, to fall a victim to the nocturnal attack of an unseen and treacherous assassin) exhibited, that the warm-hearted Richard Palmer could not avoid shedding a tear as he laid his hand on the cold and lifeless breast, and repeated with fervour and sincerity the declaration which the venerable rector dictated. The voice of the aged clergyman stilled the murmur of indignation, which burst simultaneously from the assembled crowd, on beholding the decided aversion which the ostler manifested to touch the corpse; and addressing White, he said, "Although the dissipated and reckless life you have led encourages the presumption of your guilt, in the minds of those who have observed your unwillingness to submit to the trial, to which *every one without exception* is subjected, yet the name you bear, and the friendship which I felt for your deceased parents, induce me still to regard you as innocent, however much appearances may be against you; but, notwithstanding, I cannot disguise from my mind the fact of your being the *only* person who has refused to make, in the usual way, the required declaration of innocence. I now again call upon you to approach for that purpose. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear; if guilty, I entreat you to make the only reparation to society you have in your power, by a full and free confession of your guilt." The words of the venerable man, the persuasions of the landlord (who could not believe him guilty), and the desire White himself felt to dispel the feeling which his repugnance had excited against him,

induced him to undergo the dreaded ordeal. He had no sooner laid his hand on the corpse, than a slight effusion of blood flowed from the mouth and nostrils of the murdered traveller. This, together with the faltering and inarticulate manner in which the trembling ostler repeated the prescribed words, was interpreted by the credulous bystanders into the strongest evidence of his guilt; and the landlord himself, however anxious to befriend him, could not resist the force of testimony so conclusive. By the orders of the rector (who conceived it to be his duty, both for the safety of the accused, and for the satisfaction of the demands of justice, to place him for the present in close confinement), he was immediately apprehended, notwithstanding his continued asseverations of innocence. On searching him a large clasp knife, of a kind in common use in that part of the country, was taken from his pocket. This instrument appeared to have been recently wiped; notwithstanding which it was still slightly tinged with blood. The clothes he wore were the only ones he possessed, and were so much soiled with grease and dirt, that had any stain of blood existed on them, it would have been quite indistinguishable. Nor, indeed, had any such mark appeared, could it have been fairly urged as evidence against him, since he frequently officiated (in common with others holding similar situations in the west of England,) as butcher to the establishment, which would easily have accounted for the state of his clothes. The same defence applied with equal force to the appearance of the knife, to which the nature of his occupation afforded a plausible and even a satisfactory explanation. The only thing that militated against him was a bludgeon, with which the blow that occasioned the death of the unfortunate traveller, had evidently been inflicted; and which, having been found lying near the body by the persons who first discovered the murder, was declared by the landlord to be an exact resemblance of one which he knew White to possess, although he said "a 'couldn't teake upon un to zwear 'tw'er the very zeame;" and to balance this, Palmer declared, "he hadn't missed Jack at all" on the previous night. On the person of the murdered stranger nothing was found that afforded any clue to his name and history; and the portmanteau, and bag of doubloons which he carried with him from the inn, had both disappeared; on returning to that establishment, however, the strictest search was made by its owner, in the hope of finding something to establish the crime against the murderer, if White really deserved that title. At length, after the most minute investigation in the "ta' lot," or top loft, over the stables, where the ostler usually slept, the portmanteau and bag of doubloons were both found, hid beneath a pile of hay, some of which was bloody, as if from something having been wiped in it. The contents of the bag appeared the same as when Palmer had seen

it in the hands of its unfortunate owner in the inn: the portmanteau was immediately examined in the presence of the magistrate, and was found to be filled principally with gold and gems; but there were other articles of no small importance under the present circumstances. The first was an old bible, within the cover of which was written, "Presented to William White, by his affectionate mother, April 10th, 1708." On the inside of the other cover was pasted a document inscribed as follows:—"Wincanton, Feb. 2, 1692. William, the son of John and Mary White, was baptized here this day by me.

(Signed)

"GEORGE PLUCKNETT, *Curate.*"

"THOMAS GREEN, *Clerk.*"

"ABRAHAM GAPPER,

"ROBERT COOMBS,

"ENMA IRESON,

} *Sponsors.*"

The signatures of "George Plucknett" and "Thomas Green" were instantly recognised by the aged rector of Wincanton as being those of himself and the individual who held the office of clerk of the parish at the date of the register; in addition to this, a portrait was found, which was declared by the same gentleman (and corroborated by the older inhabitants of the town, to whom the features had been familiar) to be that of the deceased John White; and an antique ring, on which was engraved, in black letter, "M. W. to W. W. 1707," completed a string of evidence, which proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the relationship which the unfortunate victim bore to his wretched murderer; and if farther proof was wanting to establish the guilt of the despicable and unhappy Jack White, it was rendered unnecessary by his own confession, from which it appeared, that, tempted by the injudicious display made by his brother in "The George Inn," he had preceded him in his way to Wincanton, and lay in wait for him at a place nearly equi-distant from that town and Castle-Cary. The spot on which the murder was committed was too well adapted for the purpose, the road being bounded on either side by a dreary common, or waste, of considerable extent, which terminates on the south side in a narrow lane; it was at the mouth of this lane, screened from observation by a furze bush, that the murderer expected the arrival of his prey; and no sooner had the latter passed the fatal spot, than a tremendous blow from a bludgeon brought him to the ground; he, however, succeeded in rising, and attempted to struggle with his unknown adversary; and the strength and vigour he possessed might have proved sufficient to defend him against his assaulter, had not the murderer, during the scuffle, drawn from his pocket a large clasp knife, and stabbed him to the heart.

But little remains to be added to the melancholy recital. A shameful and ignominious death closed the degraded life of the last

miserable descendent of the proud "*Le Blancs*." In accordance with the barbarous "*wisdom* of our ancestors," he was hung in chains on the spot where his hand had shed a brother's blood. By a singular and melancholy coincidence, that spot once formed a part of the extensive and confiscated estate of his wealthy and honourable progenitors; and the very tree which was felled to afford a gibbet to the fratricide, had been planted by the hand of his grandfather. The birds of the air soon left his bones to whiten and decay in the rain and the dew of heaven; but the gibbet and the chain stood for nearly a century, to warn the scared peasant of the vicinity of the scene of blood; and though they too have at length yielded to the rude attacks of time, and the march of modern improvement, which has inclosed the common, and driven the harrow and the plough-share over the blood-stained earth, yet the revolutions of three generations have not been able to root out from the traditional lore of the surrounding villagers this tale of horror. The mansion of "*The Dogs*," parcelled out into a few wretched tenements, affords a miserable shelter to some of the poorest inhabitants of Wincanton. The memory of the haughty "*Le Blancs*," and of the Moggs, their successors, have both alike sunk into oblivion; but the crime and the fate of the fratricide have been more imperishable than the fame of his ancestors; and the trembling and simple-hearted peasant still shudders, as he points out to his wondering and affrighted children the site of "*JACK WHITE'S GIBBET*."

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

O give me yet another lay,—
One song of Scotland ere we part;
Thou dost not know the magic sway
Such accents hold upon my heart.

They lead me back to girlhood's hour,
When music's spell my soul possess'd,
And when, of all its treasured lore,
I loved the songs of Scotland best.

I sang them in the glittering throng,
And oft, when pressed to change the strain,
Coldly I breathed the chosen song,
Then turn'd to Scotland's lays again.

I murmur'd them alone—and then
With faucied scenes my sight was glad;
I wandered through some northern glen,
In silken snood and robe of plaid.

I watched the waterfall's white spray,
Wove garlands of the yellow broom,
Heard the sweet mavis pour its lay,
And saw the opening gowans bloom.

Those days have past ;—I now repress
The waking dreams indulged before ;
The charm of fancy charms me less,
The power of custom rules me more.

And varied songs attract my praise,—
The German strain of wild romance,
Soft Italy's subduing lays,
And the light airs of merry France.

Yet, when the simple melodies
Of bonny Scotland greet my ear,
Forth at the potent call arise
Feelings and thoughts long prized and dear.

My sunny girlhood smiles again,
And, 'midst a world of strife and art,
The songs of Scotland still retain
Their early empire o'er my heart.

[M. A.] *The Metropolitan.*

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE.

You are welcome, love, to the merry green wood,
The outlaw's forest-home—
To our bower beneath yon mossy cliff,
With its ivy-fretted dome :
No care or trouble here we know,
Save when the winds too rudely blow.

Your father's towers are proud, my love,
The proudest in Navarre,
But on our vales the sunshine falls
More gladsomely by far ;
And on our cliffs the moon-beams sleep
More calmly than on donjon keep.

Seek ye for song ? Gay troubadours
Beneath the hollen tree,
Will sing a pleasant rondelay
In honour, love, of thee—
The proudest peer or palatine,
Might envy such a choir as thine.

Love dwells not in the Baron's strength ;
Love shuns the princely hall :
But he seeks the wild wood's waving shade,
Where none may him enthral.
Then welcome to our valleys green,
My own, my peerless forest queen !

R. J. M.

THE FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.*

THE solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scene for tales of witches, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins or the power of magic. Among the various legends current in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelary demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and indeed the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.†

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their woe. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed, and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burden whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called *Morgenbrodt*, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doc-

* From 'The Antiquary.' 'The outline of this story,' says Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes to the new edition of his Novels, 'is taken from the German, though the author is at present unable to say in which of the various collections of the popular legends in that language, the original is to be found.'

† The shadow of the person who sees the phantom, being reflected upon a cloud of mist, like the image of the magic lantern upon a white sheet, is supposed to have formed the apparition.

trines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V., and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baal-peor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away to-morrow, may say what he pleases: but it is we, the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants from injurious language betook themselves to stones, and having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful they allowed, but wayward and capricious, and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the Electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers.

Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted

from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attended them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said; "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd—and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes, cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment and indicate to me a gold or silver mine, I would begin to dig away even before his back were turned, and I would consider myself as under the protection of a much Greater than he, while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed, by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent perhaps in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safe-guard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time,

the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognizing the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible.

The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak-tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak-tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut with trembling steps, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examin-

ing the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being *roked* or *charred*, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but, observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to re-kindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely-built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhlherhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manner of those who seemed to "work in the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and, therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George, but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the inter-

course which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—"and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre;—"and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily, and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon—But take the fire that thou camest to seek, and begone—no mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts, and all the exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied around it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which had before accosted

him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions.

And now it was seen in the instances of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another:—the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating

a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent, and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed, to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege, or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advanced towards them, which at first sight seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pil-

grim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle toward the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine-trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest, whom precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill-employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

THE HAUNTED RUIN.

In days of yore, a lovely mansion stood
On Scotland's eastern, ocean-ravaged shore,
High on the cliffs, that smiled upon the flood—
Alike in summer's calm, and winter's roar.
Its walls were girdled with an ancient wood,
That to the uplands spread away; and o'er
The rocks adjacent, issuing from a glade,
A haunted stream became a white cascade.

It was a place of strength, albeit no hand
Was raised against it; and a deep trench ran,
Though all unfed by water, round it, for command
Of power, perchance, in buried years which man

Remembered not ; now rioting weeds and sand
 Were fast diminishing its ample span ;
 And crumbling battlements on high looked down
 In seeming sadness for their glory flown.

Its aspect spoke desertion ; even the air
 And winds of heaven its walls that visited,
 Bore in their voice the accents of despair—
 Low, murmuring, hollow tones, as from the dead ;
 Abandonment and desolation there
 Reign'd quietly on thrones, dark, mute as lead ;
 Save when, but for a moment, from some tower,
 A falling fragment broke their despot power.

The summer birds that sing in brake and tree,
 Awakening earthly halleluias, ne'er
 Created mirth around, though cheerily
 The bright sun shone on morning gossamer,
 And dewy leaves were glancing bonnily
 Upon the forest boughs, so green and fair :—
 The choral sisterhood, how could they sing,
 When bats were flitting on their leathern wing ?

And credulous superstition boldly said,
 That shadowy forms were seen, and spectre men,
 Gliding along, what time the moonlight made
 The mansion brightly visible ; and then
 A maiden with a bleeding breast, arrayed
 In white, walked to and fro, as one again
 Visiting a scene that had been known before—
 Resuming from the grave life's form once more.

But all within those massy walls was still,
 As they by man had been untenanted ;
 And all around repulsive was and chill,
 That even the beggar dared not sue for bread,
 Though famine urged him in his hour of ill :
 Rust sealed the portal, and a stranger's tread
 Ne'er sounded o'er the threshold, weed-o'ergrown—
 Ruin had claimed the mansion as his own !

D. A.

A HEBREW MELODY.

Sing us one of the songs of Zion—*Psalms xxxvii. 3.*

By the rivers of Babel, in exile forlorn,
 O Zion, we sat in despair ;
 Yea, we wept for the home from which we were torn,
 And the temple of God that was there.
 And our harps all unstrung
 On the willow-trees hung,
 For their tones now could only awaken
 Gloomy thoughts of a grave,
 Or the life of a slave,
 And the land of our fathers forsaken.

Our spoilers required us in bondage to sing,
And sneering they gave the command ;
But shall we make the echoes of Babylon ring
With the song of our dear native land ?

Sing !—No—ne'er shall the ear
Of the Edomite hear

The sweet strains which to Zion belong—
With this hand I shall wring
From my heart every string,
Ere its melody mix in the song.

Judea, my country ! more loved than the tide
Which flows through this worn frame of mine,

O, if thee I forget, may this right hand of pride
Fall shrunk by my side all supine !

And my tongue, be thou dumb,
And all lifeless become

With the dead on yon far Galilee,
If there's aught in this land

Can unloosen the band

That shall bind me for ever to thee !

But how could I dream that I e'er might forget

The shrine where my God was adored,
Or the land where the sun of my forefathers set,

Though profaned by the heathen abhorred.

Yes ! it was but the gleam
Of a terrific dream,

That frenzied my brain as it passed,

For I e'er will think on,

All thy glory though gone,

And exult in thy name to the last.

Remember, great God, O remember the day

When Babylon's king cried in scorn,

" Let Jerusalem be razed—in dust let us lay

Those towers which proud Salem adorn."

O Babylon's daughter,

The day of thy slaughter

Shall in anguish yet fearfully run ;

And full-blessed shall he be

Who avengeth on thee

All the deeds that in Judah were done.

And happy is he who shall list to thy groans,

And look on thy glories effaced,

Who all reckless shall dash thy babes on the stones,

And leave thee a desolate waste.

For alas ! we have been

Where wild carnage was seen

The red arm of destruction to wield ;

When the children of God

'Neath the heathen were trod,

As if they'd been the dust of the field.

OLD MAIDS.*

I LOVE an old maid;—I do not speak of an individual, but of the species,—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself, she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in Heaven, some people say that they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth earthy. They are Spectators of the world, not Adventurers nor Ramblers: perhaps Guardians; we say nothing of Tatlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single?—It is their fate!

On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool, there is a village, which, for particular reasons, I shall call Littleton: and I will not so far gratify the curiosity of idle inquirers as to say whether it is nearer to London or to Liverpool; but it is a very pretty village, and let the reader keep a sharp look out for it next time he travels that road. It is situated in a valley, through which runs a tiny rivulet as bright as silver, but hardly wide enough for a trout to turn round in. Over the little stream there is a bridge, which seems to have been built merely out of compliment to the liquid thread, to save it the mortification of being hopped over by every urchin and clodpole in the parish. The church is covered with ivy, even half way up the steeple, but the sexton has removed the green intrusion from the face of the clock, which, with its white surface and black figures, looks at a little distance like an owl in an ivy bush. A little to the left of the church is the parsonage house, almost smothered with honeysuckles: in front of the house is a grass plot,

* From 'The Englishman's Magazine.' This piece is also given in 'Friendship's Offering for 1833.

and up to the door there is what is called a carriage drive; but I never saw a carriage drive up there, for it is so steep that it would require six horses to pull the carriage up, and there is not room enough for more than one. Somewhat farther up the hill which bounds the little valley where the village stands, there is a cottage; the inhabitants of Littleton call it the white cottage. It is merely a small whitewashed house, but as it is occupied by genteelish sort of people, who cannot afford a large house, it is generally called a cottage. All these beautiful and picturesque objects, and a great many more which I have not described, have lost with me their interest. It would make me melancholy to go into that church. The interest which I had in the parsonage house was transferred to the white cottage, and the interest which I had in the white cottage is now removed to the churchyard, and that interest is in four graves that lie parallel to each other, with head-stones of nearly one date. In these four graves lie the remains of four old maids. Poor things! Their remains! Alack, alack, there was not much that remained of them. There was but little left of them to bury. The bearers had but light work. I wondered why they should have four separate graves, and four distinct tombstones. The sexton told me that it was their particular desire, in order to make the churchyard look respectable; and they left behind them just sufficient money to pay the undertaker's bills and to erect four grave-stones. I saw these ladies twice, and that at an interval of thirty years. I made one more attempt to see them, and I was more grieved than I could have anticipated, when the neighbours showed me their newly closed graves. But no one long pities the dead, and I was, after a while, glad that they had not been long separated. I saw these ladies twice;—and the first time that I saw them, the only doubt was, which of the four would be first married. I should have fallen in love with one of them myself, I do not know which, but I understood that they were all four more or less engaged. They were all pretty, they were all sensible, they were all good-humoured, and they knew the world, for they had all read Rollin's "Ancient History." They not only had admirers, but two of them even then had serious suitors. The whole village of Littleton, and many other villages in the neighbourhood rang with the praises of the accomplished and agreeable daughters of the rector; nor were the young ladies dependent for their hopes of husbands merely on their good qualities; they had the reputation of wealth, which reputation I am constrained to say was rather a bubble. The rectory of Littleton was said to be worth a thousand a year—but it never produced more than six hundred. And the worthy rector was said to be worth ten or twelve thousand pounds. Bless him! he might be *worth* that and a great deal more,

but he never possessed so much ; the utmost of his private fortune was fifteen hundred pounds in the three per cents.

It is enough to designate the ladies by their christian names. Their good father used to boast that his daughters had really christian names. The eldest was Mary, the second Martha, the third Anna, and the youngest Elizabeth. The eldest was, when I first knew them, actually engaged to a young gentleman who had just taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and had gained a prize for a Greek epigram. Such an effort of genius seemed next to miraculous at Littleton, for the people of that village never gain prizes for Greek epigrams. The farmers, who had heard of his success, used to stare at him for a prodigy and almost wondered that he should walk on two legs, and eat mutten, and say "How do you do?" like the rest of the world. And every body said he was such a nice man. He never skipped irreverently over the river, as some young men of his age would do, but always went over the bridge. It was edifying to see how gracefully he handed the young ladies over the said bridge, Mary always the last, though she was the eldest. The young squire of the parish was generally considered as the suitor of the second. The third had many admirers ; she was what is called a showy young woman, having a little of the theatrical in her style. She was eloquent, lively, and attitudinizing. She had a most beautiful voice, and her good papa used to say, "My dear Anna, the sound of your voice is very delightful, and it does me good to hear you sing to your own harpsichord, but I wish I could hear you sing at church."—Poor man ! he did not consider that there was no possibility of hearing any other voice while that of the parish-clerk was dingling in his ears. Elizabeth, the youngest, was decidedly the prettiest of the four ; sentimentality was her forte, or more properly speaking, her foible. She sighed much herself, and was the cause of sighing to others. I little thought when I first saw them that I beheld a nest of predestinated old maids ; but it was so, and the next time that I saw them they were all living together, spinsters. How I was occupied the next thirty years would be tedious to relate, therefore I pass over that period and come again to Littleton.

Time is like a mischievous urchin that plays sad tricks in our absence, and so disarranges things and persons too, that when we come back again we hardly know where to find them. When I made my second visit to Littleton, the good old rector had been several years in his grave ; and when I asked after his daughters, I was told that they were living, and were together, and that they occupied the white cottage. I was rather pleased to hear that they were single, though I was surprised at the information. I knew that I should be well received, that I should not find all their old affections alienated by new

ties. I knew that I should not have to encounter the haughty and interrogatory eyes of husbands, that I should not be under the necessity of accommodating myself to new manners. I had indeed some difficulty in making myself known, and still more difficulty in distinguishing the ladies, the one from the other, and connecting their present with their past appearance; for Anna's attitudinizing days were over, and Elizabeth had ceased to sigh. But when the recognition had taken place, we were all exceedingly glad to see each other, and we all talked together about every body and everything at once.

My call at the white cottage was at the latter end of August. The weather was fine, but there had recently been much rain, and there were some few heavy clouds, and some little growling of the wind, like the aspect and tone of an angry schoolmaster who had just given a boy a sound thrashing, and looks as if he were half inclined to give him some more. The cottage was very small, very neat, very light. There was but one parlour, and that was a very pretty one. A small carpet covered the middle of the room; a worked fire-screen stood in one corner: a piece of needle-work, representing Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, hung opposite to the door; shells, sea-weed, and old china stood on the mantelpiece; an old harpsichord, in a black mahogany case, stretched its leviathan length along one side of the room; six exceedingly heavy and clumsily-carved mahogany chairs, with high backs, short legs, and broad square flat seats, any one of which might have accommodated all the four sisters at once, according to their mode of sitting, stood around the room; these chairs, I recollected, had been in the dining-room at the rectory, but then there was a great lubberly cub of a footman to lug them about. The fire-place was particularly neat. It had an old brass fender, polished up to the semblance of gold, delineating in its pattern divers birds and beasts, the like of which never entered Noah's ark, but they had a right to go in by sevens, for they were as clean as a penny. The poker looked like a tooth-pick, the shovel like an old-fashioned salt-spoon, and the tongs like a pair of tweezers. The little black stove shone with an icy coldness, as if the maid had been scrubbing it all morning to keep herself warm; and cut paper was arranged over the vacant bars with a cruel exactitude that gave no hopes of fire. The ladies themselves looked as cold as the fire-place; and I could hardly help thinking that a stove without a fire, at the cold end of August, looked something like an old maid. The ladies, however, were very chatty; they all spoke together—or nearly so, for when one began the others went on, one after another, in the way and after the manner of a catch, or more accurately speaking, perhaps somewhat in the similitude of a fugue. They talked very loud, and sat very upright, which last circumstance I should have thought

very conducive to health, but they were not healthy; the fact is, they lived too sparingly, for their father had left much less than had been expected, and they were obliged to keep up appearances, as they still visited the first families in the neighbourhood. By living together they had very much assimilated in manners; they all had the same sharp shrill voice, and the same short, snappy, not snappish, manner of speaking.

When I called on them I had not dined, but I suppose they had, for they asked me to stay and drink tea with them; though I should have preferred dinner to tea, yet for the sake of such old acquaintance, I was content to let that pass. They pressed me very much to take a glass of wine, and I yielded—but afterwards I repented it. Single elderly ladies are very much imposed on in the article of wine; ill luck to those who cheat them! Then we had tea. I knew the old cups and saucers again; and the little silver tea-pot, and the little silver cream-jug, and the sugar-tongs, made like a pair of scissors; I was glad to see the tea-urn, for it helped to warm the room. The tea made us quite communicative; not that it was strong enough to intoxicate, quite the contrary, it was rather weak. I should also have been glad of some more bread and butter, but they handed me the last piece, and I could not think of taking it, so it went into the kitchen for the maid, and I did not grudge it her, for she seemed by the way to be not much better fed than her mistresses. She was a neat respectable young woman.

After tea we talked again about old times, and I gave several broad hints and intimations that I should like to hear their respective histories; in other words, I wished to know how it was that they had all remained single; for the history of an old maid is the narrative of her escapes from matrimony. My intimation was well received, and my implied request was complied with. Mary, as the eldest, commenced:

“I believe you remember my friend Mr. M—?”

“I do so; and is he living?”

“He is, and still single.”

I smiled, and said, “Indeed!” The lady smiled not.

“Yes,” continued the narrator, “he is still living and still single. I have occasionally seen him, but very seldom of late years. You remember, I dare say, what a cheerful companion he was, and how very polite. He was quite of the old school, but that was only as regarded his external manners. In his opinions he partook too much of the new school. He was one of the liberal party at Cambridge; and though he was generally a very serious and good man, he perplexed his head with some strange notions, and when the time came that he should take orders, he declined doing so, on account of some

objections which he had to some of the Thirty-nine Articles. Some people have gone so far as to say, that he was no better than a Socinian, though I do not believe he was ever so bad as that. Still, however, it would never do for the daughter of a clergyman to marry a man who had any doubts concerning any of the Thirty-nine Articles. We did all in our power to convince him that he was wrong, and he did all in his power to convince us that he was right ; but it was all to no purpose. Indeed, he seemed to consider himself a kind of martyr, only because we talked to him. He argued most ingeniously to show, that exact conformity of opinion was not essential to happiness. But I could not think it correct to marry a man who had any doubts concerning the Articles ; for, as my father very justly observed, when a man once begins to doubt, it is impossible to say where it will end. And so the matter went on from year to year, and so it remains still, and so it is likely to remain to the end of the chapter. I will never give up the Thirty-nine Articles."

All the sisters said that she was perfectly right ; and then Martha told her story, saying, " It was just about the time that you were visiting Littleton that Mr B—, who had long paid me very particular attention, made me an offer. Mr B— was not a man of first-rate talents, though he did not want for understanding ; he was also tolerably good humoured, though occasionally subject to fits of violence. His father, however, most strenuously objected to the match, and from being on friendly terms with us he suddenly dropped our acquaintance, and almost persecuted us. My father was a man of high spirit, and could not patiently brook the insults he received, and I have every reason to believe that thereby his days were shortened. In proportion, however, as the elder Mr B— opposed our union, the affection of the younger seemed to increase, and he absolutely proposed a marriage in Scotland, but my father would never allow a daughter of his to be married otherwise than by the rites of the church of England. At length old Mr B— died, and then it was thought that we should be married ; but it was necessary to wait a decent time after the old gentleman's death, in which interval the young squire, whose attentions had diminished of late, went up to London, where he married a widow with a large fortune. They are now living separately."

" You were faithful to your first loves," I observed.

" But I," said Anna, " have a different story to tell. I had four offers before I was nineteen years of age ; and I thought that I was exercising great judgment and discrimination in endeavouring to ascertain which was most worthy of my choice ; so I walked, and talked, and sang, and played, and criticised with all in their turn ; and before I could make up my mind which to choose, I lost them all, and

gained the character of a flirt. It seems very unfortunate that we are placed under the necessity of making that decision which must influence our whole destiny for life, at that very period when we least know what life is."

"It is inexpedient," said I, "to entertain several lovers at once."

"I found it inexpedient," said Elizabeth, "to entertain several lovers in succession. My first lover won my heart by flute playing. He was a lieutenant in the navy, visiting in the neighbourhood. My father disapproved the connexion, but I said that I would not live without him, and so a consent was extorted; but, alas! my flute player's ship was ordered to the West Indies, and I heard of him no more. My next lover, who succeeded to the first rather too soon in the opinion of some people, was a medical man, and for a marriage with him a reluctant consent was obtained from my father; but before matters could be arranged, it was found that his business did not answer, and he departed. Another succeeded to the business, and also to my affections, and a third reluctant consent was extorted; but when the young gentleman found that the report of my father's wealth had been exaggerated, he departed also; and in time I grew accustomed to these disappointments, and bore them better than I expected. I might perhaps have had a husband, if I could have lived without a lover."

So ended their sad stories; and after tea we walked into the garden. It was a small garden, with four sides and a circular centre, so small, that as we walked round we were like the names in a round robin, it was difficult to say which was first. I shook hands with them at parting, gently, for fear of hurting them, for their fingers were long, cold, and fleshless.--The next time I travelled that way they were all in their graves, and not much colder than when I saw them at the cottage.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine:

What vanity has brought thee here?

How can I love to see thee shine

So bright, whom I have bought so dear?

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,

For twilight-converse, arm in arm;

The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear

When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chertical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Tevlot loved while still a child,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled
By Eak or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine: thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!—
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

JOHN LEYDEN.

THE MISERS OF ANTWERP.*

THE story and fate of the two misers of Antwerp are now nearly forgotten; a tradition rather than a true history. Even the celebrated picture which represents these men tells no more of their story than a sign-post does respecting the country it designs; but like this it is a good starting-post. From curiosity respecting this picture, I have been enabled to make out the following particulars of their lives and subsequent fate. If less appalling than the wholesale butcheries of modern times, it was once considered a tale of fearful interest.

It was in a narrow street turning out of the Rue de la Mer, that a house had remained untenanted for many years, from a reputation it had very generally acquired of being haunted. Ill-fame had done its worst upon the building, and had exorcised all good and cheerful spirits from the building: its many stories of broken windows, with their high gable ends, alone attesting it had once been of some importance. About the period of the commencement of our story, it again received inmates, but of a nature perfectly suited to its present gloomy appearance. Two old men were allowed to occupy an unfurnished apartment and its adjoining closet. Some compassionate neighbours bestowed a straw mattress and a little covering, pitying, perhaps, the ill-sorted union of old age and beggary; this, together with a small stove, a saucepan, a lamp, two chairs, soon despoiled of their backs to convert into fuel, a deal table, a large wooden trunk, and small iron chest, were all these new comers added for the comfort of their home.

The habits of these men, abiding in a house supposed to be haunted, strangers too in the good town of Antwerp, occasioned for a while much curious remark and observation; but even the active principle of curiosity will die of inanition; and their unvarying daily history at length silenced and baffled suspicion. In the course of time the very oddity that had occasioned remark seemed natural and appropriate. It was not known by what train of circumstances, and their corresponding action on the mind, these two brothers—for such was the legal as well as characteristic relationship between them—had adopted the gentlemanly vice of avarice; or if from early youth it had been their natural tendency, moulded into character by the thousand accidents that fashion men's minds. In the town of Antwerp they were never otherwise known than as men of penurious habits, about whom there hung some mystery, by many supposed to be the mystery of wealth.

* From "The Keepsake," 1831.

However this might be, one brother alternately remained at home, whilst the other bent his way to the bridge that used to cross the Rue de la Mer when a canal ran through it,—on this bridge to post himself indifferently in the summer or more inclement seasons, to ask alms from every decent passenger, plying a thankless trade from break of day until the waters reflected dimly the decaying light.

The appearance of these two misers,—though wretched in the extreme, half clothed and fed, the hungry look of their tribe upon them, the compressed and indrawn life, the clutching grasp of the long, lean, withered hand closing on every cent with all the strength left in the attenuated body,—had nevertheless in it an air of decayed gentility, which, despite the offensive whine of mendicancy, induced most passengers to drop a little solid charity into the eager palm of either beggar.—I say their appearance, for, in the gaunt famine-struck form, in features, voice, even in the pace of person, one could not be identified, apart from the other, save after close and minute observation.

It might have been a curious spectacle to have watched these two wretched old men after the entrance of him who had been plying his productive trade upon the bridge; the quiet grim smile with which he counted his day's gain into the other's hand; the mutual satisfaction with which it was added to the contents of the wooden trunk already so weighty with copper coin, that no single man could raise it. Then would they silently sit down to the supper which he at home had prepared. Stale fish, the refuse of some neighbour's dinner; or, as a luxury on fete days, a boiled morsel of half-dried pork, of which they previously devoured the fat and fragrant soup, formed the materials of this repast. With such dainty fare, their equanimity of temper was unlikely to be disturbed by the intrusion of visitors; nor were they ever known to ask a neighbour into their room. It was a curious fact, that even a hungry dog never whined to them for food; it would seem the wretched curs were disciples of Lavater, that they looked in the pinched faces of the brothers, and felt an appeal to their compassion would be vain. Their affection for each other, which appeared their strongest feeling after their love of hoarding money, was not unmingled with suspicion, for each never failed to count their valueless treasure after the other. After supper, however, came their hour of delight; then were the cold and pain and tauntings of the day forgotten; then did the bitter revillings of those without charity seem music to their very souls; a genial heat warmed the lagging blood in their shrunk veins; the triumph, not less delicious because untold, was theirs. A tarbated monarch of a band of slaves has less his soul's desire gratified, than our two humble, despised, and solitary men, when, after renewed examination of the well-secured

door and windows, first by one and then another pair of peering grey eyes, the coffer before mentioned was placed on the table. Then with their stools touching each other in exquisitely delicious approximation, the iron box was opened, and the misers began to count their gold; the feeble glimmer of an ill-fed lamp lighting a board spread with golden treasure.

Curiosity had wholly died away respecting these men, when new food was given to the gossips of the neighbourhood by the sudden introduction of a beautiful high-spirited girl, the newly acknowledged daughter of the younger of the misers. Of all the possible additions to this confined family circle, none could seem so utterly inappropriate.

It appeared from the unwary prattle of the girl to the neighbours that she had been placed at school from her earliest recollections by an old childless lady, whose companion her mother had been, who had died in giving her birth. Whatever, in other respects, the conduct of her father, it was known after the old lady's death, that at least he had so far acted honourably as to have made the young woman his wife. The property of her benefactress died with her; and thus the child of her adoption became, from a free, gay, petted girl, delighting in the sunshiny air, the inmate of a dwelling far more gloomy than a cloister, for there the mind may make its own creations of delight; whereas the moral gloom that invests the covetous and niggardly mind poisons every healthful spring of existence, nor fails to exercise its pestilential and restrictive power over the brightest natures subject to its influence.

At first the young girl wept and prayed, entreated with soft, childish pleadings, and then stamped with passion, haughtily demanding as a right, sufficient food and clothing, and free egress, in lieu of wretched fare and rags, and unwholesome confinement; but when she found that neither passionate nor gentle sorrow moved either father or uncle to the slightest variation of expression in speech or feature, a sort of numbness fell upon her mind. A "go to, child, you cost enough already, you are no offspring of mine to love such wanton waste, but you will learn better;" then a feeble falling back upon his seat, and a murmur, was all the reply she usually received. "Why did the old fool die, to send this plague upon me in mine old age," was the most sensible impression Rebecca ever contrived to make. Finding that her own more ductile and youthful mind must bend or break against the stony collar of a miser's heart, the girl suddenly seemed to change her character; and from haughty sullenness and violent reproaches, to sink into no ungentle if enforced acquiescence. Famished with hunger, she at length learned to partake of their distasteful meal, and sought on every occasion to exert the wisdom of the weak against the strong. The contest might in the end

have proved unequal; but as her years ripened, a woman's intelligence, that precocious tact by which she supplies and sometimes outstrips the stronger judgment of the other sex, assisted her with its availing power. It is true that cunning and subterfuge were her only weapons; but as she was of an unshrinking temper, and as firm and implacable, in her own way, as her sire, she only disguised her hatred of home and its inmates, to find a fitting occasion to prove it. It was not singular that a temper by nature unconciliatory should be driven to cunning for its defence, and to hate those who made such defence necessary; but it was, indeed, singular that the misers never sought to send her from them to earn subsistence for herself, a boon she ardently implored. She thought it was cruelty that denied this to her, but it might be that these rigid and penurious men found a kind of satisfaction in gazing on the faultless face of their young relation, in watching the movements that perfect formation rather than early instruction rendered purely graceful; and they might derive an affectionate and pleasurable pride from the sensation that their blood flowed in the veins of so fair a creature. Fair, indeed, was the appropriate term to apply to her, for the bloom that almost dyed her cheek on her first arrival soon disappeared with hard fare and confinement; and though her spirit ultimately rose from its first depression, the bloom had departed for ever. Still no one could look upon a countenance moulded to the most delicate and purest beauty, though unsmiling and condensed in its expression, without admiration, and that sort of delight which the initiated feel on examining a fine picture.

Little as Rebecca was suffered to quit her home, it was nevertheless sometimes necessary to allow her to go to mass; and as it would have interfered with the dally monotonous employments of the misers to accompany her, it was usual to suffer her on such occasions to depart alone, with injunctions somewhat similar to those which Shylock addresses to Jessica; and they were as admirably obeyed. Instead of going to mass, Rebecca sought in every casual acquaintance some relief from the disease-like oppression that at home was her constant suffering. At home she was her own centre, all her thoughts revolved round herself to harden her to the most callous selfishness. Sympathy with the misers was impossible; but it was no worse an evil to love the accumulation of gold than to lose all power of sympathy with the joy and grief of others. Rebecca possessed no youthful feelings, compression had killed them, and the result was fatal to her character and happiness. The temptations she encountered to change her mode of life for one more luxurious were not unfrequent; it was not the vice of the life offered to her choice, nor its shame and loneliness, nor its corruption and induration of the heart, that deterred her from adopting it; for she felt so utterly degraded by her present state

and occupation, that she thought it impossible to sink lower in the scale of humanity. But she was guarded by that passion which alike leads to crime and guards from evil, in its various power too often omnipotent, especially with women. It would have been a happy accident had the man she loved proved worthy of her affection—he might have exerted a beneficial influence over her destiny. The chances were not, however, in this unhappy girl's favour.

Struck with her beauty, a young man, of open and prepossessing appearance, followed her home. An acquaintance commenced under such circumstances could scarcely prove fortunate in its results. It was but natural that one unused to even words of kindness, the common coin of affection, should affix an undue value to passionate love and admiration—it seemed to raise her to herself, and for this fanciful elevation she felt deeply grateful. From her childhood the fountain of affection had been closed, but the weight that had kept down its waters was suddenly removed, and they bubbled up, threatening to overwhelm and astonish by their lavish waste. The mixture of pain, however, always associated with the pleasure of a maiden's first affection, added to her habit of suppressing the outward expression of her most innocent thoughts, restrained her for a length of time from the confession of her love, and thus probably increased the passion of her lawless and abandoned lover.

We will not pursue the history of their unholy loves; but come at once to its result and the conclusion of our tale.

One stormy night, when the raging winds that howled through the air, the roaring thunder and beating rain, made such a confusion of noise as to render all other sound inaudible, Rebecca opened the case-ment of the closet within the room where the misers slept with their treasure, and silently admitted her lover through this entrance. It was the dead hour of night; the storm that raged without, alone might have appalled the hardest; yet Rebecca's stern pale face, just discernible by the light of a lantern her lover held, exhibited no fear of the elemental war, her whole anxiety appeared lest Albert should be heard by the sleepers within. Of this there was little chance; and after closing the window, she stole softly to her lover's side. "Are you determined?" she asked inquiringly. "Resolved," was his cold reply; and placing the dark lantern in her hand, he commanded her instantly to lead the way. The door that separated her closet from the misers' room was shut, and she opened it slowly and with difficulty. "Shall I go alone?" said Albert, who fancied her hand trembled. "Incur danger alone?" said Rebecca, reproachfully—"no, no, no, I have courage—fear me not." They entered the chamber.

It now became evident they meditated a deed of blood, for Albert

produced a hammer, and advanced to the head of the wretched bed on which the brothers slept. The woman held the lantern, turning away her face with something of the look of that exquisite painting in the Louvre, which represents Herodias' daughter bearing St John's head on a charger; the same disgust, not of the deed, but of the object before her; the same firmness of expression, so remarkably conjoined with feminine delicacy of outline and small accurately defined features. She heard a blow—a dead cold sound—a groan—another, and her old father was dead. A slight shudder passed through her frame, but did not disturb the pale, pure marble of her face; no other evidence did she give of emotion. In the meantime the other miser had awakened. Alarm for his gold was evidently strong as his love of life. "I have no money," he said, "I am a beggar, a poor old beggar, ninety years old—ninety years old and upwards—not a cent to bury me." Almost a smile curved Rebecca's beautiful lip. A laugh of scorn burst from the murderer as his heavy iron-armed hand fell upon the hoary head of the aged miser. But he struggled fearfully for his life and his treasure; he forced Albert's hand from his mouth, and cried for succour. One quickly stifled shriek, and the unequal struggle was over—it was the wailing of an infant in the grasp of a giant. Rebecca, during this dreadful scene, trembled violently, yet felt forced to look upon the deed; the struggle, brief as it was, seemed to her more appalling than the silent, painless death of her own father. There were the few and difficult tears of age—the cry for help, faint and unavailing, but never unfelt, unheard, in the secret heart of the veriest ruffian trained to a trade of blood. And now all was silent, yet the guilty pair stood face to face, without power to move. The clock of the cathedral struck; the subsided storm made now every stroke distinctly toned upon the silent night. Rebecca felt appalled by this natural circumstance. One little hour since that she had counted in trembling expectation of the murderer, and she was yet guiltless of any actual crime. Now the leprosy of guilt had spotted her sinful soul, and no hour could strike and find her innocent. But a softer feeling stole upon her mind, even in this first hour of remorse; for Albert, not for self, she had surpassed her sex in strength and courage, and alas! in crime. But his love would sometimes soothe her unexpressed agony; and sometimes bright brief passages of passionate love would lend a charm even to her parricidal existence. A tear trembled on her eyelids, and hung on her dark lashes, a tear that neither filial affection nor remorse could have won from her; and she turned the full expression of her softened eyes upon Albert—his refused to meet that glance; he pointed to the bed's head, that she might take the key of the coffer from under the pillow of her murdered relatives. She silently obeyed the motion of his

hand, and as she did so, stained her hand with blood. She saw Albert's eyes were fixed upon the stain, whilst she unlocked the coffer that gave him, along with herself, golden independence, and yet she felt chilled at their expression. "And now, Albert, let us fly this place for ever, and endeavour to forget the past." Her musical voice trembled, but more with love than with horror. "Fly with thee, woman!" was Albert's stern reply: "ay, I should feel well with the arms of a murderess about my neck. Could he bind you—not even the sacred name of father? What, court destruction at your hands when you may please to fire of me? Woman! thou art beautiful, and I loved thee, but now thy beauty seems to me that of a demon—I loathe thee!"

Rebecca heard breathlessly every word distinctly as it was uttered; the overwhelming thought that solely for him, at his bidding, she had aided a deed of blood, played false with her soul's eternal welfare; to be thus by him rewarded; choked the words that swelled her proud bosom for utterance; the beautiful small features became convulsed with feelings she could not express, yet far too powerful to bear suppression. Blood gushed to her mouth, to her nostrils, even her eyes seemed filled with blood, and she fell a corpse at the feet of the murderer.

A new emotion now took hold of this wretched man; he raised the girl in his arms, and tried to call the dead to life by the same weak weapons that had the power to kill. His passionate appeals were fruitless, and he remained stupified, like a drunken man, over his third victim, till he was thus discovered by an accidental visitor, who immediately delivered him over to justice:—with him justice was condemnation

SONNET.

UNKNOWN MUSIC.

What strain is this that comes upon the sky
Of moonlight, as if yonder gleaming cloud,
Which seems to wander to the melody,
Were seraph-freighted?—Now it dies away
In a most far off tremble, and is still,
Leaving a charmed silence on each hill,
Flower-cover'd, and the grave's minutest spray.
Hark, one more dip of fingers in the wires—
One scarce-heard murmur, struggling into sound,
And fading like a sunbeam from the ground,
Or gilded vanes of dimly vision'd spires:
But it hath tuned my spirit, which will recall
Its magic tones, in memory's treasur'd all.

B.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The antique world in its first flowery youth.—SPENCER.

WHEN untill'd fruitage clothed the ground,
 And every man was lord of all
 The loveliness around him spread—
 When at blue evening's silent fall,
 Beneath the shade of incense-trees,
 The people of the young earth lay
 To sleep, till through the glancing leaves
 Smiled in the crystal day;
 When the shrill trumpet had not roused
 Opposing hosts to deadly rage;
 But peace her halcyon olive waved—
That was THE GOLDEN AGE.

When chains and captives were unknown—
 Unknown the complicated crimes,
 The bitter griefs—the tragic deaths
 Which darkened upon after times:
 When the green world was open wide—
 No barrier, save by nature given—
 Free to the fearless foot of all,
 As to the cloud its depth of heaven:
 When he who loved such peaceful vale
 As beautifies our pictured page,
 Might make his home amid its bowers—
That was THE GOLDEN AGE.

SONNET.

ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S QUITTING ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered; hangs o'er Eldon's triple height:
 Spirits of power assembled there complain
 For kindred power departing from their sight;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
 Saddens his voice again and yet again,
 Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
 Blessings and prayers, in nobler requies,
 Than sceptered king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous potentate—Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
 Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

* From "The Literary Souvenir." 1833.

THE PROVINCIAL ACTOR.

A SKETCH.

He is a strange creature, if one knew him properly, the provincial actor. I defy you to find his fellow in any class of society save his own: he is like no other body. His singularity I cannot account for, unless I set it down to his vanity: no man in the world has a higher opinion of himself than he has. What is an author, a painter, or a poet to him? Be assured he turns up his nose contemptuously at them all.

There is a something about him, you know not what it is, that betrays his profession in a moment. It is not that he wears his hat to the one side or to the other; it is not that his coat is a good, a bad, or an indifferent one, although the coat and the hat could belong to no other person, for they positively smack of the foot-lights: these things do not single out the man; they are helps, no doubt, but you must be convinced that he is an actor, from a glance at his face, before you allow the coat and the hat to intrude themselves upon your notice. His cheeks are tough, and his face altogether seems weather-beaten; but look a little closer, and you must see that the poor man never smelt salt water in his life; that brassy face of his was acquired somewhere about the side-wings.

His appearance on the street fills up, to a hair's-breadth, the notion you had formed, from reading the elder essayists, of a broken-down rake. You call up in imagination the nights of frolic and madness, of dissipation and debauchery, that have given to his eyes their peculiar, wild, twinkling expression, and that have assisted, along, no doubt, with other causes, in making his dress thread-bare; you think of the rattling company he used to keep, before he fell down in the world; you are not over-well pleased, neither, to see him look as if he had found out, to his cost, that this is but an ungrateful generation. But here you must stop. The actor never was a rake—never was a gentleman—never was a blackguard. True, he has drunk pretty hard in his day, but he never quarrelled about the flavours of champagne or burgundy; he was pretty well content to have a drop good glenlivet. No doubt he has gambled also before this time of day, but the stakes were never very deep, perhaps a penny each game. Then, as to his love affairs, everybody knows, that, off the stage, he cares for no particular woman more than another. If he makes love at all, it is to a cook or a bar-maid; his love is of the pudding order. He is not a rake then, we see; he only looks like one; he is but an ill-drawn caricature of that character.

It is not every one that can enjoy an actor's society, for he talks of nothing but his own business, and the men and things connected with it. It is tedious, to a sensible, matter-of-fact man, to hear one talking of what are, after all, mere trifles, as if they were affairs of the first consequence. The theatre is a trifle; its side-wings, its scenery, the dresses and decorations, nay, every thing connected with it, is but a trifle; all is hollow—the mere imitation,—and, be it remarked, an imitation that can deceive no one, even for a moment, of something real; of something that is or has been. But the poor actor forgets this; he does not seem to be aware of the fact. He never for a moment suspects that we see through all his little arts. Were we to tell him, that we would much rather hear him, in his ordinary dress, read an author, and read him coolly, and calmly, and sensibly, than hear him, in his wig, his tunic, his tights, his boots, and all the other little *et ceteras*, utter the same words after his own fashion, he would laugh at us; he would wonder at our want of taste and sense. He cannot act, for he does not know what acting is, or what it ought to be, just because a sword-belt, a vandyke, or a touch of red paint, is of more consequence to him than the meaning of his author. He judges of the talent of his brethren by their attention to these matters. To have the *words* of a *part* correctly on the memory is a great thing with him; he talks of his *tremendous study*, and insists that in such and such a piece he was *dead perfect*. If he should at any time be put out by a brother performer, he fumes and blusters, and tells his friend that he does not know a single line of his part; he never told him in his life, though, that he knew not the *meaning* of the part.

Your bad actor—your poor actor—your provincial actor, or call him what you will (for the terms are almost synonymous), is very tenacious of his right to his certain line of business. If he be the high-tragedy man, he will allow nobody to play the Richards, the Othelloes, the Pierres but himself; and should a *star* take these characters out of his hand, and he be forced to play *seconds*, he takes the dods at once, and hints, mysteriously a little, that he will “give in his notice.” The low-comedy-gentleman would take it as a gross insult, were any other to sing one of his songs; he even carries these notions into private life. The *sighing-lover*-gentleman is the only one who would willingly give up his line of business to another.

Actors in provincial theatres have a great many slang terms, that, to the uninitiated, seem very amusing. For instance, instead of saying that they were hissed, or *goosed*, by the galleries on such a night, they say, they brought down the *great bird*. (They like the *goose* best about Christmas time.) The unpleasant realities of life they very happily soften down by giving to them some amusing or

ridiculous name. There is philosophy in this, but it is rather forced.

He has many good points about him, too, the poor actor ; but one must have come in contact with him frequently, and in his moments of enjoyment, before these are to be discovered. He is not a selfish fellow : a poorer brother often shares his last shilling. I daresay he is honest, too, at heart, and would pay his debts—if he could. He sometimes tells fibs, no doubt, but they are harmless, for they are almost all about himself, and they cannot impose upon you. Set him down to a beef-steak and a frothing tankard, and there is not a more happy, light-hearted creature in the world. Listen to his stories of the past—hear him descant on the good towns and the bad towns for an actor—one place starves him, and another loads him with kindness and the good things of this life ; and when he gets on to talk of the privations he has met with in the profession, you are quite delighted with him. He has lived where you and fifty others would have starved. He has eaten, drunk, and been merry, when you would have seriously thought of committing suicide. For a lover of the stage, of actors and acting, he has some delightful reminiscences of the “great masters.” One of his little anecdotes, which no man can tell like him, is worth a whole volume.

One of the worst features in his character is, that he seldom has a good word to say of his manager. Little do these petty monarchs know how they are treated behind their backs. Their conduct is talked of, much in the same way, and with as little mercy, as a knot of violent politicians would discuss the ungracious doings of an unpopular cabinet. But the actor, in such cases, is all *talk*, and nothing more. He talks big to be sure, but he stands more in awe of his manager than he does of his greater patron—the public.

But if he has this one bad feature about him, he has another good one to place against it : he has a great respect for this same old patron of his—the PUBLIC. Painters, and poets, are continually quarrelling with the old gentleman, and throwing something in his face that he does not at all like ; but the actor has more sense—he does what he can to chime in with the likings and dislikings of his patron. Is the old fellow induced to be merry ? then does the actor do his best to make him so : has the old un any ill-will at his friends, or, say enemies ? then comes the actor with something that raises the laugh against them. Is it proper that the PUBLIC should show his loyalty to his monarch ? then is he speedily furnished with an opportunity of joining the actor in a sentiment suitable to the occasion.

* * * * *

It is pleasant to see an actor on the street, no matter how poor or shabby he looks—the shabbier the better. He reminds you of a

thousand pleasant things, long since gone, that it is a luxury to think of. There he stands before you, not quite an every-day mortal, for you have seen him as a king, or some other great character, and you in a moment recall to your recollection those wild and happy moments of your existence that were first spent in the theatre. You do not forget the tinsel rags even that then covered the poor fellow before you. Know you not that the man assisted in contributing to your pleasure, more innocent and harmless than much that you have run through since? then if you can do him a good turn do it manfully; forget him not on his Benefit night, and, in the meantime, step kindly up to him and do the part of the good Samaritan.

R. B. H.

DIRGE.

COMPOSED AT THE GRAVE OF A MOTHER AND HER SON.

Embosom'd in one lowly grave,
 Sleep on;
 Lovely and pleasant while ye moved on earth,
 Gladdening with household joys one happy hearth,—
 Where willows and where wild-flowers wave,
 In death ye undivided lie,
 Prone 'neath the heaven's blue canopy,
 With the beautiful greensward on your breast,
 Which your spirits look on from the clime of the blest;—
 Sleep on—
 Oh! "sleep on now, and take your rest."
 Warm youth and ripening age,
 Half-blown and spreading flower,
 It was not winter's withering rage
 That sear'd ye in your hour
 Of wreathing smiles and sunny gladness—
 'Twas Death's simoom swept through your bower,
 And tore ye down in sadness.
 Sleep on—sleep on
 In halcyon tranquillity, sweet friends;—
 Oh! could but he who bends
 Above you now,
 With pale brow,
 Blanch'd cheek, and sunken eye,
 Lie down beside ye,
 Where heart-pangs never more come nigh,
 Nor any evil can betide ye,
 And there die,

Some day when the cold world has crucified
The last lone joy the poor heart can abide,

I do not dread to die—

Death is no foe of mine—

And I have stood unshrinkingly

Beside your shrine,

When the cold pale moon was glittering high,
And the shivering stars peeped out from the sky,
And the wild winds swept impetuous by,—

And the melody of the tomb began

To tremble from the spirit-land,

In a dirge o'er the urn of mortal man,

Flung off by an unseen hand ;

While the bending cypress and the yew,

The laurel and the ivy-twine,

Aye and anon as the gust rush'd through

Their glittering green in the soft moonshine,

Would mingle their harp-like murmurings

With the plaintive swell of the spirit's strings.—

Sleep on in your turf-cover'd bed,

In your sanctity sleep on ;

May the morn's first smiles on its grass be shed—

May the tear-drops of evening bedew its head,

And glisten unbrush'd by the wanderer's tread

'Mong the hallow'd—the silent—the lone.

W. R.

FAREWELL TO THE HARP.

FAREWELL, my gentle harp, farewell !

Thy task will soon be done ;

And he who loved thy lonely spell

Shall like its tones be gone—

Gone to the place where mortal pain

Pursues the weary heart in vain.

I shed no tears—light passes by

The pang that melts in tears—

The stricken bosom that can sigh

No mortal arrow bears ;—

When comes the soul's true agony,

The lip is hush'd and calm the eye.

And mine has come !—no more I weep—

No longer passion's slave ;

My sleep must be the unwaking sleep,

My bed must be the grave :

Through my wild brain no more shall move,

Or fear, or hope, or joy, or love.

CROWT.

THE BALD EAGLE.*

I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and out and chronicled, and sung
in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graven in new-beave ballads, and all tongues
shall trouble you in *Sæcula Sæculorum*.

Old Comedy.

IN one of the little villages sprinkled along the delicious valley of the Connecticut, there stood, not many years ago, a little tavern called the Bald Eagle. It was an old fashioned building with a small antique portico in front, where, of a lazy summer afternoon, the wise men of the village assembled to read newspapers, talk politics, and drink beer. Before the door stood a tall yellow sign post, from which hung a white sign, emblazoned with a fierce bald-headed eagle, holding an olive branch in one claw, and a flash of forked lightning in the other. Underneath was written in large black letters "The Bald Eagle: Good Entertainment for Man and Beast: by Jonathan Dewlap, Esq."

One calm, sultry summer evening, the knot of village politicians had assembled, according to custom, at the tavern door. At the entrance sat the landlord, justice of the peace and quorum, lolling in a rocking chair, and dozing over the columns of an electioneering hand bill. Along the benches of the portico were seated the village attorney, the schoolmaster, the tailor, and other personages of less note, but not less idle, nor less devoted to the affairs of the nation.

To this worthy assembly of patriotic citizens the schoolmaster was drowsily doling forth the news of the latest Gazette. It was at that memorable epoch of our national history, when Lafayette returned to visit in the evening of his days the land that owed so much to his youthful enthusiasm; and to see in the soft decline of life, the consummation of his singular glory, in the bosom of that country where it first began. His approach was everywhere hailed with heart-stirring joy. There was but one voice throughout the land; and every village through which he passed, hailed him with rural festivities, addresses, odes, and a dinner at the tavern.

Every step of his journey was regularly and minutely recorded in those voluminous chronicles of our country, the newspapers: and column after column was filled with long notices of the dinners he had eaten, and of the toasts drunk, and of the songs sung on the occasion.

* From 'The Token, and Atlantic Souvenir,' for 1833. A Christmas and New Year's Present, published at Boston.

As the schoolmaster detailed to the group around him an account of these busy festivals, which were so rapidly succeeding each other all over the country, the little soul he possessed kindled up within him. With true oratorical emphasis he repeated a long list of toasts drunk on a recent celebration of the kind—'the American Eagle,'—'the day we celebrate,'—'the New England Fair,'—'the Heroes who fought, bled, and died at Bunker Hill—of which I am one!' and a thousand others equally patriotic. He was interrupted by the merry notes of the stage horn, twanging in long drawn blasts over the blue hills, that skirted the village; and shortly after a cloud of dust came rolling its light volume along the road, and the stage coach wheeled up to the door.

It was driven by a stout thick-set young fellow, with a glowing red face, that peeped out from under the wide brim of a white hat, like the setting sun from beneath a summer cloud. He was dressed in a wren-tailed gingham coat, with pocket holes outside, and a pair of grey linen pantaloons, buttoned down each leg with a row of yellow bell buttons. His vest was striped with red and blue: and around his neck he wore a coloured silk handkerchief, tied in a loose knot before, and tucked in at the waistband. Beside him on his coach box sat two dusty travellers in riding caps, and the group within, presented an uncomfortable picture of the miseries of travelling in a stage coach in the month of June.

In an instant all was noise and confusion in the bar-room of the inn. Travellers, that had just arrived, and those about to set off in the evening coach, came crowding in with their baggage; some eager to secure places, and others lodging. A noisy group was gathered at the bar, within which the landlady was bouncing to and fro in a huff, and jingling a great bunch of keys, like some wild animal at a rare show, stalking about its cage, whisking its tail, and jingling its iron chain.

The fire place was filled with pine boughs and asparagus tops; and over it the wall was covered with advertisements of new invented machines, patent medicines, toll gate and turnpike companies, and coarse prints of steam-boats, stage-coaches, opposition lines, and Fortune's home forever. In one corner stood an old fashioned oaken settee, with high back and crooked elbows, which served as a seat by day, and a bed by night: in another was a pile of trunks and different articles of a traveller's equipage: travelling coats hung here and there about the room; and the atmosphere was thick with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of brandy.

At length the sound of wheels was heard at the door; 'Stage ready,' shouted the coachman, putting his head in at the door; there was a hurry and bustle about the room; the travellers crowded out;

a short pause succeeded; the carriage door was slammed to in haste; and the coach wheeled away, and disappeared in the dusk of the evening.

The sound of its wheels had hardly ceased to be heard, when the tailor entered the bar-room with a newspaper in his hand, and strutted up to the squire and the schoolmaster, who sat talking together upon the settee, with a step that would have done honour to the tragedy hero of a strolling theatre. He had just received the tidings that Lafayette was on his way north. The stage-driver had brought the news; the passengers confirmed it; it was in the newspapers; and of course there could be no doubt upon the subject. It now became a general topic of conversation in the bar-room. The villagers came in one by one; all were on tiptoe; all talked together, Lafayette, the Marquis, the Gin'ral! He would pass through the village in two days from then. What was to be done! The town authorities were at their wits' end, and were quite as anxious to know how they should receive their venerable guest, as they were to receive him.

In the meantime, the news took wing. There was a crowd at the door of the post-office talking with becoming zeal upon the subject; the boys in the street gave three cheers, and shouted 'Lafayette for ever,' and in less than ten minutes the approaching jubilee was known and talked of in every nook and corner of the village. The town authorities assembled in the little back parlour of the inn to discuss the subject more at leisure over a mug of cider, and conclude upon the necessary arrangements for the occasion. Here they continued with closed doors until a late hour; and after much debate, finally resolved to decorate the tavern hall; prepare a great dinner; order out the militia; and take the general by surprise. The lawyer was appointed to write an oration, and the schoolmaster an ode for the occasion.

As night advanced, the crowd gradually dispersed from the street. Silence succeeded to the hum of rejoicing, and nothing was heard throughout the village but the occasional bark of a dog, the creaking of the tavern sign, and the no less musical accents of the one-keyed flute of the schoolmaster, who, perched at his chamber window in nightgown and slippers, serenaded the neighbourhood with 'Fire on the Mountains,' and half of 'Washington's march;' whilst the grocer who lived next door, roused from sweet dreams of treacle and brown sugar, lay tossing in his bed, and wishing the deuce would take the schoolmaster, with his Latin, and his one-keyed flute.

As day began to peep next morning, the tailor was seen to issue out of the inn yard in the landlord's yellow waggon, with the negro hostler Caesar, mounted behind, thumping about in the tail of the

vehicle, and grinning with huge delight. As the grey of morning mellowed, life began its course again in the little village. The cock hailed the day-light cheerily; the sheep bleated from the hills; the sky grew softer and clearer; the blue mountains caught the rising sun; and the mass of white vapour that filled the valley, began to toss and roll itself away, like ebb of a feathery sea. Then the bustle of advancing day began; doors and windows were thrown open; the gate creaked on its hinge; carts rattled by; villagers were moving in the streets; and the little world began to go, like some ponderous machine, that, wheel after wheel, is gradually put in motion.

In a short time the tailor was seen slowly returning along the road, with a waggon load of pine boughs and evergreens. The waggon was unloaded at the tavern door, and its precious cargo carried up into the hall, where the tailor, in his shirt sleeves, danced and capered about the room, with a hatchet in one hand, and a long knife in the other, like an Indian warrior before going to battle. In a moment the walls were stripped of the faded emblems of former holidays; garlands of withered roses were trampled under foot; old stars that had lost their lustre, were seen to fall; and the white pine chandelier was robbed of its yellow coat, and dangled from the ceiling, quite woe-begone and emaciated. But ere long the whole room was again filled with arches and garlands, and festoons, and stars, and all kinds of singular devices in green leaves and asparagus tops. Over the chimney piece were suspended, two American flags, with a portrait of general Washington beneath them; and the names of Trenton, Yorktown, Bunker Hill, &c., peeped out from between the evergreens, cut in red morocco, and fastened to the wall with a profusion of brass nails. Every part of the room was liberally decorated with paper eagles; and in a corner hung a little black ship, rigged with twine, and armed with a whole broadside of umbrella tips.

It were in vain to attempt a description of all the wonders that started up beneath the tailor's hand, as from the touch of a magician's wand. In a word, before night every thing was in readiness. Travellers, that arrived in the evening, brought information, that the general would pass through the village at noon the next day; but without the slightest expectation of the jubilee that awaited him. The tailor was beside himself with joy, at the news; and pictured to himself with good-natured self-complacency the surprise and delight of the venerable patriot, when he should receive the public honours prepared for him, and the new blue coat, with bright buttons and velvet collar, which was then making at his shop.

In the meantime the landlady had been busy in making preparations for a sumptuous dinner; the lawyer had been locked up all day, hard at work upon his oration; and the pedagogue was hard ridden

by the phantom of a poetical eulogy, that bestrode his imagination like the night-mare. Nothing was heard in the village but the bustle of preparation, and the martial music of drums and fifes. For a while the ponderous wheel of labour was seen to stand still. The clatter of the cooper's mallet was silent, the painter left his brush, the cobbler his awl, and the blacksmith's bellows lay sound asleep, with its nose buried in the ashes.

The next morning at day-break, the whole military force of the town was marshalled forth in front of the tavern, 'armed and equipped as the law directs.' Conspicuous among this multitude stood the tailor, arrayed in a coat of his own making, all lace and buttons, and a pair of buff pantaloons, drawn up so tight that he could hardly touch his feet to the ground. He wore a military hat, shaped like a clam shell, with little white goose feathers stuck all round the edge. By his side stood the gigantic figure of the blacksmith, in rusty regimentals. At length the roll of the drum announced the order for forming the ranks, and the valiant host displayed itself in a long wavering line. Here stood a tall lantern-jawed fellow, all legs, furnished up with a red waistcoat, and shining green coat, a little round wool hat perched on the back of his head, and downward tapering off in a pair of yellow nankeens, twisted and wrinkled about the knees, as if his legs had been screwed into them. Beside him stood a long-waisted being, with a head like a hurra's nest, set off with a willow hat, and a face that looked as if it were made of sole leather, and a gash cut in the middle of it for a mouth. Next came a little man with fierce black whiskers, and sugar loaf hat, equipped with a long fowling piece, a powder horn, and a white canvass knapsack, with a red star on the back of it. Then a country bumpkin standing bolt upright, his head elevated, his toes turned out, holding fast his gun with one hand, and keeping the other spread out upon his right thigh. Then figured the descendent of some revolutionary veteran, arrayed in the uniform, and bearing the arms and accoutrements of his ancestor, a cocked hat on his head, a heavy musket on his shoulder, and on his back a large knapsack marked U. S. Here was a man in straw hat and gingham jacket; and there a pale nervous fellow, buttoned up to the chin in a drab great-coat, to guard him against the morning air, and keep out the fever and ague.

'Attention the whole! Front face! Eyes right! Eyes left! steady! Attention to the roll-call!' shouted the blacksmith in a voice like a volcano. 'Peleg Popgun!'—'Here.'—'Tribulation Sheepshanks!'—'He—e—e—re.'—'Return Jonathan Babcock!'—'Here.' And so on through a whole catalogue of long hard names. 'Attention! Shoulder—arms! Very well. Fall back there on the extreme left! No talking in the ranks! Present—arms!

Squire Wiggins, you're not in the line, if you please, a little farther in, a little farther out, there, I guess that will do! Carry—arms! Very well done. Quick time, upon your post—march!

The little red-coated drummer flourished his drum-sticks, the bandy-legged fifer struck up yankee doodle, Caesar showed his flat face over the horizon of a great bass drum, like the moon in an eclipse, the tailor brandished his sword, and the whole company, wheeling with some confusion round the tavern sign post, streamed down the road, covered with dust, and followed by a troop of draggle-tailed boys.

As soon as this company had disappeared, and the dub of its drum ceased to be heard, the too-too of a shrill trumpet sounded across the plains, and a troop of horse came riding up. The leader was a jolly round-faced butcher, with a red fox-tail nodding over his head, and came spurring on, with his elbows flapping up and down like a pair of wings. As he approached the tavern, he ordered the troop to wheel and form a line in front; a manœuvre, which, though somewhat arduous, was nevertheless executed with wonderful skill and precision. This body of light-horse was the pride of the whole country round; and was mounted and caparisoned in a style of splendour, that dazzled the eyes of all the village. Each horseman wore a cap of bear skin, crested with a fox-tail, a short blue jacket, faced with yellow, and profusely ornamented with red morocco and quality binding. The pantaloons were of the same colour as the jackets, and were trimmed with yellow cord. Some rode with long stirrups, some with short stirrups, and some with no stirrups at all; some sat perpendicular upon their saddles, some at an obtuse angle, and others at an angle of forty-five. One was mounted on a tall one-eyed bone setter, with his tail and ears cropped, another on a little red nag, with shaggy mane and long switch tail, and as vicious as if the very devil were in him. Here was a great fellow with long curly whiskers, looking as fierce as Mars himself; there, a little hook-nosed creature, with red crest, short spurs, elbows stuck out, and jacket cocked up behind, looking like a barn door 'rooster,' with his tail clipped, just preparing to crow.

When this formidable troop was formed to the satisfaction of their leader, the word of command was given, and they went through the sword exercise, hewing and cutting the air in all directions, with the most cool and deliberate courage. The order was then given to draw pistols. Ready!—aim!—fire! Pop—pop—poo, went the pistols. Too—too—too, went the trumpet. The horses took fright at the sound; some plunged, others reared and kicked, and others started out of the line, and capered up and down 'like mad.' The captain *being satisfied* with this display of the military discipline of his troop,

they wheeled off in sections, and rode gallantly into the tavern yard, to recruit from the fatigues of the morning.

Crowds of country people now came driving in from all directions, to see the fun and the general. The honest farmer in broad-brimmed hat, and broad-skirted coat, jogged slowly on, with his wife and half a dozen blooming daughters, in a square-top chaise; and country beaux in all their Sunday finery, came racing along in waggons, or parading round on horseback to win a sidelong look from some fair country lass in gipsy hat and blue ribbons.

In the meantime the schoolmaster was far from being idle. His scholars had been assembled at an early hour, and after a deal of drilling and good advice, were arranged in a line in front of the school-house, to bask in the sun, and wait for the general. The little girls had wreaths of roses upon their heads, and baskets of flowers in their hands; and the boys carried bibles, and wore papers on their hats, inscribed 'Welcome Lafayette.' The schoolmaster walked up and down before them, with a ratan in his hand, repeating to himself his poetic eulogy; stopping now and then to rap some unlucky little rogue over the knuckles for misdemeanour; shaking one to make him turn out his toes; and pulling another's ear to make him hold up his head and look like a man.

In this manner the morning wore away, and the hour at which it had been rumoured that the general was to arrive, drew near. The whole military force, both foot and horse, was then summoned together in front of the tavern, and formed into a hollow square, and the colonel, a swarthy knight of the forge, by the aid of a scrawl written by the squire and placed in the crown of his hat, made a most eloquent and patriotic harangue, in which he called the soldiers his 'brothers in arms, the hope of their country, the terror of their enemies, the bulwark of liberty, and the safeguard of the fair sex.' They were then wheeled back again into a line, and dismissed for ten minutes.

An hour or two previous, an honest old black, named Boaz, had been stationed upon the high road, not far from the entrance of the village, equipped with a loaded gun, which he was ordered to discharge by way of signal, as soon as the general should appear. Full of the importance and dignity of his office, Boaz marched to and fro across the dusty road, with his musket ready cocked, and his finger on the trigger. This manoeuvring in the sun, however, diminished the temperature of his enthusiasm, in proportion as it increased that of his body; till at length he sat down on a stump in the shade, and leaning his musket against the trunk of a tree, took a short-stemmed pipe out of his pocket, and began to smoke. As noon-day drew near, he grew hungry, and home-sick; his heart sunk into

his stomach. His African philosophy dwindled apace into a mere theory. Overpowered by the heat of the weather, he grew drowsy, his pipe fell from his mouth, his head lost its equipoise, and drooped, like a poppy, upon his breast, and sliding gently from his seat, he fell asleep at the root of the tree. He was aroused from his slumber by the noise of an empty waggon, that came rattling along a cross road near him. Thus suddenly awakened, the thought of the general's approach, the idea of being caught sleeping at his post, and the shame of having given the signal too late, flashed together across his bewildered mind, and springing upon his feet, he caught his musket, shut both eyes, and fired, to the utter consternation of the waggoner, whose horses took fright at the sound, and became unmanageable. Poor Boaz, when he saw the mistake he had made, and the mischief he had done, did not wait long to deliberate, but throwing his musket over his shoulder, bounded into the woods, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

The sharp report of the gun rang far and wide through the hush of noontide awakening many a drowsy echo that grumbled in the distance, like a man aroused untimely from his rest. At the sound of the long expected signal gun, the whole village was put in motion. The drum beat to order, the ranks were formed in haste, and the whole military force moved off to escort the general in, amid the waving of banners, the roll of drums, the scream of fifes, and the twang of the horse trumpet.

All was now anxious expectation at the village. The moments passed like hours. The lawyer appeared at the tavern door, with his speech in his hand; the schoolmaster and his scholars stood broiling in the sun, and many a searching look was cast along the dusty highway to descry some indication of their guest's approach. Sometimes a little cloud of dust rolling along the distant road would cheat them with a vain illusion. Then the report of sawaketry, and the roll of drums, rattling among the hills, and dying on the breeze, would inspire the fugitive hope, that he had at length arrived, and a murmur of eager expectation would run from mouth to mouth. 'There he comes! that's he,' and the people would crowd into the street to be again disappointed.

One o'clock arrived; two, three, but no general! The dinner was over-done, the landlady in great tribulation, the cook in a great passion. The gloom of disappointment began to settle on many a countenance. The people looked doubtfully at each other and guessed. The sky, too, began to lower. Volumes of black clouds piled themselves up in the west, and threatened a storm. The ducks were unusually noisy and quarrelsome around the green pool in the stable yard; and a flock of ill-boding crows were holding ominous consulta-

tion round the top of a tall pine. Every thing gave indication of an approaching thunder gust. A distant irregular peal rattled along the sky like a volley of musketry. They thought it was a salute to the general. Soon after the air grew damp and misty, it began to drizzle, a few drops pattered on the roofs, and it set in to rain.

A scene of confusion ensued. The pedagogue and his disciples took shelter in the school-house, the crowd dispersed in all directions, with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads, and their gowns tucked up, and every thing looked dismal and disheartening. The bar-room was full of disconsolate faces. Some tried to keep their spirits up by drinking, others wished to laugh the matter off, and others stood with their hands in their pockets looking out of the window to see it rain, and making wry faces.

Night drew on apace, and the rain continued. Still nothing was to be heard of the general. Some were for despatching a messenger to ascertain the cause of this delay, but who would go out in such a storm! At length the monotonous too-too of the horse trumpet was heard, there was a great clattering and splashing of hoofs at the door, and the troop reined up, spattered with mud, drenched through and through, and completely crest-fallen. Not long after, the foot company came straggling in, dripping wet, and diminished to one half its number by desertions. The tailor entered the bar-room reeking and disconsolate, a complete epitome of the miseries of human life written in his face. The feathers were torn out of his clam shell hat, his coat was thoroughly spunged, his boots full of water, and his buff pantaloons clung tighter than ever to his little legs. He trembled like a leaf; one might have taken him for Fever and Ague personified. The blacksmith on the contrary, seemed to dread the water as little as if it were his element. The rain did not penetrate him, and he rolled into the bar-room like a great sea-calf, that after sporting about in the waves, tumbles himself out upon the sand to dry.

A thousand questions were asked at once about the general, but there was no body to answer them. They had seen nothing of him, they had heard nothing of him, they knew nothing of him! Their spirits and patience were completely soaked out of them; no patriotism was proof against such torrents of rain.

Every heart seemed now to sink in despair. Every hope had given way, when the twang of the stage horn was heard, sending forth its long drawn cadences, and enlivening the gloom of a rainy twilight. The coach dashed up to the door. It was empty, not a solitary passenger. The coachman came in without a dry thread about him. A little stream of water trickled down his back from the rim of his hat. There was something dismally ominous in his look, he seemed to be a messenger of bad news.

'The gin'ral!—the gin'ral!—where's the gin'ral!'

'He's gone on by another road. So much for the opposition line and the new turnpike!' said the coachman, as he tessed off a glass of New England.

'He has lost a speech!' said the lawyer. 'He has lost a coat!' said the tailor. 'He has lost a dinner!' said the landlord.

It was a gloomy night at the Bald Eagle. A few boon companions sat late over their bottle, drank hard, and tried to be merry; but it would not do. Good humour flagged, the jokes were bad, the laughter forced, and one after another slunk away to bed, full of bad liquor, and reeling with the fumes of brandy and beer.

SONG.

THE gloamin star was blinkin' in the sky sae blue,
The gowan had falded up its fringe on the lea,
And the black-bird had forsaken the loftiest bough,
To woo his happy mate 'mang the leaves o' the tree;
And we were far awa' in the deep and dowie dell,
Where nae ane o' the warl' to listen was near,
When first my lassie deigned the tender tale to tell,
To tell me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

It was na o' the gowd that makes the miser fain,
It was na o' the gems that glitter on a crown,
It was na o' the trappings o' pleasure's empty train,
Nor deeds o' the warrior that lead to renown:
'Twas o' that secret charm that the bosom can prove,
The joy that awakes when with her we love dear;
'Twas the breathing o' the vow o' heart-felt love,
Oh! this is the tale that is sweetest to hear.

Our seat was 'mang the wild flowers that bordered the stream,
And we sat till the light o' the mornin' came;
For the cares o' the warl' had a' vanished like a dream,
And our bosoms knew a bliss that knows not a name.
Her locks were hung around wi' the dawnin's dewy drops,
And bonnie was her cheek as the blossom on the brier,
But the loveliest o' a' were the pure and simple lips
That told me the tale that is sweetest to hear,

Oh! fairest grows the floweret unaided by art,
And sweet is the hinny in the bloom o' the haw;
The hame o' our childhood is dear to our heart,
But the lassie o' our love is dearer than a'.
The sun may cease to rise when the mornin' star is set,
And nature cease to change wi' changin' o' the year;
But never shall my bosom the maiden forget,
Who tald me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

H. S. R.

BALLAD OF CRESENTIUS.

I look'd upon his brow,—no sign
 Of guilt or fear was there,
 He stood as proud by that death-shrine
 As even o'er Despair
 He had a power ; in his eye
 There was a quenchless energy,
 A spirit that could dare
 The deadliest form that Death could take,
 And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
 He raised them haughtily ;
 And had that grasp been on the brand,
 It could not wave on high
 With freer pride than it waved now ;
 Around he looked with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh ;
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
 And bade their warrior speed.
 His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
 And graced with many dint, that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
 The headsman by his side,
 The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
 The sword, which had defied
 The mightiest, lay broken near :
 And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride ;
 And never king or conqueror's brow
 Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncover'd eye ;
 A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who throng'd to see him die.
 It was a people's loud acclaim,
 'The voice of anger and of shame
 A nation's funeral cry,
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot and her latest one.

MISSE LONDON.

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

A TALE OF THE OLD GORBALS.

THE old barony of Gorbals, which now forms an important suburb of Glasgow, was in former times celebrated for its manufactory of swords, harquebusses, and other implements of war. People who could not command the real Ferraras were accustomed to uphold the blades of the Gorbals, as being little inferior to them in temper and delicacy of edge; and its harquebusses or hand-guns were on all hands admitted to equal those of Ghent, Milan, or Paris. Dim shadows of this ancient renown may be traced down even to the present day. Families still exist who through a long line of ancestry have figured as gunsmiths, cutlers, or turners; and it is a remarkable fact, that, till within these few years, the only individuals in the west of Scotland who manufactured guns, were to be found in this old barony.

During the wars between England and Scotland, few places were busier or merrier than the Gorbals, or *Gorbells*, as it was then called—a name perhaps derived in some way from *corbells*, a term used in fortification and architecture. But at no time had it ever presented such an appearance of business and bustle, as when the Regent Murray, in the year 1568, was lying at Glasgow with his forces, and news arrived of the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle. Night and day the smithy's furnace belched forth its sparkling smoke, and the cutler's wheel found no pause to its gyrations. The Laird of Elphinston was at that period Baron of the Gorbals, and formed one of the confederated lords who had compelled Mary to renounce her crown, and nominated Murray to the regency during the minority of her infant son. His castle or rather tower (which the modern Goths of the Gorbals first converted into a police office and afterwards abandoned and dismantled) was situated in the heart of the village, and as it had a chapel attached to it, and numerous buildings belonging to the ecclesiastics,* he was able to accommodate a large proportion of the Regent's followers. It was here, on the 12th of May, 1568, that the Regent's army rendezvoused, and from this place it issued, to meet and give battle to the Queen's forces, who were, with their unfortunate lady, on their way to Dumbarton castle. The Queen's road from Hamilton to that stronghold passed through the village of Langside, a place not two miles south from the Gorbals, and there Murray pitched his camp, with the resolution of disputing

* This place is still distinguished by the name of the Chapel Close, and, (thanks to our Irish friends,) contains, we believe, as many Catholics at this day as ever it did before the Reformation.



THE LOVE CONFESSION.

ACT I. SCENE I. A Room in a Palace.



the passage. The result is well known. The Queen's army was defeated, and she herself—obliged to fly—sought shelter and protection in England, where, to the everlasting infamy of her cousin Elizabeth, she only found a prison, an axe, and a block.

In Glasgow, the sound of the cannon was distinctly heard, and from some of its elevations the movements even of the hostile armies were seen. Most of the people were of the reformed religion, and therefore in favour of the Regent and his army; but still there were many hearts that sympathized with the cause of their young and beautiful Queen, for, whatever wicked men might say, she had ever been gentle and generous to her people—no acts of oppression had stained her reign—and even in that which she held dearest—her religion—she had displayed more tolerance, a thousand times, than those who opposed her and who boasted a purer faith. For two or three hours a dreadful anxiety prevailed as to the result of the contest, and rumours of every kind were afloat, till at first stragglers, and at length a portion of the Regent's army, announced, too truly, that Mary Queen of Scotland was miserably defeated, and flying, like a hunted deer, before her savage subjects.

Though many wished such a result, there was little rejoicing over it; for however the Queen's cause might be disliked while her fortunes were doubtful, now that she was driven to the wall and overtaken by calamity, old prejudices gave way to compassion, and all her grace and generosity—her youth, her beauty, and her accomplishments—her kind looks, words, and actions, to high and low alike, even when insulted by rude and uncivil tongues, were remembered in her favour. The women, especially, who are ever strong in gentle pity, and who judge of the right and wrong of a cause merely as it affects their own feelings, began to wail for their poor young Queen, and some of them hesitated not to use the privilege of their tongues in attacking her triumphant enemies. As party after party of the Regent's army returned to the Gorbals—some of them wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes—they were saluted by such exclamations as these:—"Hech, sirs! hech sirs! bonny wark ye've been at, nae doubt, and manly—chasing out o' the kingdom a poor bit lassie, that was just owre gude for ye—and a' to favour that bastard brither o' hers, wha might think shame to haud up his head in honest men's company, seeing the way he has used her! Gae wa', and sing psalms, ye ill-faured loons, now that your dirty day's darg's owre; for, after what ye have done, ye dinna deserve to look a bonny lassie in the face again!"

Besides a sympathy in the fate of the Queen, there were other causes at work to check any strong exultation over the victory. Many of the victors themselves had friends and relations in the Queen's

army, and now that the fervour of the combat was over, a very natural interest arose regarding them. In this situation was Baron Elphinston, whose young son, Master Patrick, as he was called, had, in the teeth of his father's will, espoused the cause of Queen Mary. Master Patrick was a universal favourite throughout the barony, being handsome, generous, brave, and accessible; and deep was the interest which all felt as to his probable fate. Rumours were abroad that he had fallen in the field, and some even went so far as to affirm, that they had seen him lying desperately wounded; but no certain or satisfactory intelligence could be gained respecting him, and several days passed over in this tantalizing state.

It might be nearly a week after the battle, when the excitement it created had in some measure subsided, that a numerous and heterogeneous party were assembled in the large hall of Mrs Ogilvie's hostelry, which was dignified by the sign of the Boar's Head, and which then formed the only house of public entertainment in the Gorbals.* Many of the wounded had been carried there; and upon the numerous benches which graced the hall might be seen some lying with bandaged heads or freshly amputated limbs, among whom stalked a surgeon, or physician, inquiring into their different cases. Others, apparently unhurt, were formed into clusters, and enjoying themselves over their "mugs of nappy ale," in discussing the signs of the times, and the accidents of the day. In one corner sat a cove of cutlers,—fellows of infinite dexterity in giving an edge to a sword,—who, after the great exertions which the battle called forth, thought themselves entitled to no measured relaxation. They were reckless dogs, all—caring little for any cause—and dividing their time between violent exertion at their grinding wheels, and violent drinking at the Boar's Head, the last being by far the heaviest work of the two. In spite of invalids, or any other consideration, one of them was singing, with clenched fists, shut teeth, and gleaming eye, the following ditty, which received no attention from any but his own company, who cheered him on by such exclamations as—"Well done, Ralph Munn!—Go on, my pretty fellow!"

Three things that do make a man lean—
Small beer, bread and cheese, and a bold quean,
And sing Fal!
Three things that do make a man fat—
Roast beef, boiled beef, and the ale tap,
And sing Fal!

* The building of this ancient hostelry was taken down not very many years ago, and a new common-place house put in its stead. In the new building, there is a small spirit-shop, which still honourably retains the sign of the Boar's Head.

Three things that do make a man poor—
Hunting, hawking, and keeping ane ——
And sing Fal!

(*Burthen*)—It's an auld sang, and a true sang,
Never let man trust woman too lang!

(*Chorus*)—Fal-lal-lillillilla, Fal-lal-lillillilla, &c. &c.

It would be impossible to convey to the reader any conception of the maniacal fury with which the chorus of "Fal-lal-lillillilla" was received. The cutlers simultaneously rose, and, flinging up their arms to heaven, screamed it out, in yells that drowned every other sound in the hostelry. But they were speedily checked by the remonstrances of their landlady. "For shame, Sirs! yelling at sic a time, and your poor young mistress lying in a sick bed!"

"What! is pretty Mistress Martha ailing?" said one of the cutlers; for Martha, the daughter of their mistress, who carried on the business on the death of their master, was a mighty favourite with the workmen.

"Ailing? She has not had a hale hour ever since the battle—and sets ye ill to be sitting there routing, as if there were na a sair head or a sair heart in the town."

"Nay, landlady, we did not know any thing was wrong—and here we shall drink a bumper to pretty Martha's health—and if any one says she is not the prettiest, as well as best, lady on both sides of the water, we shall hold his nose to the roughening stone."

"Well, that's spoken like civil gentlemen," said the landlady. And now I will be able to let myself be heard. Dr Macclutch!" she exclaimed at the top of her voice. "Where's the Doctor? Ay, doctor, there's an express here for you. You're to gang and wait on the Baron without delay. Poor gentleman! I doubt he's takin' his son's death to heart."

The Doctor, or surgeon—an officious, formal, good-natured man—was not a little gratified to find that he was in demand in such a high quarter, and particularly that the fact was made known to so many auditors. He buckled up a wound which he had been dressing, with little attention to the wry faces of his patient, and adjusting his coat about him, proceeded with all decent dexterity to wait upon the Baron Elphinstone. The Baron ushered him into one of his private apartments. "My son, doctor," said the Baron,—"poor Patrick—is at length been found. Some of my own knaves whose hearts he had gained, have, it seems, been keeping him in hiding ever since the battle, for he was sorely wounded, and he instructed them not to disclose his situation. But he was yesterday seized with a giddy fever,

* This was the favourite song of the last of the Gorbals cutlers, and for a sake we preserve it.

in consequence of his wounds, and his attendants became so alarmed as at length to lay the truth before me. I have seen him, doctor; but he is insensible to every thing. Now, I have sent for you, that you may attend him; but, chiefly, as a trust-worthy man, that you may have him conveyed to some more fitting and salubrious place than the house which he now occupies. He cannot be brought here without discovery, filled as the place now is by so many of the Queen's enemies, and if he were taken, not even my influence could protect him from fine or imprisonment, or perhaps from death. Upon your fidelity, as I said, I rely, as well as upon your skill in treating him according to his need."

"My lord," said the doctor, "nothing would more gratify me than to shelter and treat Master Patrick under my own poor roof. But since the combat at Langside, my house has been frequently searched, in the hope of finding some of the Queen's friends, who might be driven to seek my skill in chirurgery. I therefore could not ensure him safety with me; but I bethink me of a worthy and charitable lady, who is furnished with all accommodations, and who would be proud to give him protection. May I mention the widow of good old Master Menzies, who made so much fame and money by his skill in cutting not only weapons of war but chirurgical instruments?"

"An excellent worthy woman," said the Baron; "and rich withal. She is, I believe, of better lineage than her husband was; yet she disdains not to continue his business, through his workmen, and to keep up his ancient credit as a grinder in iron. His thee, good doctor, and make arrangements with all speed, for I shall not be at ease till poor Patrick is removed to a comfortable and safe dwelling."

The doctor found the widow in all respects agreeable—nay, eager to receive Master Patrick under her roof, "not only," as she said, "because of the honour it conferred on her humble dwelling, but because of the affection which she, in common with every body, bore him:"—and accordingly, under cloud of night, the young Master was unconsciously conveyed to the richly furnished and commodious mansion of Mrs Menzies. The strictest secrecy was enjoined and promised. "Indeed," said the old lady, "I cannot even acquaint my daughter Martha, for she, poor girl, is so unwell that she will not listen to any thing. And it has occurred to me, doctor, as being in some degree fortunate that your presence should be required here, for I wish to consult with you about my daughter's present unhappy state. She does not eat as much as would serve a sparrow, but lies tossing a-bed all day, fetching heavy sighs, and mourning in a most pitiful manner. I sent for Mrs Ogilvie of the Boar's Head, who is skilled in all sorts of complaints, but Martha could not be prevailed on to take one single cup of her vegetable waters."

"I always supposed Mrs Martha to be a sensible girl," said the doctor, "and now I know it. These vegetable waters, my good lady, are nothing but a devilish compound of treacle and poisonous roots, enough to sicken a dromedary, let alone a Christian. What, indeed, can Mrs Ogilvie know of the noble arts of Physic and Chirurgery? Only let me see the young lady, and I will administer such medicaments, as will, under Heaven's blessing, restore her to her wonted lustihood."

"If she would only take them," sighed the mother; "but, alas, doctor, I fear me you would not commend her good sense, did you hear her foolish and inappropriate conversation, and see the manner in which she sometimes behaves. Indeed, I often think that the late unhappy battle has turned her head. She is ever inquiring about it, and takes no thought of household matters. Nay, she would be out one morning, to search for the dead, as she said, and she talked so wildly that I was obliged to make fast the door of her chamber. And when I have found her weeping, and asked her why she did so, she has answered, 'Is it not enough to make all people weep, to think of father fighting against son?'—and then she would say, that all her tears could not wash out the dear blood that was shed at Langside."

"The case is not a little alarming," said the doctor, putting on one of his foreboding looks; "yet I would fain comfort myself with the hope, that the poor young lady is not entirely crazed, and that proper treatment may yet bring her into her right judgment. Lead me to her incontinently, good Mrs Menzies, for I doubt she is in a critical situation."

Martha was sitting by the bed side, in a languishing and disconsolate posture, as her mother ushered in worthy Dr Macclutch. She little expected the visit of a physician, and still less wished it; for her trouble was beyond the reach of doctors and drugs.

"Here, Martha, I have brought you our excellent friend Dr Macclutch, to inquire into your state," said the mother.

"How is my fair young lady?" was the salutation of the good-natured leech.

"I am well—quite well—indeed, I am," said Martha, for the appearance of the doctor merely annoyed her.

"You look, it is true, in lusty health," was the answer, "and are in no measure emaciated; yet, my good young lady, these are but deceiving symptoms, and not at all to be trusted. Your worthy mother informs me that you are ailing: what is it you complain of?"

"I complain of nothing, doctor,—of nothing," she added, weeping, "but a wretched world—a world full of strife and evil passions—where worth perishes, and hope is ever blasted—where Might

makes Right, and love, and truth, and honour, are trampled to the dust—where father fights against son, and the best blood of all the land is shed like water.”

“True, lady, we must all lament the late unhappy struggle, by which I myself have been greatly embarrassed; but now that Mary, umquhile Queen, has fled to England, we may look for peaceful and happy days.”

“You may—I never can; for that which made life sweet to me, and the earth beautiful, is for ever lost, and no hope—no wish—remains to my poor fancy, except the grave.”

The doctor now began to be assured that his patient’s head was affected. “Suffer me, my dear young lady,” he said, “to feel your pulse. Ay,—it is rather feverish, and we must phlebotomize. Where lies your chief ailment?”

Martha almost instinctively pressed her hand on her heart, while the doctor, unseen by her, touched his forehead significantly with his finger. At this last sign, the poor mother fell a crying. “O Martha, love! what makes you lose your senses, and speak in that way? will you break my heart altogether! And what makes that weary battle afflict you so? You have lost no friend, and had no hand in it. If you had been cut on the head, you might have had some cause for raving, as poor Master Patrick is doing”—

“Hush!” said the Doctor, holding out his hand, and the old lady checked herself instantaneously. But a name had struck the ear of Martha, too deeply cherished to pass unnoticed.

“Master Patrick!” she exclaimed, rising eagerly from her seat, —“What said you of the young Master Elphinston?—Is he not lost—slain—dead? Or,—O merciful God!—does he yet live and breathe?”

“The young Master Patrick,” stammered out the doctor, “is a gentleman of whom, my good young lady, it would be indecorous—I mean imprudent, to speak, seeing that his worthy father, the Baron”—

“He lives!” interrupted Martha. “Say that he lives, or my heart will burst!”

“That the young master lives,” returned the doctor, “may be predicated or indeed affirmed, without breaking faith, or saying in what lady’s house he lives, or what learned chirurgeon has been intrusted with his critical case.”

“Enough—he lives,” murmured Martha, sinking back into her chair, while her face, which before was highly flushed, became deadly pale. “But he is wounded,” she added, recovering herself, after a pause—“dying, perhaps—I know it all—and under *your* care, doctor. I can see that—but in *what* lady’s house? Is it indeed so?

Here? within these walls? Do I guess aright, or is my head in truth deranged?"

"Who could have told you?" said the simple surgeon. "I am sure unless your mother has"—

"Nay, doctor," said the old lady, "blame me not, for unless it was yourself even now, I am sure—But, in truth, we have nothing to fear from Martha, and if it gives her comfort to know that young Master Patrick is under this roof, why should we withhold it?"

"Why, indeed, dearest mother?" said Martha, sinking into her arms, and giving vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. "Leave me," she added, "leave me for a little, until this foolish weakness is over. Master Patrick, you know, was an old friend—an acquaintance, whom we all thought lost, and blame me not if I should be moved to hear of his safety. Leave me for a little, that I may compose myself."

Scarcely had the mother and physician left the apartment—scarcely had the door closed upon them, ere Martha was on her knees, breathing a silent but heartfelt thanksgiving to Heaven, for restoring to this world of hope him upon whom all her happiness rested. She rose from her devotion with calm and elevated feelings, and proceeded to dress herself in simple attire. "I will attend him," she said to herself, "and administer to his wants; for what hand but mine should soothe his aching head?"

The young Master Elphinston had not had a conscious moment from the time he had been brought under the roof of Mrs Menzies. The fever which had seized his brain was at its height, and he continued to rave as if he were still in the midst of the battle. But when Martha entered his apartment, and knelt by his bedside, he became suddenly silent, and gazed earnestly at her. "Do you know me, Master Patrick?" she whispered tenderly, as she parted the raven locks that hung dishevelled over his burning brow.

"I know you," said the young man. "You are a vision from heaven of my own Martha, come to mock me when the battle's lost. But do not leave me, for even in dreams, and on the bloody field, would I see that sweet face!"

"O Patrick! this is no dream—no vision! You have been sorely wounded, and now lie in safety under my mother's roof."

"Ay, we fought it bravely—inch by inch. But where's the traitor brother? Has *he* escaped the sword? Down with the bastard—bastard in body and soul! And *she*—our Queen! whither doth she fly? Are ye men, that ye would hunt the stricken deer? O, shame on your recreant souls! One bold struggle yet, my noble fellows, and the day is ours! Cowards! Do you shrink before these rebels? Follow me! The Queen—the Queen!"

"Alas, his mind still lingers in the giddy fight," said the mother. "Speak to him, Martha, of home."

But Martha could not speak; her heart was swelling, and she was obliged to bury her face in the clothes, and sob aloud.

"Who weeps?" continued the young master. "Is it thee, Martha, my own love? You were ever tender-hearted, and well may weep, to see the banner of our Queen stricken in the dust. To horse! Did I not say I would save her? Ha! my father! why do you hold my arm? I dare not strike thee—nor curse thee—but let me away! Would you have me play lagger in the fight, old man, and stain your family scutcheon? It must not be—let me off! Who is this that dares to hold me down? Knave! Ruffian! who are you?"

"Your very good friend, Dr Macclutch, Master Patrick," said the doctor, who was exerting himself strenuously to keep the young man in bed.

"Macclutch! Ha, ha, ha! That is good. How goes your market, doctor? Do you still poison as well as ever? Who is so fortunate as to be your gravedigger? What are your burial charges? Have you brought the coffin with you? Don't pinch it—who cares for fir?—give the poor creature elbow-room; 'tis all he will ever require, since you have relieved him of his complaints. A fee? You will find it in his clenched fist. It won't open without the knife. Bravely done! What signify the fingers and thumbs of a dead man? But the teeth!—secure the teeth, doctor: they go for something, and, to speak truth, you have need of a few yourself. Hollo! Have you got a wife? Is she good at the needle, for she will be kept busy with shrouds."

"This, dear Master Patrick," said the doctor, somewhat mortified, "is good Mrs Menzies, in whose house you are, and this is her daughter, Mrs Martha."

"Martha!" echoed Patrick, sinking back in feebleness upon his couch, for his fits of raving were but of short duration; "Martha! I know it all. She is dead, for the doctor has been here, and I have seen her vision. Then, what have I to live for, since love and glory have departed from this earth. Come again, sweet vision! and hang over me in my dreams." And thus murmuring, he gradually fell into a slumber.

Two or three days passed over in this state, during which Martha was unwearied in her attendance at the sick bed of the young Master. In the evenings, the baron regularly visited hisson, and spent several hours in his presence, for Patrick, although he may have offended by espousing the cause of Queen Mary, had all along been the favourite of his father. At length the danger of the fever was overcome by a

vigorous constitution, and the young Master became gradually conscious of his situation. It was to him a delightful feeling to find himself tended by the one whom he loved best, and though weak and emaciated, never had he experienced so much calm bliss as during the days of his convalescence. "For such a nurse," he said "it is worth being unwell. And, O Martha! when I am fairly better, my first care will be to make you mine for ever. You fear my father; but he is too deeply interested in me, to stand in the way of my happiness, and were it otherwise, he must now know your excellence, and be proud to call you his daughter."

It was after a week or two had elapsed, and Patrick was so far recovered as to be able to walk about, although he still confined himself to the house, that the Baron Elphinston requested a private interview with Dr Macclutch. "I have sent for you, good doctor," he said, "in order to express my satisfaction at the attention you have paid poor Patrick during his severe illness, and the fidelity with which you have otherwise conducted yourself. This is but a poor recompense for your services," he added, placing a purse in the doctor's hand. "Nay, put it up. It was not on that account alone, that I sent for you. What I wished to consult you about was another matter. During the height of Patrick's fever, he repeatedly made use of expressions by which I could discern that he was deeply attached to the daughter of Mrs Menzies, and indeed he has himself this morning stated so to me, and implored my sanction to their union. At another time, and under other circumstances, I might have strongly objected to such a union; but Patrick's happiness, I see, so much depends on its accomplishment, that I cannot refuse his request, especially now that Heaven has so mercifully restored him to me. Besides, I have had occasion to admire the conduct of the young lady during his long illness, and if she may not be, in point of lineage, a proper match to the young Master of Elphinston, she is in every other respect all that I could wish. Even in lineage, she is not altogether deficient, for, as you may be aware, she is well connected by the female side, and—what perhaps you may think of more consequence, in these troublous times, to the younger son of a poor baron—she is possessed, I am given to understand, of a very handsome dowry."

"My lord," said the doctor, "it gives me great satisfaction to know that you are inclined to sanction the espousals of Master Patrick and Mrs Martha; for a more worthy and deserving young lady is not to be found in the kingdom; and as you well remark, she has a heavy tocher of her own—a pretty penny, believe me."

"Good Master John Knox," interrupted the baron, "has been exerting himself stoutly with the Regent to procure pardons for many

of the Queen's friends. By his intercession, the Hamiltons have been reprieved from the death of traitors, and to his kindness I owe a manumission which I received yesterday of Patrick's attainder, in consideration, as it stated, of his youth and of his father's services in the right cause. Patrick is therefore now at liberty; and I have been thinking that, in the event of his marriage, he might take possession of the small estate of Polmadie, which his mother by will has left him. As to the young lady's mother, I have not yet consulted with her on the matter, but I doubt she will be very unwilling to part with her daughter, seeing that none other of the family remains."

"She will indeed be very lonely, my lord," said the doctor, "and of that I have been led to speak with her very frequently in private, when I observed the attachment of Master Patrick and Mrs Martha."

"So—so," said the baron, smiling, "you have been already condoling with the widow on the subject, and you could not do less surely, doctor, than offer to cherish and comfort her in her apprehended loneliness, by taking her to wife."

"I will not deny, my lord, that some such understanding may exist between us," said the doctor, blushing as deeply as a bachelor of fifty could blush.

"Then all is well,—and we shall make two weddings of it at once, my old buck!" said the baron, poking the sides of the confused doctor with humorous glee.

The marriages, however, did not take place at the same time. The young Master and the fair Martha were first espoused, and great was the rejoicing of the whole barony; for, in addition to the usual excitement of a marriage, the people were delighted at the restoration of their favourite, whom they had accounted lost, and at his union with one of their own native children. But great as was the rejoicing on this occasion, it did not equal the uproar which took place, six weeks afterwards, when worthy Dr Macclutch was united to widow Menzies. Every fire-arm was then in requisition to welcome the auspicious morn; mummeries, in which the cutlers played a distinguished part, were enacted on the streets; and the walls of the Boar's Head shook with dancing and revelry for three successive nights.

W.

INFANCY.*

DANS l'alcôve sombre,
Près d'un humble aïeul,
L'enfant dort à l'ombre
Du lit maternel,
Tandis qu'il repose,
Sa poitrine rose,
Pour la terre close,
S'ouvre pour le ciel.

Il fait bien des rêves.
Il voit par momens
Le sable des grèves
Plein de diamans,
Des soleils de flammes,
Et de belles dames,
Qui portent des ailes
Dans leurs bras charmans.

Songe qui l'enchanter !
Il voit des ruisseaux.
Une voix qui chante
Sort du fond des eaux.
Ses sœurs sont plus belles
Son père est près d'elles.
Sa mère a des ailes
Comme les oiseaux.

Il voit mille choses
Plus belles encor ;
Des lis et des roses
Plein le corridor ;
Des lacs de délice.
Où le poisson glisse,
Où l'onde se plisse
A des roseaux d'or !

Enfant, rêve encore !
Dors, ô mes amours !
Ta jeune âme ignore
Où s'en vont tes jours.
Comme une algue morte
Tu vas, que t'importe !
Le courant t'emporte,
Mais tu dors toujours !

Sans soin, sans étude,
Tu dors en chemin ;
Et l'inquiétude
A la froide main,
De son ongle aride,
Son ton front candide
Qui n'a point de ride,
N'écrit pas : Demain !

In the dusky court,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed :
Sethly he reposes,
And his lids of roses,
Closed to earth, unclosed
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him :
Fresh from fairy land,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand ;
Suns are gleaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In their charming hand

Of enchanting vision !
Lo, a rill up-springs,
And, from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier clere appear
Bro and sisters dear,
While his mother near,
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold ;
Roses all, and lilies,
Every path unfold ;
Lakes in shadow sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
And the waters creeping,
Through the reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully ;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead leaves that sweep
Down the stormy deep,
Thou art, borne in sleep,
What is all to thee ?

Thou canst slumber by the way ;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Nought from study, nought from care ;
The cold hand of sorrow,
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
Where young truth and candour sit,
N'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word, 'To-morrow.'

* The original French of this fine piece is by Victor Hugo. For the English version we are indebted to the *Korean Quarterly Review*.

Un doigt sur sa bouche
Lève l'auteur au ciel !

One finger, one displays
His native skies.

STANZAS

TO —————.

My gentle girl, my fondest prayers
Avert from ill thy simple breast,
And free from evils, ails, and cares,
May all its wishes tend to rest.

May the soft sunshine of the soul,
The soothing calm, by nature given,
Be thine, that 'neath its mild control,
Thou live a favoured child of heaven !

Thy open brow untouched by care,
Thy beaming eye so mild and meek,
The ringlets of thine auburn hair,
That fall to hide the vermeil cheek :

Speak—thou art fair ! and all that love
Could wish a gentle maid to be,—
With face—each tender thought to move,
And form—to claim a bended knee.

'Thou art thine own reward—soft Peace.

THE THREE WESTMINSTER BOYS.*

BY MRS JOHNSTONE.

THE Magic Lantern, which belonged to Mr Dodsley, was elegantly and ingeniously formed. He chose to exhibit its wonders himself; and story, and picture, aiding and illustrating each other, agreeably occupied several NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

"Peep, and tell us what you see, Charles," said the reverend showman to our old friend Charles Herbert.—"An old building, forms, desks, a lofty large room, many boys and youths, and three apart and prominent."—"Let me look," cried Sophia,—"*Westminster school*, I declare! and those three boys!—one very noble and graceful; the next dark, thoughtful, resolute, with keen eyes, and compressed lips; and the third—O! how gently, yet brightly he smiles, dear bashful boy, as his dark, bold companion extends his arm, haranguing and pointing forward to some high distant object! A picture is it,—a figure in state robes?—or is it to the insignia blazoned on that desk?—Nay, I daresay he wishes to be head-master."

"Have you all seen the three school-fellows?" asked Mr Dodsley; "look at them well, for here they part on the path of life, never to meet again. Presto! change:—What see you now, Sophia?"—"Still the dark stern youth, and the gentle timid one:—they are older now, but I know them well. The noble-looking boy has disappeared. The scene seems chambers in the temple. Through an open window I have a glimpse of gardens: piles of huge books are lying on tables, floors, and shelves. The dark resolute youth pores on a black letter folio, and makes as it were notes or extracts. The other leans by the window, gazing over the gardens, a small open volume fluttering in his relaxed hand. Ha! I read on it '*Thomson's Seasons*.'"—"Yes, Sophia, your gentle law-student is an idle rogue; he has been seduced into the '*primrose paths of poesy*'—let us see the result;—meanwhile here is another picture."—"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the admiring girl, "A large ship!"—"An outward-bound Indiaman," said Mr Dodsley. "All her sails set," continued Sophia. "How proudly, how stately she

* From "*Nights of the Round Table*," the First Series. This piece has also appeared in a cheap and excellent periodical conducted at Edinburgh by the husband of the authoress, and entitled, '*The Schoolmaster*, and *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*.' At present we are indebted for our extract to '*The Schoolmaster*,' but in justice to the work in which it originally appeared, we may state that we had marked the story off for insertion in '*The Republic*' long before '*The Schoolmaster*' commenced his meritorious labours.

ploughs her way, breasting the waters like a swan. And there, on her deck, that noble gentleman, the third Westminster boy,—and yet not he,—walking so proudly as if in accordance with the majestic motion of the brave ship. I am glad to meet him again:—and all those military attendants—the gaudily dressed musical band,—the plumed officers,—and he the centre of all! What a great man he must be, and how well honour becomes him!”

“Shall we follow his progress to the East, or return to yonder gloomy, sombre chamber in the temple?”—“Both,” cried several young eager voices; “we must trace them all,—all the three school-fellows.”

The next view was of a large Oriental city, its architectural splendour and magnificence of outline glittering in the dazzling, but uncertain brilliance of the morning sun; domes and minarets, Mahomedan mosques, and Indian pagodas, fountains, and palaces, and stately dwellings, sparkling in the out-pouring of the increasing flood of intense and golden light. Over this scene were grouped and scattered Mussulmans, Arab warriors, Brahmins, and Sepoys,—all in diversified and picturesque costumes,—ornamented palanquins, European officers richly dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses; elephants prancing in their splendid trappings; females and children, their dark skins and silky hair, and large black eyes, contrasting with their white and gaudily spangled dresses; dancing girls, and marabouts,—all, in short, that could compose a picture of Oriental beauty and splendour; and that princely man, now of middle age, on the large white elephant, still the centre of all.

The scene changed slightly, and discovered the interior of the magnificent saloon of a residence that appeared royal, where the noble figure, whom Sophia still declared the third boy of Westminster school, received, in Oriental state, homage, paid with the lowliest prostrations of the East, from a long train of nawaubs, rajahs, and envoys, illustrious captives or princely tributaries, whom his policy or his prowess had subdued to the dominion of England. Royal and magnificent was all about him; his aspect grave, dignified, and elate, his step and air majestic; yet the shadow of deep, anxious thought, of heart-struck care, at times darkened his embrowned visage. Whence then had fled the generous, sunny, open smile, that lightened the grey walls of Westminster school?—the noble, free expression of the younger man, who so proudly trode the deck of the outward-bound Indiaman?

“Alas! what change!” said Sophia; “I almost dread, yet long to follow him farther.”

Dim, troubled, misty scenes next flitted by; battles hid in smoke and obscurity; the wide plain of Hindostan flooded or desolate,—

naked huddled millions,—signs of disaster, famine, and misery; and in the foreground still that princely man, his features ploughed with care, knitting his brows in fierce anger and disdain, stamping on the ground, while his eastern slaves cowered around him, as he hastily perused letters and despatches, his English secretary, attendants, and aids-de-camp standing back, anxiously scanning his looks, and reading his troubled mind in his working and eloquent features.

This scene passed, and he was next seen in an English ship, more stately if possible than the former vessel, freighted with all the rich and rare productions of the East; but the bright look had waxed dim, the buoyant spirit of the outward-bound voyager was now heavy and slow. Anon, and he lay reclined on a couch on the deck, under a silken and gold awning. A physician felt his pulse; black servants in splendid costumes fanned him; others approached with profound salams, bearing perfumes, and offering service, as they might have done to a divinity. Indifferent to all, his eye remained riveted on one paper, on a few cabalistic words, which, like the damned blood-spot on the hand of *Lady Macbeth*, would not out, could not sweeten.

“Turn we again to England,” said Mr Dodsley, shifting the scene, “to our stern, ambitious, iron-minded man, of invincible purpose, of unconquerable perseverance, and, let me add, of strong intellect, and yet stronger ambition;—there you see him, the slough of the temple cast, in the king’s bench, in the court of chancery, in the commons’ house of parliament, every energy of his mind in perpetual activity, already surrounded by satellites, the ministers or slaves of his will, subdued by that mighty and resistless will to its own purposes of selfish aggrandizement, of intrigue and political ambition, and, it may occasionally be, of pure patriotism. And now every obstacle overcome, undermined, or boldly trampled under foot, see him make one grand spring to reach the height at which every act of his life has aimed; while all men, the stronger as well as the feebler spirits, give way to his resistless progress, or cheer him on to the spot where lie the coveted rich robes, the patents, and the purses, and by these the mighty insignia of the lord high chancellor of England.”

“I begin to long for a glimpse of our gentle boy now,” said Sophia, “dreaming over his ‘Thomson’s Seasons.’ Has he been borne down by the torrent which has carried his bold and daring companion so high and far?—Our gentle interesting boy!—has he been cast away like a weed, or has he cast away himself?”—“You shall judge,” said Mr Dodsley,—“Here is our lost one——” And there he was, the very boy, developed in the thin, melancholy, woe-worn man, sitting lonely on a tombstone, under the elms of a country church-yard.—“He is curate of that church,” said Sophia; “and I daresay he has

lost his wife or his child. How refined and how expressive are his faded features; a look of meek resignation, stealing over the traces of some deep mysterious affliction."

"He never was in orders, nor yet had wife or child, my sprightly guesser," said Mr. Doddsley. "Mental blight, dark and fearful trial, and the utter desolation of worldly prospects, have all passed over him; but he is, as you see, better now,—there is even an occasional flash of humour kindling over those placid features,—of which, however, gentle kindness, deep, holy submission, is the fixed and habitual expression."

"It makes my heart ache to see him so far thrown out," said Sophia; "for even at Westminster I liked him best."—"He was my boy too," cried Fanny. This was not quite correct, for Sophia had expressed strong sympathy with the "noble boy," as she called him, and great admiration of the Oriental Vice-king; but Mr. Doddsley accepted her own interpretation of her altered feelings, and said "He was 'a stricken deer that left the hand'—nor was he free from blame; but his dark hour is past. Shall we follow him to his humble abode, not far from those church-yard elms, or return to those scenes of splendour, of grandeur, of substantial wealth, of real power, in which his early compeers preside, guiding or wielding the energies and the destinies of nations?"

"Follow him, sir," said Sophia; and the boys, though anxious for more stirring pictures of life, politely yielded to her wish. The quickly shifting scenes exhibited a dull, dingy, and even mean-looking house, in the centre of a small fifth-rate market town, and again a low-roofed parlour in that house, very plainly furnished with things neither fine nor new, and still less fashionable. Here sat an elderly, but comely gentlewoman knitting; and before her stood a plain tea equipage, waiting, as the next scene showed, the arrival of the letterer under the church-yard elms, whom she seemed to welcome with the placid smile of long-trying affection. This scene looked brighter than the former. The old window curtain was let down, the old sofa wheeled in, the tea-kettle was steaming,—and it was singing also, no doubt, if pictures could give out sounds; the shadows of a blazing fire of wood were dancing and quivering on walls and roof, and shining on all the polished surfaces of the furniture; and a couple of hares at a touch were seen in another scene, leaping from a box. They gamboled and wheeled on the well-brushed carpet, their benevolent master and protector looking on their sports, and caracoles, and gambades, with pleased, affectionate, and even interested eyes.

"How lively those scenes—they are nature itself, Mr. Doddsley," said Miss Jane Harding—"Your magic lantern is the finest mimic representation of life I ever saw."

"I know whereabouts we are now," cried Sophia, in a low, earnest, yet delighted tone of voice. "Olasy! Cowper! Mrs Unwin!—Ah! sulky Tiney, and Mistress Bess the vaulter!"—"Let me see, let me see," cried the younger children; and Sophia had now a much stronger object of interest than the pictured scenes, which she left to Fanny and Charles, and the other little ones.

"But the studious, thoughtful youth, who pered over the folio in the temple," she cried, "the dark-brewed, stern man of the chancery court, Cowper's early friend—who was he?"

"Edward Thurlow, lord high chancellor of England."—"And that other boy—the noble boy—the Westminster scholar?" said Sophia.

"Warren Hastings, governor-general of India. These three youths started from the same point. In birth, Cowper was certainly the most distinguished of the three;—of their respective talents we will now speak—great men they all were—good men too, let us hope. The lot was cast into the lap. All started for the prize:—by routes how different did each gain the appointed place where all human travellers meet! What then were their gains?—which was happiest in his course of life?—But we must follow them farther; true is the Italian proverb, which says that no man can be pronounced happy till he is dead! Which of the three Westminster boys became the best man? Which most nobly fulfilled his duties to his God, his country, and his kind? Which—now that they all are gone to their reward—enjoys the widest, the purest, the highest fame? Which remains the best model to the youth of England?—Not one of the three faultless, without doubt; but which of these three great men comes nearest the mark at which you, my boys, would aim?"

"I suppose lord Thurlow was chancellor before Henry VII.'s time," said Fanny Herbert; and Charles added in explanation, "Our history of England only begins then, so we don't know lord Thurlow. Sir Thomas More, you remember, Fanny?—he was a merry, kind man, that chancellor."

"Your history goes back to a decently remote period," said Mr Dodeley, smiling at the observation of the young historians. "Lord Thurlow held this high office at a very recent date, in the reign of George III., at the same time that Mr Hastings exercised the mighty government of the East, and Mr Cowper lived in neglect, and obscurity, composing his poetry."

"If we were to judge by our little audience," said Mrs Herbert, "one of your questions, nay, perhaps two, are already answered. The modest poet, living apart in that nameless obscurity, already enjoys not only a higher, but a more universal fame than either of his youthful compeers. All our good little folks here know him; less or more, in his daily life, as well as in his beautiful verse; they read him,

and quote him, and love him, and, by daily draughts from his stores of wisdom and of love, nourish their moral and intellectual nature to a strength and stature it might never otherwise have attained."

"I fear you are a confirmed Cowperite," said Miss Harding, to her sister. "But what say you, young gentleman?"

"Hastings for me!" cried Mr Frank Consadine, the Irish youth. "Hastings, prince and conqueror!"—"And for me the woollack," cried George Herbert. "I would rather, I think, just now, but I may change my mind, be high chancellor of England, than England's sovereign; to the one a prince is born, the other a *man* must achieve."

"If," said Norman Gordon, the Scottish youth, "one could be an Eastern vice-king, or English chancellor, and author of the 'Task' at the same time, one would be at no loss to decide;" and he half-laughed at the profound silliness of his own cautious conclusion.

"You would unite impossibilities, Mr Norman," said the curate. "Cowper's poetry required not only an original cast or bias of mind, but a preparatory course of life, and a mental discipline quite peculiar—very different, indeed, from that of a lawyer and politician, or Eastern legislator and conqueror. We must take our three school-boys and men exactly as we find them; and determine the claims, and estimate the happiness of each on his own merits, nor think of what might have been."

The younger children liked pictures better than discussion, so the whole group solicited Mr Dodsley to proceed with his exhibition, which he did, still adhering to the original idea.

"To afford you wider grounds for forming your opinions, my little friends, you shall see each of our heroes by his own fireside, and also in more active and distinguished scenes. This first, is the lords' house of parliament, solemn and antique, with its Gothic, tag-rag decorations.

"It is the day of a trial. These are the peers of Britain,—yonder the judges and prelates of the land,—there some of the young princes of the blood-royal, honoured in being created members of this house. Taken all in all, the scene before you represents the most august tribunal in the world; and before that tribunal is arraigned Warren Hastings, the victim of a triumphant faction, the object of much ignorant clamour, and of popular hatred, which one can yet hardly condemn, as it sprang from the best feelings of humanity. You see the long perspective of council, and clerks, and ushers, and reporters. That is Burke, who, with the lightnings of his eloquence, blights and withers the once flourishing and princely Hastings. And there stands Sheridan, ready to pounce on his victim,—to hold up the proud-minded vice-king to the abhorrence and

execration of the world, as a monster of rapacity, cruelty, and tyranny, swollen with wealth and bloated with crime, the desolator of the fairest portion of the east, the wholesale, cold-blooded murderer of millions of Asiatics.

"The partisan orator may be half-conscious of the falsehood of many of his representations, and entirely so of their artificial gloss and high-colouring; but candour and truth are not the object of the party man; he vehemently proceeds in his statements, boldly makes his charges, and eloquently supports them.

"We shall now presume the house adjourned, and follow Hastings to his retirement. Where now, Sophia, is the gay Westminster boy, the gallant, ambitious, high-minded statesman and soldier of the east? Can you trace him in that sallow, drooping, arraigned criminal, whose spirit is chafed almost to madness. In public he folds up his arms in self-supporting disdain; he tries to smooth his careworn brow, and to teach his quivering lip to curl in contempt of his open accusers, and more rancorous secret enemies. But, alas! contempt and disdain of our fellow-men are not calm, much less are they happy feelings. The persecuted, if not yet degraded man, is sick at his very soul; his heart is bursting with the indignant anguish, which will break it at last. There may have been, and in this still hour of self-communion conscience so whispers, things faulty and blameworthy in his bold and illustrious career. Nor is he free of guilt; for his station was one of great difficulty, and loaded with responsibility which might make even the strongest and best-hearted man tremble. Images of long-acted, painful scenes rise before him in his solitude; actions justified, in their passing, by the plea of a strong necessity, which he dislikes and dreads to think of now. And here, the world shut out, surrounded as he is with all the wealth and luxury of the eastern and western hemispheres, the hootings of the London rabble, and the hissings of the adder-tongues of his enemies, still ring in his ears; and to these envenomed sounds conscience in his own bosom returns a faint, yet an undying echo. Perhaps he may wish, in this anguished hour, that his lot, though less splendid, had been more safe.

"To beguile an hour of care he takes up a volume of the poetry of his old school-fellow, the lost William Cowper. He has little leisure for literature, but a lingering taste remains for what engrossed so many of the happy hours of happier days. He turns up one passage after another; and the map and history of Cowper's life lie before him. Are his feelings those of pity or of envy? Probably they are a strangely-entangled mixture of both. His eye is riveted on a passage in the poem of *Expostulation*; he reads on and on; and, as if spell-urged, pronounces aloud,

' Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
 Exported slavery to the conquered East ?
 Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
 And raised thyself a greater in their stead ?
 Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
 Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
 A despot big with power, obtained by wealth,
 And that obtained by rapine and by stealth ?'

"Hastings can read no farther. This passage could not, did not apply to himself; in his proud integrity of heart he felt assured of this. The opinions too were those of ignorance. What could Cowper know of the east ? And then he wonders at the latitude of discussion, and the licentiousness of the press in England. He dips again; his fortune may be better this time; for in these rich volumes he perceives that there is much poetic beauty. He is more fortunate now, for he opens at the admired description of the coming in of the post. How fine an opening; and he reads aloud—

' Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn ——

* * * *

But oh ! the important budget ! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ?—have our troops awaked ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
 Is INDIA FREE ? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ?"—

"The heart-struck but fascinated reader proceeds on, in spite of himself, till he finishes the finest passages of the poem, those which unveil the habits and amiable character of his early friend. If there were some stir and bitterness in his spirit on the first perusal of offensive strictures, that is past now. He lays down the book with a quiet sigh; and, striving to fix his mind upon all that has been most brilliant in his fortunes, can only remember how many years have elapsed since he was a Westminster school-boy; and that both he and William Cowper have long since passed the meridian of life.

"Are you not yet tired, Miss Fanny, of gazing on that gorgeous bed-chamber," said the curate; "the bed of carved ivory and gold, the silken draperies, and couches of crimson and gold curiously worked; the silver-framed mirrors, the rich porcelain vases and foot-baths; the splendid toilette, with its jewelled ornaments; the ivory and ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with gold, and in the highest style of eastern decoration, exhibiting groups exquisitely executed; religious processions, festivals, marriages, in short, a series of gorgeous pictures of eastern manners. Those caskets on the toilette contain

some of the rarest jewels of the east. That large emerald is to be sent to-morrow morning to a certain lady of questionable fame, but of great influence; for the proud Hastings must stoop to make friends, at this crisis, by arts he would once have spurned, and still loathes. That gold bed, preserved with such care in his own chamber, is intended for a gift or tribute to the Queen of England."

The children were not yet satisfied with gazing; and Mrs Herbert said, "I fear, my dears, if thus fascinated by grandeur, you will ill bear a transition to the dull, low-roofed parlour at Olney." "No: were it a dungeon with such inmates," cried Sophia, resolutely turning from the beautiful picture of the interior of Mr Hastings' bed-chamber.—"Well said, Sophia, if you can stand to it," returned her mother—"But I see Charles and Mr Norman long for another peep of those Eastern weapons suspended over the chimney."—"That most beautiful scimitar, the handle studded and blazing with jewels!" cried the peeping boy,—and those exquisite pistols! how was it possible to paint them so truly? And that—Damascus blade, did you call it?"

"Lest the transition to sad, sombre, puritanic Olney, be too violent, we will first, if you please, visit the lord chancellor," said Mr Dodsley.—"Presto! there he is at the head of the state council-board; these are his colleagues—his party friends, his rivals, his flatterers, his underminers, ranged on each side of him; and he knows them all well: they may injure, but they cannot deceive him. He looks grim, and stern, and unhealthy. Even now there is spasm upon him; a youth of hard sedentary study, a manhood of incessant labour, and latterly, a weight of public and of private cares, have weighed and broken down lord Thurlow. He looks old before his time. His temper, even his friends allow, has become rugged, boisterous, arrogant,—almost brutal. But they know not the secret pangs that torture him, or they might bear with patience, or pardon with gentleness, those fierce ebullitions of rage that will not acknowledge sickness nor infirmity. Even in the death-gripe, he will clutch those magic seals. But now he presides at that board, where the subject of discussion is the glory and safety of the empire,—the weal or woe of millions yet unborn. If the feeling of bodily languor for an instant overpower his intellectual energies, alarmed ambition stings his mind into preternatural strength, for he penetrates the arts of a wily rival, who, affecting to acquiesce in his measures, secretly labours to thwart them, and to undermine him in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He puts forth all his strength, tramples the reptile in the dust, and seats himself at the head of empire more firmly and securely than ever. Is he happy now? He thinks he should be so, but he thinks little of it; he has leisure for nothing, heart for no-

thing, memory for nothing, save his high function, and the arts necessary to maintain himself in it. He has no time, and indeed no wish to ascertain his own state either of body or mind. If he has no leisure to attend to his health, how can he be supposed to have time for self-examination, or for serious thought. He once had many schemes, the growth of his strong and even enlarged mind, for the welfare of the state, and the happiness of his old private friends,—but they must be delayed. And now he loses even the wish for their accomplishment; his heart, never either very kind or soft, has become narrowed as well as callous; his temper waxen more and more hard, and gloomy, and repulsive; his private friends fall off, disgusted by his neglect, and surly, arrogant haughtiness. They have no longer any common sympathies with Edward, lord Thurlow. He stalks through his magnificent house alone; he writes, scrawls, burns, knits his brows over communications and despatches which offended him,—and many things offend him,—he sits up half the night plunged in business; the surgeon who of late sleeps in his house administers a sleeping draught, and he will try to obtain a few hours of troubled repose. Had pride allowed him, he could almost have addressed the obsequious medical man in the well-remembered words of Macbeth,—

‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?’

Many, many years ago, he had seen Garrick play that character and many others, when William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, was his companion to Drury Lane. They had spouted the favourite passages together fifty times, after returning home to sup, now in Cowper's chambers, now in Thurlow's. Of rhetoric and declamation Edward Thurlow was ever an admirer; young Cowper relished more the intense passion, or the deep pathos of the scene.

“The memory of his old fellow-student and companion had been revived on this night, by the arrival of a volume, just published, of Cowper's poetry. With a feeling bordering on contempt, Lord Thurlow threw it from him unopened. Now another scene of our magic glass, and behold the high chancellor lays his throbbing but ever clear head on a downy pillow, and sets his alarm-watch to an early hour; for, sick or well, he must be at Windsor by ten to-morrow. He, however, leaves orders, that at whatever hour his private secretary, who is waiting the issue of an important debate in the house of commons, shall return, he be admitted to him;—Lord Thurlow has an impression, that, though he may stretch his limbs on that bed of state, sleep will not visit him till he learn the fortune of the day—hears how the vote has gone. It was a debate on the Afri-

can slave-trade. He first inquired the vote—it was favourable. He glanced over the reports of the leading speeches:—the vote was his,—but the feeling, the spirit of the night was strongly against him. There was the speech of Charles Fox; and he had quoted Cowper!—a beautiful apostrophe to Freedom, cheered by all the members on both sides of the house, forced to admire, vote afterwards as they might.

“Lord Thurlow now sets himself to sleep in good earnest, and his strong will is omnipotent even here. But over the empire of dreams the lord high chancellor had no power,—Fancy is not a ward of chancery. His visions were gloomy and distempered. His youth, his manhood, his present life are all fantastically, but vividly blended. Sometimes the spirit that haunts him is the Prince of Wales, then it becomes Charles Fox, and anon it changes to William Cowper, and again back to Fox. But his hour comes, the alarm wakes him, and he is almost glad of the relief.”

“Would you choose to see the chancellor’s dressing-room, Fanny, and his anti-chamber, and the persons met in levee there, thus early, in a chill, foggy, winter’s morning?” Fanny chose to do so.

And there was seen the plain chamber of the English minister, lights burning dimly in the cold, heavy air,—a fire choked with smoke.

“Ah, poor old gentleman,” cried Fanny, “there he is, so cold, I am sure, and so very cross he looks,—the poor servant that shaves him looks so terribly frightened. Well, considering how late he was of getting to bed, and all, I don’t think, brother George, it is very pleasant to be a high chancellor—at least in winter; particularly when the king wishes to see him so early at Windsor, to scold him perhaps.”

“O, you silly child,” said her sister.

“Not so silly, Miss Sophia,” said the curate. “To be sure, there is no great hardship visible here, still I could have wished the lord chancellor a longer and sounder sleep; and it is very wise, Fanny, to learn young, ‘that all is not gold which glitters.’ But now we shall suppose the chancellor shaved and booted, his hasty cup of coffee swallowed—as the Jews did the Passover—standing, his loins girt; for he too is bound for the wilderness. In short, he detests Windsor interviews. A secretary bears his portfolio; his carriage is at the door; he hurries through the circle of adulators, solicitors of his patronage, understrappers of all kinds, that wait his appearance,—the whole herd hateful to him, and he to them; and he is not a man of glozing words or feigning courtesy. No man in England can say ‘No’ more gruffly or decidedly. A few indispensable words uttered, he hurries on. Near the door you note a young clergyman, his fine

features 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His profile strikingly resembles that of William Cowper, and lord Thurlow recalls his dream, and Charles Fox's quotation; and, with his old accurate Temple habits, takes the port-folio himself, and directs his secretary to return and bring him a volume 'lying on the third shelf of a certain cabinet in his business-room, between a pamphlet on India affairs, and that something about Lord George Gordon.' He now perfectly recollected—for his memory was tenacious of every thing—that Cowper had lost his paltry sort of appointment—had gone deranged—was always *swinish*—and now piped in some rural shades or other, sunk into *nobody*, with probably not political interest sufficient to influence the election of the neighbouring borough-reeve. There had been a degree of impertinence in sending such a book to him; or it was, at least, an act of silliness, and showed small knowledge of life. But Fox had quoted it; so once beyond the smoke of London, Thurlow turns over the leaves. The carriage rolls on, post-haste, to the audience of Majesty; but habit has enabled the lord chancellor to read even in the most rapid whirling motion. He dips at random in search of Fox's passage, and stumbles on that splendid one—'All flesh is grass.' 'Cowper should have been in the church,' thought he; 'a dignified churchman he is unfit for, but he might have made a tolerable parish priest, if he would steer clear of Methodistical nonsense.'—He dips again—'One sheltered here,' 'whining stuff! or is he mad still?' His eye falls on that passage beginning—'How various his employments whom the world calls idle;' and he reads on, not with the natural feelings of Hastings, but yet not wholly unmoved, till he gets to the words, 'Sipping calm the fragrant lymph which neatly she prepares,' when, throwing down the book, the man, strong in the spirit of this world's wisdom, matters to himself, 'piperly trash!—and is it this Charles Fox quotes? The devil quotes scripture for his use, and Fox would quote the devil for his.' Lord Thurlow then plunges into that red port-folio which engrosses so much of his time—so much of his soul.

"And now 'the proud keep of Windsor' rises on the ambitious, and prosperous, and proud statesman:—he smooths his brow; his sovereign welcomes him graciously; his audience passes off well; he hastens back to London, where a thousand affairs await to occupy and torture though they cannot distract him. He snatches a morsel of cold meat; swallows a glass of wine: and off to the house of peers, to be baited for six long hours by the bull-dogs of Opposition."

"And what has the poor gentleman for all this?" said little Fanny. "I am sure he has hard work of it."

"How idly you do talk, Fanny; is he not lord chancellor of England?" cried her sister.

"And fills high—I may say, the highest place; has immense patronage; is the maker of bishops, and deans, and judges, and every thing," said George.

"And has immense revenues," added the curate; "estates, mansions,—all that money can command."

"Poor old gentleman," said Fanny, "I am glad he has also that wool-sack to rest himself on, for I am sure he must be sadly tired and worried."

"Turn we to Olney—to that dwelling in the very heart of that shabby, but now honoured town—to Cowper's abode:—no poet's fabled retirement, embowered in sylvan solitudes, by wild wandering brook or stately river's brink, skirted with hanging woods, or vine-clad steepes, or towering mountains.—Here is the parlour."—"But pray stop, sir," cried Sophia, "that dull house had its pleasant accessories; have you forgot the greenhouse, the plants, the goldfinches; that pleasant window, looking over the neighbour's orchard?—and what so beautiful as an orchard, when the white plum blossom has come full out, and the pink apple flowers are just budding!"

"And Beau, and Tiney," cried Fanny.

"I have forgot none of these things, my dears," said Mr Dodsley. "Only I fear that to see them, as Cowper saw them, we must have a poet's glass; an instrument of higher powers than a Claude Lorraine glass, and clothing every object with softer, or warmer, or sunnier hues than even that pretty toy:—where could that be bought, Fanny?" "Indeed, sir, I don't know," said Fanny.

"We may borrow one for a day, or a few hours or so," said Sophia, smiling intelligently.

"It is but fair to use Mr Cowper's glass in viewing his own pictures, and Mrs Unwin's spectacles, in judging of her domestic comforts," said the curate. "There is the parlour; it looks doubly snug to-night. Now you are to recollect ladies and gentlemen, that this scene passes on a night when Mr Hastings' trial is proceeding; and while lord Thurlow is busy and distracted in his bureau. Tea is over—the hares are asleep on the rug. Beau, the spaniel, lies in the bosom of Bess, the maukin. On the table lie some volumes of voyages, which Mrs Hill has this day sent from London to Mr Cowper, with a few rare, West India seeds for his greenhouse, as he calls it. There is a kind but short letter from her husband, Cowper's old friend;—for he too, is a busy man in the courts, though not lord chancellor—and there is a polite note from herself. There has also been a letter from Mr Unwin this evening, a very kind one, filial and confidential. Mr Cowper's cumbrous writing apparatus is on the table, for he has not yet got his neat, handy writing-desk from lady

Heaketh. His former writing-table had become crazy, and paralytic in its old limbs; but to-night, he has, by a happy thought of Mrs Unwin's got that forgotten card-table lugged down from the lumber garret, and he shakes it, finds it steady, and rejoices over it. And now the fire is trimmed for the evening; the candles are snuffed; they show a print of Mr Newton, and a few prints of other rather ugly, grim-looking, evangelical ministers, and black profile shades of some of Mrs Unwin's friends. Yet all looks comfortable and feels pleasant to the inmates, for this is their home. O! that magic, transfiguring word! but this home is indeed a peaceful and a happy one.

"Mr Cowper relates to his companion the events of his long, morning ramble,—a rambling narrative; simple, descriptive, somewhat pathetic too, nor unrelieved by a few delicate touches of Cowper's peculiar humour. And she listens all benevolent smiles to his ventures, happened in meadow and mire—'o'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' banks'; and, in her turn, tells him of two poor persons distressed in mind, and pinched in circumstances, who had called at their house; and mentions what she had done for them, and consults what farther deed of mercy or charity she and her friend may jointly accomplish before that day closed. And now Sam, Mr Cowper's excellent and attached servant, or rather humble friend, who in adversity had cleaved to him, enters the room. Sam knew nothing of London life or London wages, or official bribes, or perquisites; but I should like to know if ever lord Thurlow had such a servant as Mr Cowper's Sam; for this is no inconsiderable item in a man's domestic happiness. And unless we know all these little matters, how can we pronounce a true deliverance."

"We may guess, that honest Sam and his qualities would have been of little utility, and of small value to Edward, lord Thurlow, any way," said Mrs Herbert; "and so throw the attached servant out of his scale altogether."

"I fear so:—Well Sam, civilly, but rather formally, neither like a footman of parts nor of figure, mentions that John Cox, the parish clerk of All Saints' Parish, Northampton, waits in the kitchen for those obituary verses engrossed with the annual bill of mortality, which Mr Cowper had for some years furnished on his solicitation.

"Ay, Sam, say I will be ready for him in a few minutes, and give the poor man a cup of beer," said the courteous poet. 'I must first read the verses to you, Mary,' continued he, as Sam left the parlour; 'you are my critic, my Sam Johnson, and Monthly Reviewer:'—and he reads those fine verses beginning, 'He who sits from day to day.'

"I like them, Mr Cowper," said his calm friend; and that was

praise enough. John Cox was ushered in, brushed his eye hastily over the paper, scraped with his foot, and said he dared to say these lines might do well enough. The gentleman he employed before was so learned, no one in the parish understood him. And Cowper smiles, and says, 'If the verses please, and are not found too learned, he hopes Mr Cox will employ him again.'

"And now the postboy's horn is heard, and Sam hies forth. Mr Cowper is not rich enough to buy newspapers; but his friends don't forget him, nor his tastes. Whenever any thing likely to interest his feelings occurs in the busy world, some kind friend addresses a paper to Olney. Thus he keeps pace with the world, though remote from its stir and contamination. He reads aloud another portion of the trial of Hastings, most reluctant as friend and as Christian to believe his old school-fellow the guilty blood-dyed oppressor that he is here described. He reads the heads of a bill brought in by the lord chancellor to change, to extend rather, the criminal code of the country; and says, passionately, 'Will they never try preventive means? There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart, it doth not feel for man.' He skims the motley contents of the 'little folio of four pages,' gathering the goings on of the great Babel, as food for future rumination; and he would have read the speech of the Chancellor, had not more important concerns carried him away,—for old John Queeney, the shoemaker in the back street, longs to see Mr Cowper by his bed-side. Mr Newton, John's minister, is in London; and though John and Mr Cowper are in nowise acquainted, save seeing each other in church, there are dear ties and blessed hopes common to both; so Cowper goes off immediately. But since Mrs Unwin insists that it is a cold damp night, he takes his great-coat, though only to please her, and Sam marches before with the lantern. John Queeney has but one poor room, Sam would be an intruder there; and as it is harsh to have him wait in the street, like the attendant or horses of a fine lady, Sam is sent home by his amiable master.

"When, in an hour afterwards, Mr Cowper returns, he tells that John Queeney is dying, and will probably not see over the night; that he is ill indeed, but that the king and the nobles of England might gladly exchange states with that poor shoemaker, in the back street of Olney;—his warfare was accomplished! Mrs Unwin understands him! she breathes a silent inward prayer, for her dying fellow-creature, and fellow-Christian; and no more is said on this subject. Cowper, now in a steady and cheerful voice, reads the outline of a petition he has drawn out in the name of the poor lace-workers of Olney, against an intended duty on candles. On them such a tax would have fallen grievously. 'My dear Mr Cowper, this

is more like an indignant remonstrance than an humble petition,' said his friend, with her placid smile.

" ' Indeed and I fear it is. How could it well be otherwise? But this must be modified; the poet's imprudence must not hurt the poor lace-workers' cause.'

" And now Sam brings in supper—a Roman meal, in the days of Rome's heroic simplicity; and when it is withdrawn, Hannah, the sole maid-servant, comes in to say that she has carried one blanket to Widow Jennings, and another to Jenny Hibberts; and that the shivering children had actually danced round, and hugged, and kissed the comfortable night-clothing, for lack of which they perished; and that the women themselves shed tears of thankfulness, for this well-timed, much-wanted supply.

" ' And you were sure to tell them they came not from us,' said the poet. Hannah replied that she had, and withdrew.

" ' These blankets cannot cost the generous Thornton above ten shillings a-piece, Mr Cowper,' says Mrs Unwin. ' Oh! how many a ten-shillings that would, in this severe season, soften the lot of the industrious poor, are every night lavished in the city he inhabits! How many blankets would the opera-tickets of this one night purchase! And can any one human creature have the heart or the right thus to lavish, yea, though not sinfully, yet surely not without blame, while but one other of the same great family perishes of hunger or of cold?'

" And they speak of their poor neighbours by name; they know many of them, their good qualities, their faults, and their necessities. And fireside discourse flows on in the easy current of old, endeared, and perfect intimacy; and Cowper is led incidentally to talk of dark passages in his earlier life; of the Providence which had guided and led him to this resting-place ' by the green pastures and still waters; ' of the mercy in which he had been afflicted; of a great deliverance suddenly wrought; of the ARM which had led him into the wilderness, while ' the banner over him was love.' And then the talk ebbs back to old friends, now absent; to domestic cares, and little family concerns and plans; the garden, or the green house, matter ' fond and trivial,' yet interesting, and clothed in the language of a poet, and adorned by a poet's fancy.

" I must again ask, had the lord high chancellor ever gained to his heart any one intelligent and affectionate woman, to whom he could thus unbend his mind—pour forth his heart of hearts—in the unchilled confidence of a never-failing sympathy: This I shall consider—the possession of this friend—an immense weight in Cowper's scale, when we come to adjust the balance," said Mr Dodsley.

" ' I must now read you the fruits of my morning's study, ma'am,'

says our poet, after a pause; 'I had well nigh forgot that.' And he reads his sublime requiem on the loss of the *Royal George*.

"'I am mistaken if this be not wonderfully grand, Mr Cowper,' says his ancient critic. 'But hark! our cuckoo clock. It must be regulated—you forget your duties, sir—Tiney must be put up, and'—

"'You must just allow me, Mary, to give one puff of the bellows to the greenhouse embers. The air feels chilly to-night—my precious orange-tree.' And Mrs Urwin smiles over his fond care, as the gentleman walks off with the bellows under his arm.

"And now is the stated hour of family worship. Sam and Hannah march forward in decent order. But I shall not attempt to describe the pious household rites, where the author of the *Task* is priest and worshipper. Affectionate 'goodnights,' close the scene. And this is the order of the evenings at Olney.

"Cowper regulates the cuckoo clock; for though he has no alarm watch, or impending audience of Majesty, he lays many duties on himself, lowly, yet not ignoble; so about the same hour that the chancellor rolls off for Windsor, Cowper, also alert in duty, is penning his fair copy of the lace-workers' petition to parliament, or despatching one of his playful, affectionate epistles to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or acknowledging the bounty of the benevolent Thornton to the poor of Olney. And now, body and mind refreshed, the blessings of the night remembered, and the labours of the day dedicated in short prayer and with fervent praise, and he is in his greenhouse study, chill though it be, for it is quiet and sequestered. See here, Fanny—our last picture. But so minutely has the poet described his favourite retreat that this sketch may be deemed superfluous labour. Yet this is and ever will be a cherished spot; for here many of his virtuous days were spent.

"Why pursue the theme farther," continued the curate, "you all know the simple tenor of his life:—

* Thus did he travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness.*

The visitations to which his delicately-organized mind was liable, I put out of view. They were a mystery beyond his mortal being—far beyond our limited human intelligence. And tell me now, my young friends, which, at the close of his memorable life, may be pronounced the best, and, by consequence, the happiest man of our Three Westminster Boys? Each was 'sprung of earth's first blood;' and though I do not assert that any one of the three is a faultless model, it is a fair question to ask, which has your suffrage? He who, by the force of his intellect and ambition, the hardihood and energy of his character, took his place at the head of the councils

of this mighty empire,—he, the conqueror of so fair a portion of the East, who, by arms and policy, knit another mighty empire to this,—or he—‘the stricken deer,’ who sought the shades, the arrow ranking in his side—who dwelt apart, in ‘blest seclusion from a jarring world,’ and who, as his sole memorial and trophy, has left us

‘This single volume paramount.’”

And Mr Dodsley lifted Sophia’s small and elegant copy of Cowper’s works, and gave it into the hand of the youth next him.

An animated discussion now arose ; and when Miss Harding collected the votes, she found the young gentlemen were equally divided between Hastings and Thurlow. The young ladies were, however, unanimous for Cowper ; and the curate gave his suffrage with theirs, repeating,

“ Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets—who, on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.”

PRESTON MILLS*

BY THE AUTHOR OF “CORN-LAW RHYMES,” &c.

THE day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston’s mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of liberty !

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like “death-in-life” they smiled ;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas ! is that a child ?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side ;
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

* The painful picture which the eloquent author of “Corn-Law Rhymes” has here painted, is “taken from the life.” Those who are acquainted with the state of our manufacturing towns will readily recognise its truth. May it have the effect of directing the attention of the benevolent to the dreadful condition of “Slaves at Home”—*Editor of ‘The Amulet.’*

Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!
 With eyes so glazed and dull!
 Alas! it was indeed a sight
 Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
 Refuses to depart!
 "This is a wailing for the grave!"
 I whispered to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
 A sudden, blasting gale
 O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
 And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
 The wild birds sadly sung;
 And every linnet mourned its love,
 And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
 Where chained despair reclined,
 A sound came from the living tomb,
 And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
 My soul groaned heavily—
 Oh, who would be or have a child!
 A mother who would be!

ESENEZER ELLIOT.

WISHES.

You ask me, where I would be laid,
 In what beloved spot
 I would repose my life-tired head—
 It matters not.

You ask me, if this heart would like
 Some one to trace my name,
 On the memorial-stone of grief—
 'Tis all the same.

But stay! methinks I'd like to sleep
 By Irvine's gentle flow—
 I'd like to have an humble stone—
 Well! be it so.

J. B. T.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.*

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. O, but I was wicked! Tear out their eyes, says I; blame their skins, and torment their hearts; finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled, or had any thing to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprang his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Get out, Pompey."—"Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do *you* do?"—"Why so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold your yop? Haul up a chair and sit down, John."

* This amusing sketch originally appeared in a New England newspaper, but we are indebted for our knowledge of it to "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal."

"How do you do, Mrs Jones?"—"O, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a daze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one sammer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty year."—"Ho; but where does he come from?"—"Daown taown."—"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one handiron; the cat squat down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow-birch forestleek. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door—and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er long side o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have

you come a'ter?"—"I after? O, jest takin' a walk."—"Pleasant walkin', I guess."—"I mean jest to see how you all do."—"Ho!—That's another lie. You've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs Jones lighted t'other candle; and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings, and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by her side.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up."—"Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it agin"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous—a little old maidish, I guess."—"Hands off is fair play, Mr Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that 'ere Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me—so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap on the face that made me *see stars*, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an

hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and have done with it."—"No I won't, so there, nor tech to."—"I'll take it whether or no."—"Do it, if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dishcloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah, came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!

DECEMBER TWILIGHT.

ALONE—I am alone, Ellen, this weary wintry even,
Lorn, as the solitary star, bewildered in the heaven:
All nature's thickly shrouded in a winding-sheet of snow,
And the embers on my cheerless hearth, like hope, are wearing low.

There's sorrow in my soul, Ellen; and if I do not weep,
It is because the burning brand hath enter'd far too deep;
And if I do not murmur at fate's severe decree,
It is that my own hand hath helped to mould my destiny.

Beloved of my life's morning! beyond blue ocean's foam
My thoughts fly to thy native isle, and well-remember'd home;
They hover o'er thy lattice, like bees o'er honey flowers,
To wile her forth again, who there hath watch'd for me long hours.

But Fancy—the unkind one I—cares nothing for my will—
 I bid her bring me joy, and she returns with sadness still :
 For thy summer look of gladness, in maiden mildness worn,
 She gives the melancholy smile of one long used to mourn.

And when I'd fain be near thee, where oft in bliss we met,
 She leads me where I press'd thy cheek with tears of parting wet.
 The world that is around me, or that which is within,
 Contains no gem of happiness for such as I to win.

I know it, and I feel it now,—O! would that I had known
 And felt it thus, before I call'd thy loving heart my own!
 What were all that I have borne, or yet may bear, to me,
 Had the storm that smote me in its wrath, left thy young blossom free?

I dreamt I'd come again, Ellen, with riches, power, and fame—
 But two of these I've ceased to seek, and the last is but a name;
 A name bestow'd at random by the ignorant and loud,
 And seldom rightly won or worn, till its owner's in his shroud.

In the country of the stranger my lasting lot is cast,
 And the features of the future are as gloomy as the past;—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, the gaudy sun may shine—
 He'll sooner warm the marble cold, than this heavy heart of mine.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, the breeze across the sea
 To thy land's shores may waft the ship—it bloweth not for me.
 The lonely bird at eventide in thy bower may sing his fill—
 My foot shall never break again the quiet of his hill!

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

THE END.

GLASGOW:

GEORGE BROOKMAN, PRINTER, VILLAFRANCA.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.*

The Original Pieces are distinguished by a dagger.

	Vol.	Page		Vol.	Page
AIRD, Thomas			BARTON, Bernard		
My Mother's Grave,	i.	100	Power and Gentleness, . .	ii.	111
Byron,	ii.	32			
† The Swallow,	iii.	213	BELL, Miss		
"Buy a Broom,"	iv.	1	To a Friend,	i.	135
To Mont Blanc,		247			
ALLAN, Rev. John			BELL, H. G.		
† Which would you Choose, ii.		399	The Dilemma,	i.	84
			The Stranger,	iv.	151
ANDERSON, William			BLANCHARD, Laman		
† The Black Pocket Book, i.		130	Leisure and Love,	i.	144
A Ghost Story,		410	The Rising of the Nile, . .	ii.	183
† Sonnet,	ii.	335			
Ballad,	iii.	289	BLESINGTON, Countess of		
ARNOT, Rev. David			Journal of a Lady of		
Dream,	i.	128	Fashion	iv.	169
† The Contrast,	ii.	21			
† Stanzas,		212	BLOOMFIELD, Robert		
† The Haunted Ruin, . . .	iv.	357	The Widow to her Hour-		
			Glass,	iv.	95
ATKINSON, Thomas			BOWLES, Caroline		
Death of Murat,	i.	207	Abjuration,	i.	244
† An Omitted Chapter, . .		288	The River,	iii.	166
The Hours,	iii.	156			
BACON, James			BOWRING, John		
The Haunted Head, . . .	ii.	90	God and Heaven,	i.	161
			The Mamelukes,	iii.	139
BAILLIE, Joanna			BROOKES, Mrs		
"Say, sweet Carol," . . .	iii.	274	Hebrew Melody,	ii.	19
BANIM, John			BROWN, James Pennycook		
The Church-yard Watch, i.		297	Infantine Inquiries, . .	iii.	263
The Stolen Sheep,	iii.	139			

* The following are references to anonymous pieces.

Vol. I. pp. 17, 26, 36, 67, 64, 73, 74, 89, 103, 108, 111, 122, 137, 145, 154, 168, 191, 192, 196, 208, 220, 230, 246, 258, 272, 285, 309, 312, 339, 350, 354, 363, 385, 403, 406, 409, 416.
 Vol. II. pp. 1, 20, 37, 54, 73, 97, 98, 103, 118, 137, 206, 212, 223, 242, 263, 272, 305, 312, 322, 325, 328, 332, 361.
 Vol. III. pp. 1, 36, 45, 70, 110, 124, 177, 209, 230, 232, 248, 252, 264, 275, 294, 295, 351, 356, 395.
 Vol. IV. pp. 83, 96, 111, 121, 123, 130, 132, 142, 198, 201, 213, 221, 226, 270, 274, 279, 287, 291, 293, 300, 306, 347, 360, 368, 381, 424.

	Vol.	Page		Vol.	Page
BROWN, Dr Thomas			Confessions of a Reform-		
Remembrance, . . .	iii.	247	ed Ribbonman, . . .	iv.	63
BRYANT, W. C.			CARNE, John		
The Damsel of Peru, . . .	ii.	205	The Mining Carrate, . . .	iii.	167
The Murdered Traveller, . . .		408	CHAMBERS, Robert		
Stanzas, . . .	iii.	35	The Passing Crowd, . . .	iii.	229
BRYDSON, Thomas			Wheesht, . . .		265
† The Shield, . . .	i.	44	† The Calton Hill, . . .	iv.	145
† The Seer, . . .		83	A Tale of the Plague, . . .		185
† The Sewers, . . .		121	Melrose Abbey, . . .		288
† Sonnet, . . .		229	CHILD, Mrs		
† The Storm, . . .		307	The Church in the Wil-		
† Rothsay Bay, . . .		312	derness, . . .	iii.	187
† The Amateur's Three			A Fairy Tale, . . .		203
Yes's, . . .		415	CHORLEY, J. R.		
† A Night and Day on			The Spanish Novice, . . .	iii.	29
the Holy Island, . . .	ii.	85	COLERIDGE, S. T.		
† A Scottish Shepherd Boy,		336	Fancy in Nubibus, . . .	ii.	36
View from a Halting			Allegoric Vision, . . .		281
Place, . . .	iii.	43	Thoughts and Apho-		
† The Change, . . .	137, & iv.	101	risms, . . .	iii.	407
† The Blessing, . . .	iii.	198	COOPER, Mr		
† Bothwell Castle, . . .		292	Capture of a Whale, . . .	i.	240
† Ghoalan Castle, . . .	iv.	102	CORBET, Miss		
† Two Papers of Arthur			Migrations of a Solan		
Garroway, Esq. . .		160	Goose, . . .	i.	262
† The Moss Trooper, . . .		175	COWPER, William		
† The Golden Age, . . .	313, & 375		Verses to Mrs Unwin, . . .	iv.	200
BURNS, Robert			CROKER, Crofton		
† Lines, . . .	ii.	143	The Good Woman, . . .	ii.	177
BYRON, Lord			CROLY, Rev. George		
Thermopylae, . . .	iv.	174	To the Memory of a		
CAMPBELL, Thomas			Lady, . . .	iv.	150
Lines on the departure of			The Minstrel's Hour, . . .		235
Emigrants, . . .	i.	197	Farewell to the Harp, . . .		380
Dirge of Wallace, . . .		328	CUNNINGHAM, Allan		
Lines on the Camp Hill, . . .	ii.	147	My Native Vale, . . .	iii.	130
Stanzas to Painting, . . .		285	The Cameronian Banner, . . .	iv.	234
The Friars of Dijon, . . .	iii.	282	CUNNINGHAM, J. W.		
CANNING, George			Evening, . . .	iv.	120
The University of Götting-					
en, . . .	i.	306			
CARLETON, Mr					
Ned M'Keown, . . .	ii.	79			
The Three Tasks, . . .	iii.	302			

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
D'ISRAELI, jun.		HALLECK, F. G.	
A Gaming Match, . . . ii.	112	Wyoming, iv.	332
DOUBLEDAY, Thomas		HARDY, R. B.	
Ode to a Steam Boat, . . . i.	48	† The Provincial Actress, . . . i.	215
The Sea Cave, iii.	394	† The Provincial Actor, . . . iv.	376
DRAYTON, Michael		HARRISON, W. H.	
Robin Hood, ii.	84	The Stranger Guest, iii.	94
DYKE, George C.		Tomkins the Tailor, iv.	47
Jack White's Gibbet, . . . iv.	334	HAZLITT, William	
EDGEWORTH, Maria		On the Want of Money, . . . iv.	318
The Grateful Negro, iii.	214	HEBER, Reginald	
ELLIOT, Ebenezer		The Christian's Death, ii.	130
Preston Mills, iv.	422	HEMANS, Mrs Felicia	
FAIRLIE, Rev. James		Cœur de Lion, i.	46
† Story of House of Innes, . . i.	329	The Farewell, ii.	220
FINDLAYSON, Mrs Joseph		The Return,	222
A Hebrew Melody, iv.	358	The Trumpet, iii.	410
FITZGERALD, G. M.		HERRICK, Robert	
Song, i.	311	Song, iii.	301
Laugh and Get Fat, iii.	34	HERVEY, T. K.	
FULLER, John		Stanzas, i.	336
The Jew of Hamah, i.	347	The Convict Ship,	343
FULLER, Thomas		" You remember the	
Extracts, iv.	314	Maid," iii.	361
GALT, John		HILL, Sir John	
The Black Ferry, iii.	411	Carnation and Insects, . . . i.	343
GILCHRIST, Rev. William		HOFLAND, Mrs	
† To Anna, iii.	294	The Masquerade, ii.	258
GILMAN, Mrs		HOGG, James	
Child's Wish in June, iv.	255	" I hae naeboddy now," iii.	277
GRAHAME, James		To the Comet of 1811, iv.	304
December, iv.	192	HOLLAND, J.	
GRIFFIN, Mr		The Spirit of the Times, . . . i.	42
The Kelp Gatherer, i.	28	HOOD, Thomas	
HALL, Mrs S. C.		The Furlough, i.	184
The Crooked Stick, i.	76	Drawn for a Soldier,	293
" We'll see about it," ii.	417	The Island, ii.	34
		The Death Bed, iv.	93
		HOOK, Theodore	
		The Brighton Coach, ii.	291

	Vol.	Page		Vol.	Page
Howitt, Mary			KINLOCH, Mr		
The Household Festival, ii.	201		† Retrospection, . . .	iii.	109
Howitt, Richard			KNOX, William		
A Passage in Human			Conclusion of the "Songs		
Life,	i.	160	of Israel," . . .	i.	185
Invocation,	ii.	53	LAMB, Charles		
HUGO, Victor			A Bachelor's Complaint, ii.	131	
Infancy,	iv.	403	Measure for Measure, .	165	
HUNT, Sir Aubrey de Vere			Valentine's Day, . . .	265	
The Family Picture, .	iii.	350	Sonnet,	iii.	56
HUNT, Leigh			A Farewell to Tobacco, .	68	
Deaths of Little Chil-			LONDON, Miss		
dren,	i.	417	Crescendus, . . .	iv.	391
To T. L. H. . . .		420	LANGHORNE, Rev. John		
Ode to a Dead Beauty, .	ii.	255	The Wall Flower, . .	i.	173
Songs of Robin Hood, .		380	LAWSON, James		
To the Pianoforte, . .	iv.	168	Story of a Money Maker, .	iii.	255
La Bella Tabaccaia, .		202	LEGGETT, William		
INGLIS, H. D.			The Main Truck, . .	ii.	384
An Incident at Gibraltar, .	ii.	234	Merry Terry, . . .	iii.	82
IRVING, Washington			A Night at the Ragged		
The Widow and her Son, .	iii.	51	Staff,	iv.	256
Adventure of the Ma-			LEYDEN, John		
son,	iv.	218	Ode to an Indian Gold		
JAMES, G. P. R.			Coin,	iv.	366
Two Scenes from the Cl.			LOVER, Samuel		
vil War,	ii.	196	Paddy the Piper, . .	i.	379
JEWSEBURY, Miss (now Mrs Fletcher)			LUMSDEN, William		
Verses,	iii.	274	† The Dying One, . .	ii.	351
JOHNSTONE, Mrs			M'CALL, Hu		
The Three Westminster			† Rover's Glee, . . .	iv.	313
Boys,	iv.	405	M'GEORGE, R. J.		
KEATS, John			† Passages in the Life of a		
To England,	i.	102	Young Man, . . .	i.	200
Ode on a Grecian Urn, .	ii.	397	† "There's Magic in that		
Autumn,	iv.	94	little Song," . .	ii.	102
KEDDIE, William			† The Outlaw's Bride, .	iv.	348
† Dirge,	iv.	379	MARSHALL, J.		
KENNEDY, William			† To a Caged Skylark, .	i.	257
December Twilight, . .	iv.	427	† The Past is Poetry, .		412
			† Devotion,		413

	Vol. Page		Vol. Page
MARTINEAU, Harriet		MOULTRIE, Rev. J.	
" Calamity welcome in		Song	i. 315
Demerara,"	iv 249		
MENECEKATES,		MUDFORD, Mr	
The Poet's Pen,	ii. 164	The Iron Shroud,	iii. 57
MITFORD, Mary Russell		MUIRHEAD, Lockhart	
The Cousins,	i. 93	On the Scenery around	
The Two Sisters,	iii. 151	Geneva,	i. 213
MOIR, David Macbeth		MUSRA, Prince Puchler	
The Shoeblack,	i. 155	Story of the Cross Bones, ii.	273
Bessy Bell and Mary			
Gray,	162	NEAL, John	
The School Bank,	183	The Utilitarian,	i. 50
Langsyne,	ii. 270		
The Veteran Tar,	iii. 349	NEELE, Henry	
MOIR, Hugh		Time's Changes,	i. 291
† Stanzas,	iv. 404	The Hour,	iv. 254
MONTGOMERY, James		NORTON, Hon. Mrs	
Prayer,	ii. 117	The Orphan,	ii. 337
Via Crucis, via Lucia, . .	290	Is,	iv. 248
Robert Burns,	320		
The Crucifixion,	337	NORVAL, John	
The Grave,	389	† Graves,	i. 295
MOODIE, Mrs		Sonnet,	ii. 267
The Disappointed Politi-		OPIE, Mrs Amelia	
cian,	ii. 409	The Bank Note,	iii. 285
MOORE, Dugald		The Skreen,	iv. 103
† Boadicea,	i. 389	PARKER, J.	
† Stanzas,	ii. 193	† To the Stars,	iv. 278
† Earth's Prisons,	iii. 79	PICKEN, Andrew	
Glencoe,	374	My Sister Kate,	i. 1
† The Blind Highlander, . .	iv. 182	Minister Tam,	ii. 66
MOORE, Thomas		Changeable Charlie,	iv. 176
Song of the Spirit of		PRINGLE, Thomas	
Music,	iii. 405	Sonnet,	ii. 130
MORPETH, Lord		A Scene in Cafferland,	iii. 43
A Story of Modern Hon-		PROCTER, William (Barry Cornwall)	
our,	i. 175	Four Sonnets,	i. 158
MOTHERWELL, William		The Deluge,	ii. 88
A Scottish Ballad,	i. 218	The Fisherman,	176
Change Sweepeth over		Bridal Dirge,	304
All,	ii. 263	Julian the Apostate,	157
IV.		A Voice,	iv. 67
		REID, John	
		† To an Infant,	ii. 261

	Vol.	Page		Vol.	Page
RIDDELL, H. S.			SPEARS, Alexander		
Song,	iv.	390	† The Summons,	i.	195
			† Sonnet,		229
RITCHIE, Leitch			STODDART, Thomas Tod		
The Cheatrix Packman, . .	ii.	393	Loch Skene,	i.	251
The Storm Lights of An-			† A Prize,		265
zasca,	iii.	377	† Our Fishing Coat, . .		268
			† Lines,	ii.	47
ROCHWELL, J. O.			STRANG, Mr		
The Iceberg,	ii.	232	The Battle of Garscube, .	ii.	149
			SUTHERLAND, Alex.		
ROGERS, Samuel			The Lost Friend,	ii.	185
The Ruins of Pæstum, . .	i.	43			
The Bag of Gold,	ii.	287	TAYLOR, Jane		
Lines, written in the			The Squire's Pew, . . .	iii.	149
Highlands,		311			
			TENNYSON, Alfred		
SCHULZE, Herr			The How and the Why, .	iii.	186
The Incognito,	iv.	222	Mariana,	iv.	83
			Recollections of the Ara-		
SCOTT, Sir Walter			bian Nights,		141
Mackrimmon's Lament, . .	i.	167	The Sleeping Beauty, . .		220
Glencoe,	iii.	363			
Time,	iv.	119	TENNYSON, Charles		
Nora's Vow,		159	The Altar,	ii.	102
End of Autumn,		166	Sonnet,		136
Invocation to the Harp,					
and Farewell,		296	THOMSON, James Bruce		
Time,		305	† To Amy,	i.	271
The Fortunes of Martin			† The Son of Annawan, .		274
Waldeck,		349	† Mekana's Death Song, .	iv.	272
			† Wishes,		423
SCOTT, W. B.			THOMSON, Richard		
† Lines,	ii.	392	The Haunted Hogshead, .	ii.	48
			VOLTAIRE, Francis M. A. de		
SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe			Jeannot and Colin, . . .	iii.	179
Ode to Liberty,	i.	12	The Two Comforters, . .	iv.	167
The Moon—the Waning			WARE, Henry		
Moon,	ii.	144	Seasons of Prayer, . . .	iv.	268
Autumn,		148	WATTS, Alaric A.		
Adonais,	iii.	326	To Octavia,	iii.	290
			WEBB, Cornelius		
SHERIDAN, Richard Brinsley			Ballad,	i.	234
The Days that are Gone, .	iii.	228			
			WATTS, Henry		
SOUTHEY, Robert			Seasons of Prayer, . . .	iv.	268
A Summer Day,	ii.	241	WATTS, Alaric A.		
God's Judgment on a			To Octavia,	iii.	290
Bishop,		271	WEBB, Cornelius		
Three Sonnets,	iii.	50	Ballad,	i.	234
The Death of Wallace, . .		33			
The Inchcape Rock, . . .	iv.	46			
The Holly Tree,		212			

	Vol.	Page		Vol.	Page
WHITELAW, Alexander			WILSON, Professor John		
A Steam Boat Adventure, i.	58		Trees, i.	186	
† Two Sonnets,	83		Robert Burns	317	
† Grandmother Asleep, . . .	254		Dirge,	361	
† Beginning the World, . . .	279		The Shealing, iii.	338	
† Epitaph,	296		A Highland Glen,	406	
† The Glories of Creation, . .	342		Magdalene's Hymn, . . . iv.	124	
† A Morning in May,	374		Shipwreck,	216	
† Rotterdam, ii.	145				
† View of the Clyde from			WITHERS, James		
Erskine, iii.	31		† The Living and the		
The Lady of My Love, . .	208		Dead, ii.	279	
† The Cobbler,	391				
Stanzas for Music, iv.	273		WORDSWORTH, William		
† To my Bed,	277		My Heart Leaps, i.	346	
† The Love-Sick Maid,	392		To a Skylark,	349	
			The Sailor's Mother,	353	
			Dear Native Regions,	402	
WHITTIER, J. G.			Hart-Leap Well, ii.	61	
To the Memory of J. G.			Address to Kilchurn Cas-		
C. Brainard, ii.	144		tle,	416	
			Rob Roy's Grave, iii.	354	
WIFFEN, J. H.			A Poet's Epitaph,	376	
Rome, iv.	110		She was a Phantom of		
			Delight, iv.	66	
			Sonnet,	370	



1827

